



Busy Wizard: This Warlock Just Wants To Provide for his Wives!

Author:
SANMAGUROSHIHOTATE

Illustrator:
Ikezaki Misa

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The blue panties—apparently called compression shorts—were deliciously sexy on Olivia, sinking into her soft buttocks. Meanwhile, damn, Diane's gym shorts let me feel every little curve of her plump ass as they sunk into her youthful skin.

"Aah, Lord Chris,
your finger is incredible!
Aah, it's so good!
I love it!"

"Eep! Mm...
Oh, dearest...
Mmph. Nhaah!"





STORY: **SANMAGUROSHIHOTATE** | ILLUSTRATION: **Ikezaki Misa**



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Chapter 1
A Fated Encounter:
Just a Fool Following His Heart



Meeting

The name's Christophe, though I prefer Chris. No last name. When I was still young, a crazy old man told me the best way to get girls was to learn dark magic, and, sex-crazed brat that I was, I fell for it hook, line, and sinker.

Soon I was discipled to the geezer, throwing myself into training deep in the mountains.

During my time there, I got to know the group of hunters who would bring us food, and they took a liking to me, teaching me things and spending time with me. I suppose I have them to thank for my having *some* common sense, unlike my teacher—they broke the mold when they made him, thankfully. When I turned eighteen, I decided I was ready to leave the ascetic life behind and go make a name for myself in the city. So I set off, bidding a sad farewell to my hunter friends.

My first encounter upon setting out was a massive monster infestation around the area where I had been living, so in hopes of repaying the people we used as guinea pi—uh, I mean, the people who helped with my magical training, I exterminated the monsters. As a result of my efforts, the Magne Kingdom became the safest place in the world. My journey was off to a fantastic start, and I was on my way to the royal capital, when...

"Help!" a girl shrieked from a thicket just off the road. I leapt into action.

When I arrived, I found a man who, though dressed well enough, brandished a knife savagely. With him was a girl dressed in tattered rags, perhaps a slave.

The man plunged his knife into her thigh, either unaware or uncaring of my presence; so intense was his hatred. The girl cried

out in pain, and each time she did, the man laughed and laughed. I could only think that he was out

of his mind. Slave or no, she deserved better than this, I decided. The man's eyes remained fixated on the girl, allowing me to shear away his consciousness from behind without worry. After that spell, he wouldn't open his eyes for days, but just in case, I bound his hands and feet.

Once I had tossed him aside, I turned to the girl, who groaned as she bled profusely.

"Stay with me. I'm a wizard. I shall see to your wounds."

There was fear in her eyes, but she kept quiet, murmuring only a soft

"thank you." I lay a gentle hand upon the wound and began casting healing magic.

"You... don't find me repulsive?" After I had finished healing her, the girl asked a strange question.

"Why? Because you're a slave? I mean, you're in pretty bad shape, but you're certainly not repulsive."

The girl—she gave her name, Olivia—was covered in dirt and awful-looking bruises as a result of what I expected to be abuse. Once I healed her bruises and wiped her face with a wet towel, she was gorgeous, more becoming than any girl I'd seen in the sticks.

How on earth could she think herself repulsive? Far from it, my heart wouldn't stop pounding. She was a veritable angel come down from the heavens.

I glanced over at the man. If I did away with him, she'd be mine. I'd be happy forever if I could marry a beauty like her. Oh, and I'd free her from slavery, of course. I'd treat her right—I certainly would not go around stabbing her. *Very well, that sounds like a decent plan, let's go ahead and...*

"No, you see, ever since I was a little girl, gentlemen have always

looked on me with disdain. Even my own father.”

Preposterous. Let me reiterate: the woman was lovely. Had there been a girl like her in my neighborhood, I’d have hit on her every day— *Wait, what’s this?*

When I took a closer look, I realized her appearance was distorted by some form of magic.

“Do you happen to be under another curse, alongside the one condemning you to slavery?”

“I don’t know. All I know is that men have hated me for as long as I can remember, though my mother and her maids seemed to love me.”

After warning her of what I was about to do, I placed my hands on her to look for traces of sorcery. There was the slavery curse, of course, but deeper within her soul I found...

“For starters, you have a curse on you which turns any affection that certain people feel for you into revulsion.”

“Truly?!”

Perhaps she had an inkling that she was a particularly ill-fated girl, but she was clearly shocked to hear that she had been suffering under a curse.

“And there’s another one—another horrible one, indeed—which forces all nearby malice upon you, and conversely redirects any goodwill away from you. Though it only affects your immediate surroundings.”

To wit: suppose this girl performed a favor for a stranger. Rather than them appreciating her for it, their positive feelings would instead be redirected to someone else nearby, leaving them feeling only apathy towards her instead. Meanwhile, if someone else

nearby did something to earn another's ire, those negative feelings would instead be visited upon her.

After enough of this, no doubt she would come to think she must cut her ties and run away. However, it would all be to no avail due to the persistent curse. She's doomed to be universally loathed wherever she goes. Truly a twisted, evil thing, this curse; more merciful by far would have been to merely kill the poor thing.

Now, you may perhaps be wondering how I know all this. Hah, well, I am nobody's fool. My crazy old teacher may have told me dark magic was the key to a woman's heart, but everybody knows girls don't like warlocks!

Who in her right mind would fall for a guy who's only skill is hexing? It's not a profession one can simply bring up casually when hitting on a girl at a bar, let me tell you. I thank my lucky stars for the hunters telling me all this, incidentally; without them, I'd have ended up a lonely sad sack like my mad master. Instead, I've made certain to study up on general-purpose magic, and can now pass myself off as an ordinary mage.

That said, masters of the dark arts such as myself are highly resistant to curses, so even the most intense, broadly targeted of them—such as this one, which seems designed to affect all men's perception of the girl—are easily resisted.

"I'll have an easier time resolving this if I know more of your past. You must tell me everything, including the tale of your enslavement."

Olivia burst into tears, and, sobbing, began to tell her story.

★ Olivia ★

"You've lived such a hard life. Damn those wretches!"

"Hic... Sob... Lord Chris, are you crying for me? Waaaaaah!"

Tears flowed from Lord Chris's eyes like a waterfall as I bared my heart to him. I was surprised, for I had never seen a gentleman cry. My heart filled with warmth and joy when it struck me that he was lamenting *my* suffering, and soon I too began to cry.

Once upon a time, I was Olivia Heltor, a child of one of the three ducal families in the Magne Kingdom. From a tender age—perhaps for as long as I can remember—I've been weighed against my sister Angelique, two years my junior.

My father had eyes for only her. My brothers and the men among our servants treated me cruelly yet they doted single-mindedly on my sister. My father demanded that any resources that could be spent on me should instead be focused on my sister, but my mother and grandmother, and the women among our servants, treated me well and gave me their love and support. It was thanks to them that I learned how to comport myself as a proper noblewoman.

I once asked my mother, but even she had not an inkling of why the men all hated me so. It was incomprehensible. Even if the women wished to stand up for me, all power lay with the head of the family. They hadn't the influence to fight on my behalf.

As I grew and mingled with other children, the boys all focused on my sister. The only words they spoke of me were filled with venom, and baseless at that. I had only the friendships I could form with the girls, which went well enough. I wasn't completely isolated; they even sympathized with me.

When we reached marriageable age, suitors for my sister's hand came by the wagonload. There was much fighting over who would be the lucky family to have her hand.

It was then that the queen came to like me, leading to some discussion of me marrying the prince. But he was head over heels for my sister and opposed the idea staunchly, so it did not come to be. That was the last time anyone even discussed marrying me off.

With that failure, my father declared me a stain on the family name and ostracized me, declaring me no longer a member of the family. That very day, I was sold as a slave to the man Lord Chris had incapacitated, who looked on me with deep loathing. He dragged me to this forest where nobody would see us, cut down a tree branch, and beat me with it, time and time again. He roared with laughter as I screamed and cried, and then he pulled out his dagger and began to stab me. Lord Chris, had you come even a moment later...

“Sniffle... I can’t believe them. What filth! I’ll start by removing the slavery curse so you can move freely again.”

The least of the slavery curse’s powers was leashing a person so they were unable to run away from their owner. If a slave attempted to move more than a few hundred feet from their owner, they would be racked with intense pain, rendering them unable to move.

Beyond that, it prevented them from keeping silent when asked a question. Refusing an order was right out; death was all but guaranteed for that offense. The countless limits the slave curse imposed combined to rob the slave of their dignity.

Lord Chris had promised that he could easily remove the curse, but it was a potent, high-level curse. Surely even he...

Snap!

“Sickening. I’ve broken the curse now.”

Impossible though it seemed, the curse’s pattern disappeared from my chest.

“I won’t be able to break the other curse through brute strength, though.

We’ll have to go to a temple and deal with it after it’s weakened.”

The curse is... gone? I’m not a slave anymore?

“I was planning to make a name for myself in the royal capital, but

I don't want to breathe the same air as those horrible people who did this to you. Do you know of any cities nearby which would have a large temple?"

"I-I see. Perhaps the Rarogne Region to the north? They follow the Grand Temple of the Goddess of Law, and they are planning a major redevelopment campaign for the city. If you can render them a great service, they may even grant you a noble title."

I'd not made his acquaintance, but I understood the second prince, Charles, to be spearheading the redevelopment. The Queen had informed me

of it during a tea party. However, I was unsure whether they would be recruiting when we arrived.

"I don't know the area, so you'd be a big help. I say we go there. After we clear up your curse, I'll do some big, flashy things and make a name for myself."

"But won't it be a bother to take me along? As a social pariah, I've nothing to offer you in return."

I was an ostracized girl with no title and no family. I could only think of how much of a burden I would be. But that was when Chris took me in his arms.

"That so? Then how about this: after we deal with the curse, let's you and I get married."

"What?! But my family would... Oh..."

I'd been ostracized. I had no family.

"We can sit here and bicker about the little things all day if you'd like, but none of it matters. All that matters is that I've fallen in love with you, Olivia, and I want to marry you. What do you say?"

We'd been crying not five minutes prior, and our faces were yet streaked with tears. But when Lord Chris gazed fondly into my eyes,

he looked more gallant and handsome than anyone I had ever seen. Before I knew it, I had softly murmured a yes.

Lord Chris broke into a wide grin the moment he heard my response, and at the sight of it, I couldn't suppress a shout of joy within my heart.

"Just you wait. As your husband, it will be my duty and my pleasure to provide you with a life so wonderful that you'll forget the pain and indignity you've suffered."



Olivia and I walked to a nearby river to throw away the tattered rags she wore and wash off the dirt that a single wet towel couldn't handle.

Fortunately, the river's water was so clean that you could drink from it. I found an area shaded by rocks and erected a privacy barrier.

"Instead of those rags, you can wear my spare clothes until we find a village. They're too big for you, but pull the drawstrings tight enough and you can make do. First, though, let's get you cleaned up."

"I gratefully accept your offer of clothing, Lord Chris. I'll be back as soon as I've finished washing."

My (future) wife seemingly wanted to enter the water alone, but I put my arm around her shoulders and walked with her, helping her strip away her rags. Slaves wear no underwear, so beneath those, she was naked. To put us on an equal footing, I stripped as well.

"Eep! Lord Chris?!"

Dazed by the sudden mutual nudity, Olivia turned beet red as she attempted to cover her breasts and genitals. Ooh! I had a feeling it

would be so, but her slender limbs belied a generous bosom. Now that my view of them was unobstructed, I observed that they were not only large, but also shapely.

“What’s wrong? We are to bathe, so of course we must undress, no?”

“Ah, no, I understand. But I am yet unwed, so to bare my naked body before a man, and outdoors at that...”

She’s particularly lovely when embarrassed. Her wavy silver hair, long enough to touch her hips, reflected the sunlight so brilliantly that one could mistake her for a goddess made flesh. I began to doubt we would make it to an inn before desire consumed me.

Once she was stripped, my eyes fixated first on her bosom, but soon they trailed down, following the sweep of her flank, down, tracing the erotic curve from waist to hips. Beautiful *and* perfectly proportioned... Yes, there was no holding back my lust at this point. I started to caress her somewhat forcefully.

“Eeyah! Ah, aah, L-Lord Chris? Mmph.”

I hugged Olivia and kissed her, leaving her confused at first. Once she calmed down and stopped moving, I moved one hand to her breast and the other to her pussy.

“Mmn!”

She was at a loss for what to do, faced with this unfamiliar sensation. My initial intent had been merely to kiss her and touch her breasts, but it was not enough, not now that my fiancée stood before me in all her glory. As I fondled her, the last, tenuous thread of restraint within my mind snapped.

Still clinging tight to her, I lay back onto a large, flat boulder. I wouldn’t dream of having my wife-to-be lie down on hard rock, of course.

“Oh, I-I mustn’t. It’s shameless to sit atop a man.”

“Who cares? More importantly... Do you know what comes next?”

My erection was harder and more powerful than ever. In our tight embrace, she had surely noticed.

Her face scarlet red, Olivia nodded. Even sheltered royalty received sexual education, it seemed. She moved her hand down from my chest to my erection, and when her fingers wrapped around it, it felt worlds different from touching it myself. *Do all girls' hands feel this good, or is it just Olivia?* She guided my penis toward her opening. Eyes shimmering, she looked at me and smiled. Olivia's face was enchantingly beautiful, but beyond that, it was also flush with desire.

"Lord Chris. Though I have suffered much misfortune, I fortunately remain a virgin. Here and now, I am happy to pledge my purity to you, the man I love."

Olivia slowly lowered her hips, still gripping my erection. My length slowly burrowed into her. She grimaced in pain, but her cheeks blushed with unmistakable pleasure. Then with one swift motion, she dropped her hips, and I sank into her. As she did, I grabbed her buttocks and thrust upward.

"Ngh! Aaaah!"

The blood of her defloration flowed out. The thought that she was mine to do with as I pleased made my erection all the stronger. However, I had no desire to be wanton with her while she was in pain. We kissed gently as my hands supported her rear. *Until the pain dies down, I decided, we ought to stay like this.*

"Does it hurt, Olivia? Stay still."



“Haah... Haah... Don’t worry about me, Lord Chris. Please, use me as you wish.”

Olivia smiled bravely despite the tears in her eyes, and I felt my love for her grow greater still.

“Aaaahn! Mmmngh!”

Our hips remained still, but while I massaged her breasts, we kissed once more—this time, with our tongues.

“Aah! My breasts...”

“Oh no, does it not feel good? If it hurts, I shall stop.”

“No, no. It doesn’t hurt.”

She didn’t seem to object, so I continued to savor the feeling of her two ample fruits, by turns gentle and forceful.

As I played with her breasts, eventually the pain disappeared from Olivia’s face. She seemed to have relaxed, so I attempted to push deeper into her.

“Aaaaaah! Oh noooo!”

The pain must have disappeared, for each little movement wrung entrancing pleasure from us both. It felt so good that my hips wouldn’t stop moving; they *couldn’t* stop moving.

“Aah! Lord Chris, is this what sex is like?! I’m so glad I offered my virginity to you!”

“I’m glad too, Olivia! I can’t express how joyful I am that I met you!”

Her feminine fluids, I soon realized, had gushed out onto me, slicking my groin. But why should I care? Olivia was to be my bride, so what was a little wetness? Her heavy breathing commanded my attention. Wordlessly I thrust into her, over and over, until my limit grew nigh.

“I’m going to cum! Olivia, I’m going to cum inside you!”

“O-Okay! Please, Lord Chris, impregnate me as proof of our relationship! Plant a child in me, my lord! Haagh! Aaaaaaaah!”

The moment I ejaculated, Olivia arched her back, then collapsed onto my chest and buried her face in it as though she had spent the last of her energy.

“Haah... Haah... Whew. Thank you, Olivia. I love you.”

“I... I love you, too, Lord Chris.”

Still entangled in each other, we shared a heated kiss and a glowing smile. Afterward, needless to say, we cleaned ourselves and immediately went for round two, and when night fell we made camp to sleep upon the

riverbank.



My farewell gift from the hunters, an unusual tent, turned out to be surprisingly high quality. It was the gold standard, used everywhere by adventurers who made a living subduing monsters. Shaped like a silkworm cocoon, the quasi-tent provided a cozy space for one person to sleep when set up. Though not as comfortable as a bed in an inn, the cocoon tent provided a good night’s rest once you had become accustomed to it. So light and easy to carry were they, I thought it no wonder that they were so highly prized among travelers.

The only issue was that the tent had been made with the expectation that the sleeper would have someone watching over them, such as when a group of adventurers took shifts at being sentry. If monsters were to attack, the cocooned sleepers would have difficulty extricating themselves to fight back.

Adventurers who were particularly experienced often resolved this issue by stringing up their cocoon tent in a tree, allowing them to

sleep peacefully even while alone. As for me, my magic was sufficient to repel both monsters and animals, so I had no need to keep watch. Olivia and I shared my cocoon tent, huddled against each other, and thus it happened that when morning came, our restraint soon melted away.

The tent is both well insulated and airtight, made from material which resisted water. Though the tent was well ventilated, our combined body heat raised the temperature enough that, when we woke, we were both drenched in sweat. The air was thick with the scent of a woman, entirely different from a man's stench.

I slept peacefully, cradling in my arms my partner, my first, a beauty with whom I'd fallen in love at first sight. The world had changed much for me, a man who had been a virgin until only yesterday. Olivia, too, slept soundly. One day ago, she had been a slave, senselessly beaten and nearly killed. The world had changed much for her as well, and she was no doubt exhausted, both physically and mentally.

Yesterday, one thing led to another, and I bedded her rather forcibly. Did she think I was only interested in her womanly charms? She had been in pain, when we started, so I was concerned she may have been put off of sex with

me. Considering how many times I changed positions and continued plugging away at her, what if she thought me a violent man?

I had only been enthralled by Olivia's beauty, but in retrospect, I could see that I had been quite forceful with her. I had no intention of doing wrong by her, of course; I was every bit as determined to see her cured of that curse which plagued her. But rushing things with a girl whose past contained such traumatic experiences with men had been a thoughtless act on my part.

Perhaps as a result of my worried stirring, Olivia's eyes began to flutter.

She was even adorable when she's half asleep. Had I fallen for her

so hard that I had begun to adore every one of her facial expressions?

Cut it out! I have to apologize for yesterday! If Olivia had grown upset with me, it might leave me so distraught that I'd have to move back to my parents' home in the country! She was fully awake now, thanks to my endless fretting, so I decided to apologize before she could tell me off.

"Olivia, I'm so sorry for yesterday!"

"Lord Chris, I'm so sorry!"

Huh? Why is *she* apologizing to *me*?

"Err, come again? Does this mean you're not upset with me, even after I pushed you to have sex with me—outside, at that—the very day we met?"

"Upset? On the contrary, I'm overjoyed to be loved and desired by you, Lord Chris. And thus, all the more do I owe you an apology; it was ill-mannered of me to fall asleep before you, my lord."

As we remained in our embrace, Olivia gazed at me with contrition.

Wow! She had a high-born maiden air about her, to be sure, but I had never heard of such a considerate girl outside of fairy tales. It reminded me of my hometown in the sticks, where it was all too common for a husband to get caught sneaking out to the brothel and be thrown out on his ear by his furious wife. No woman there would put her man on a pedestal the way Olivia did, you could be sure of that.

Olivia looked at my pensive expression somewhat uneasily, so I calmed her by tightening my arms around her and planting a gentle kiss on her lips. I should mention that, after last night's sex, we had merely wiped ourselves down before crawling naked into the cocoon tent. Thus, we were of course still naked when we awoke. Despite my greedy indulgence in Olivia the day before, my crotch was as sprightly as ever after that meager rest.

As we lay there intertwined, she of course noticed, gazing at me

with

passion in her eyes.

“Should it please you, Lord Chris, I ask that you do whatever you wish to me.”

By the gods, Olivia. You were a virgin until only yesterday, and yet you’re already capable of such temptation? How was I to show even an iota of restraint when I heard the woman I love say *that* to me? In the cramped cocoon, where there was barely room to wiggle a leg, my fingers crept down toward Olivia’s opening. With a gasp and a tremble, she let a bit of juice flow from her.

“Nnm... Aaah... Lord Chriiis, please, I beg of you. This is too embarrassing.”

“How does it feel, Olivia? Do you enjoy the sensation of my fingers?

You were in pain yesterday. Is it better now?”

There was no sign of pain in her fiery eyes. Her lithe figure in my arms was flush with warmth as Olivia gazed at me, spellbound.

“Oh, um. It hurt before, but, well... Now that I’ve surrendered both body and soul to you... Aah!”

Sorry! I couldn’t wait a moment longer. My eager rod bore into Olivia, and she accepted it without resistance, taking it in to her depths. Her walls tightened, as if to gently caress the entirety of my member.

“Mmmmn! L-Lord Chris, does it feel good?”

“Yeah! It’s so amazing, I feel like I’m going to cum from one pump!”

Though we couldn’t move much in the cramped tent, I was ready and willing to explore her depths more slowly and skillfully than yesterday’s excited romp. Thus, I slid my hands from her slender hips to her buttocks and pushed harder, hoping to connect even

more tightly.

“Um, you... You’re not going to thrust?”

Olivia asked as her ample breasts pushed against my chest. But I felt just fine without moving; while I was savoring the warmth of her insides and the soft sensation of her buttcheeks molding in my hands, with a piteous look upon her face, she began to sway her hips.

“Mm... Aah... Lord Chris, your robust member is... ahh... growing even larger. Mmmn!”

Overflowing with joy when I realized that Olivia was seeking her own pleasure, I pulled her into a kiss. Her swaying hips and her breasts squishing against me made for a perfect combination.

“Mmph, nnh... Mmch... Does it feel that good, Olivia? You’ve begun to press your hips against mine on your own.”

Every time she moved with my length inside her, the sensation was incredible. It was like the entirety of my dick was being sucked into her vagina; entirely different from doing it myself.

“Oh, um... Ah... Yes.”

Ooooh! My (future) wife was insanely cute when she acted all embarrassed! As if her sexy-cute figure wasn’t enough, despite her reserved personality by day, she proved to be quite proactive in bed. In short, Olivia was no doubt the finest (future) wife in the world!

“Then, um, would you sway your hips for me again, Olivia? And I shall thrust in time. Now... Ready, set, go!”

So inside our tight cocoon, I grabbed her hips and guided her slowly, matching my own movements.

“Mmmah!”

But slow as we were taking it, the pleasure when I thrust into her was even greater than our first time. The oozing juices slicking our genitals made obscene squelches with every twist.

I felt myself burrowing deep inside Olivia, deeper than when I had just been thrusting with all my strength. But I didn't let it end there; despite the cramped space, I had just enough leeway to gently, rhythmically thrust into her. The sounds of sloshing juices, ragged breathing, and ecstatic moans filled our hot cocoon.

I'm getting her off! I'm getting off the girl I fell in love with! Her earlier embarrassment had vanished, replaced with intoxicated pleasure.

“Ah! Ah! Aaah! Lord Chris! It's too good! I'm reaching orgasm!”

“I'm gonna cum, too, as deep as I can!”

My penis trawled her depths, pausing only to knock at the door to her uterus. I felt myself wedging that door open; if I ejaculated inside her now, would my semen enter it? Would I impregnate this prim and proper noble girl?!

“Aaaah, Lord Chris! I love you!”

“I love you too, Olivia, too much for words! I'm cumming!”

As her walls clamped down around me, a vast reserve of hot semen burst forth into her vagina. Despite how much I came inside her the day before, it was clear that I was far from finished. Perhaps because she meant so much to

me?

“Haah... Haah... You planted your warm seed inside of me.”

After a while basking in the afterglow, worried that any more sex would impact Olivia's stamina, we exited the tent, groomed ourselves, and prepared breakfast. Well, though I called it breakfast,

we had actually lost track of time during our lovemaking. It might well have been lunch. I discovered that I had greater reserves of stamina and determination than ever before, likely due to our recreation.

“Lord Chris, if we proceed west from here, we will come upon a highway leading to the Rarogne Region. From there, going north will be the quickest and safest path.”

“All right. Then let’s hurry to the border as soon as possible, and once we clear you of that vile curse, I’ll propose to you properly!”

Once we finished preparations, I loaded Olivia on my back and ran off in the direction of the highway. *To Rarogne we go!* Daydreams of my happy future with Olivia left my light on my feet, and we made good time at first.

However, despite my exuberant determination, I soon learned that I was lacking in stamina, compared to those hunters I once knew.

“Pant... Wheeze... I have to... free you from the curse... pant... and make you my wife, Olivia.”

“Lord Chris, no! You mustn’t overexert yourself!”

Though she was light, a full-on sprint while carrying another person was just too much. The moment we reached the highway, I fell to my knees.

“Please! What did I just tell you?”

While I lay with my head in Olivia’s lap and she gently tugged at my cheeks, I used the opportunity to look her over.



✿ Blessing ✿

Oh, my (future) wife certainly is adorable. She still wore my spare clothes with the strings drawn tight. Baggy as they were on her, her chest jutted out as if they were a tight squeeze. It was an eye-popping sight. Even had she worn a chest binder, her body would have been simply too much to hide.

Leaving her clothes aside, as I had expected, traveling on foot with a highborn like Olivia led to us taking more breaks. However, she never once complained of being tired, and however much her feet pained her, she would walk ceaselessly until I called a rest. Consequently, it was up to me to keep an eye out for her.

I was happy to heal her boot-sores, and I also had plenty of water with fruit juice mixed in among my inventory. The more frequent breaks were thus of no concern to me.

“Haah. Haah. My deepest apologies, haah... Lord Chris.”

During one such break, we found a grove off the main road and huddled beneath a tree. I looked upon Olivia as she panted between sips of fruit juice, her cheeks flushed from exhaustion, and I felt a desire to tease her welling up.

“Heheh. If you’re so sorry, how about you let me borrow your lap so I can rest a bit?”

She nodded, somewhat embarrassed, and adjusted her sitting position to make it more comfortable for me. I lay my head down in her lap, feeling the sunlight filtering down through the trees.

“This seems fitting weather for a nap, Lord Chris.”

“Yes, the breeze is pleasant. That said, your thighs are even more so.”

“Teehee! If you ever need a lap pillow, you need only ask— Eeyah!”

That was all I wanted to hear. Since she was wearing my pants, there was a hole in the front for the button to fit through. But because of how loose they fit on her, she hadn’t even noticed that they were unfastened. Before she knew what hit her, I had nuzzled my way through the flap, and I began to kiss and suck her protrusion.

“Mmmn! No, no, you mustn’t! Look how bright it yet is! We—
Eeyaaaaahn!”

Unable to shove me off from my vantage point in her lap, Olivia was helpless to stop me from undoing her pants’ drawstring and tugging them down. This left her unable to flee, as well. She was trapped in a prison of her own making. Meanwhile, I gently caressed her hapless sex with my tongue.

“Oh no, oh no... Haaaahn! A-A gentleman mustn’t stoop to...”

“I didn’t get a good look yesterday, but is this truly how your slit looks?

Incredible to believe that my penis could fit in so small a gap.”

Perhaps remembering our first time yesterday, her genitals grew wet, preparing themselves for pleasure to come.

“Mmm! Aaaah! Please, that’s too much...!”

She set her hand upon my head, putting up only token resistance. I’ve heard that experienced enough men, those who have spent hours beyond count among prostitutes, could make women orgasm with just their tongue, but for one as inexperienced as me, that would likely be impossible.

Seeing that she was wet enough, I stood Olivia up and put her

hands against a nearby tree.

“Are you ready, Olivia?”

“Yes. Anything you desire, Lord Chris.”

Because her legs were held closed tight by the pants constricting her legs, I had to push my rod between her thighs. *Goodness, just this alone feels incredible!*

I snaked my hands around to massage her breasts, thrusting between her thighs over and over until my member had become fully engorged. I wanted to toy with her breasts more, but I was already approaching the edge as my hips against her buttocks went slap, slap, slap.

“Ah, ah! Lord Chriiis! It doesn’t hurt! It feels even better than yesterdaaay!”

“Does it? I bet it feels great when I thrust my dick inside you!”

The juices were gushing out of her now. To see the girl I loved deriving such ecstasy from the feeling of me inside her sent my hips into a frenzy.

“It does! It feels amazing! Sex with you is amazing, Lord Chris!”

Shllp, shllp, shllp!

Every meeting of our hips made my thrusts smoother, faster, stronger, deeper. The slap of my groin against her buttocks merged with her gasping breaths into a feverish symphony.

“Haah, haaaahn! Your member is too much for me, Lord Chris! I’m going to cum! Aah! Aaaaah!”

Olivia arched her back as she clamped down around my length. Unable to resist the pleasure, I shot my semen into her very depths.

Fatigued, the two of us collapsed to the ground, where I gave Olivia a languid kiss despite my labored breathing. Once our tongues had had their fill of each other, she laid her head against my chest.

We remained there and chatted for some time, until it was clear that Olivia was so exhausted she couldn't even stand. Thus, we decided to set up camp in the grove.

I had completely recovered before the night was over, but I couldn't bring myself to disturb Olivia in her exhausted state. So I ignored my aching desire to pounce on my fiancée and instead kept watch by the fire until morning.



Several villages dotted our path to the border, allowing me to snuggle up with Olivia on numerous occasions. Such cuddling, of course, led to uncontrollable, endless sex.

What's that? You're worried my wild urges put too much strain on my wife-to-be? Well you see, to break the curse on her, we had to be deeply emotionally connected when the time came, so such preparation was necessary. Come again? Sex isn't the only way to connect with someone?

Well, we were young, and young people are horny, so there you have it.

Thankfully, with my inventory magic, it wasn't much of an issue setting up camp for the two of us each night, and since I also had the ability to seal out people and monsters, it was, I assure you, quite safe.

That said, accidents do happen when traveling. One day, a glorious, sun-

soaked morning left us walking with a carefree spring in our step, but shortly after noon the sky grew dark and rain began to fall.

Likely built out in preparation for the expected flow of resources for

the development plan, the road to the border was broad and easy to walk on.

However, it seemed they had anticipated most of their traffic to consist of covered carriages, as there were no roofed buildings to take shelter under.

One would expect such a well-traveled road to have places for travelers to stop and rest, but there we were, left completely unable to find one as the rain seeped into our clothes.

“Shame. I’d hate to walk in the rain, but I don’t know any hole-digging magic or anything.”

There was a certain charm to the thought of producing the umbrella from my inventory and walking arm-in-arm, but while such an idea might be appropriate in the city, it didn’t seem like the best approach for proceeding along this earthen road.

“Lord Chris, you’re going to get wet if you tilt the umbrella this way.”

“As a man, I worry less for my own well-being than I do for yours. I wouldn’t want you catching a cold.”

With how strong the rain was, umbrella or no, we were certain to get wet.

I wrapped my free hand around Olivia’s waist, pulling her closer to me such that I could feel her body’s warmth. Admittedly, walking became more difficult, but you see, the umbrella was only made for one person. I was absolutely not merely looking for an excuse to enjoy the feeling of her chest pressed up against me.

Had there been any large trees, we could have taken shelter under them, but our surroundings were an endless stretch of meadow. We could set up the tent and stop for the day, but I preferred to have dry ground to start a fire on.

As we trudged along the soaked, muddy road, we strained our eyes in search of a place to take shelter. Eventually, a plain cabin, apparently intended for workers to use during their breaks, came

into view.

“Splendid! We can take shelter in that cabin.”

Umbrella still in hand, I hurried the two of us over to shelter. The building, made for the laborers who worked on the roads to rest and sleep, was surprisingly well made. When I opened a window, I found that there was even a well dug outside. However, it was a little dusty, presumably because nobody had stopped by for some time. I sent a gust of wind sailing through

the cabin, scattering the dust and brushing it out the window. Then I lit a lamp, revealing a simple bed and a small hearth.

“All right, this will do nicely. I say we stay here tonight. Shall we start a fire and dry our clothes?”

“Are you sure it’s acceptable for us to stay here? Won’t we startle the owners?”

Hm? Oh, I guess a highborn girl wouldn’t know about mountain and roadside cabins.

“Cabins like these are okay for travelers to use. It was built for people like road maintenance workers and hunters to rest in, but nobody minds if others use them for shelter or a one-night stay. But you can’t get too comfortable, because sometimes bandits will gather in them.”

Though visitors were free to use the furnishings inside the cabin, it was considered good manners to spruce up the place and to leave something useful behind, such as preserved food, towels, or old clothes.

I decided to leave a pelt. I’d made some mistakes in tanning it, so I wouldn’t be able to sell it anyway, but it would make a serviceable blanket for anyone who forgot to bring one. I’d slain and skinned a fifteen-foot-tall killer weasel to get it, but no matter.

Now that we’d gone over the room etiquette and started a fire, we

tugged off our dripping-wet clothing and set it out to dry by the hearth. We then wiped ourselves with towels and changed into dry clothes, finally reaching some level of comfort. *Perhaps*, I thought to myself, *I ought to put some tea on.*

“Achoo! Excuse me.”

“Bless you. Did you catch cold while we were out in the rain? I’ll go start a bath, so you just sit down for now.”

“Oh, I’m all right. A little chill won’t—Achoo!”

She didn’t sound all right to me. When I gave Olivia my blanket, I registered again that she was wearing my clothes. Given how loosely they sat on her, it was no surprise that she was cold.

“I’ll just sit by the fire. I have this blanket besides, so—Achoo!”

I pressed my forehead to hers. Hmm. She didn’t have a fever, but nonetheless, she was clearly grappling with the beginnings of a cold. Though she’d been putting a brave face on it for days, Olivia was suffering from the built-up fatigue of our travels. I was ashamed I hadn’t noticed already.

But more importantly, what to do about it? She was already wearing the smallest clothes I had, and I had no more spares to let her layer up. And of course, I didn’t just carry around women’s clothing. In rural areas like those we’d passed through, clothes and fabric were scarce and expensive, and I mistakenly decided that we could wait to buy her better-fitting clothes until we made it to the city. To make matters worse, I had given the hunters’ hand-me-down fur clothing to some village kids we’d found. Warm furs were vital for living in the cold mountains, but I thought we would look out of place in the city, so I thought to hand them on to someone who could use them. Now *that* was a mistake.

Perhaps there were more suitable clothes in the cabin? I looked around and eventually discovered innerwear that was just the right

size for Olivia.

The white, short-sleeved shirt was made from a soft, flexible material and bore some pattern on the chest that appeared to be foreign letters. The rounded, letter-like pattern was rather cute. The navy blue panties were elastic, making them easy to wear even if the sizing was off. Judging by touch, it seemed to be very high-quality material.

It didn't smell musty at all, so I assumed the underwear to be clean. How strange. From what I could see, both were new and of quality material. Why had they been left in the cabin? Though I had my doubts, I decided the need outweighed the concern, and I handed the clothes to Olivia, which she then put on.

"Mm... It's tight around the chest, but with another layer on I shall be much warmer."

The sight of Olivia in those undergarments drove me mad with excitement. The shirt drew attention to her magnificent chest, and the panties hugged her skin, showing off her butt in its full glory. Why, it was even more erotic than seeing her fully naked. The desire to conquer my freshly-clothed fiancée flared to life in my mind, but I fought it down. I was no inconsiderate brute, to make an advance upon my partner when she suffered from a cold.

"Come over here, Olivia. Let's get under the blanket and call it a night."

"Yes, Lord Chris. Achoo!"

Snuggled together under the blanket, we chatted about nothing and ate some leftover stew which I produced from my inventory, and then, comforted by the patter of rain on the roof and the crackle of the warm fire, we fell asleep together.



By morning, the rain had stopped. Because we didn't have sex the night before, we slept early, and thus I awoke in peak condition.

"Good morning, Lord Chris. I'll grab some water so you can wash your face."

Taking a pail, Olivia departed for the well behind the cabin. Though she'd been shivering the night before with her chill, now she was back to her usual self, energetic and considerate. I could conjure up some water, but utilizing magic at every turn just to avoid little chores like fetching water from a well is no way to live one's life. Though, to be fair, I was not so positive that this duke's daughter was up to the task.

"Do you know how to operate the well? I can show you."

"Umm. I've seen the maids fetching water before, so I'll be fine."

So long as she knew how it was done, I felt comfortable leaving her to it.

Meanwhile, I went about adding wood to the hearth, building up the fire. I started toasting some bread and heating up soup. Oh, did I have some cheese and dried fruit somewhere?

"Eeeeeek!"

When Olivia shrieked, I dashed outside, but all I saw was a drenched Olivia and an upended pail.

"Are you okay? Any injuries?"

"I-I'm fine. It's just... When I yanked on the rope, the bucket dumped all the water on me."

In other words, she went overboard. I was glad she wasn't hurt, but now I was afraid of her catching a chill again.

"I'll build up the fire in the hearth, so you hurry and change clothes. Well water is cold, and you don't want to get sick."

"M-My deepest apologies."

Olivia was so on the ball usually, but it seemed she had a clumsy side too. How cute! I gave her a passionate kiss despite her apologetic expression.

She let out a cute little yelp when I grabbed her butt during the kiss.

“Aah! Oh no, Lord Chris, you’re going to get wet too if you— Aah!”

“Sorry, sorry. You’re just so cute I can’t help myself.”

Red-faced, Olivia returned to the cabin while I filled the pail. When I

made it back, Olivia was halfway through changing, wearing only the tight white shirt and navy blue panties. Her soaked white shirt was see-through now, revealing her erect, pink nipples, and her panties clung to her skin as well, outlining the line between her labia.

Likely due to last night’s abstinence, my restraint was all but gone. What auspicious timing, to stumble upon her changing. As she struggled to tug the white shirt off, Olivia’s breasts bobbed hypnotically.

Either the shirt was simply difficult to remove, or perhaps... was she actually trying to seduce me with this tempting display? That had to be it.

Well, far be it from me to try to resist my beloved Olivia’s call. I was only too happy to fall beneath her spell.

As she fought to remove her shirt, I came up behind her and pulled it off, then immediately seized her breasts and began gently massaging them.

“Ah! L-Lord Chris—Mmm.”

Olivia seemed to be trying to say something, but once I stole her lips, she surrendered to my hands, the last of her resistance gone.

“Mm... Olivia, grip that pillar over there and point your butt this way.”

Nodding, Olivia walked over and stood as requested. Her panties, elastic as they were, sunk into her crack to make a sexy line. Sunlight streamed into the cabin through the open window, and I fell in love with Olivia yet again when her captivating sunlit figure took my breath away. She was beautiful, and she was mine.

My possessive passion transformed into a heady mixture of love, lust, and pure animal desire for this girl who stood there, willingly accepting all of it. *Oh, man. I'm so excited that I can't think of anything but sex.* I rubbed my dick, now fully erect, against Olivia's vulva through her underwear, the texture of which only increased my pleasure.

“Aaah! Lord Chris, your dick... Nnh, your hot dick.”

My head rubbed against her clitoris, separated only by her panties. The softness of her thighs and the texture of her underwear combined to create an addictive sensation. After I savored the feeling for a while, she became slicker; our love juices must have soaked through her panties.

“This underwear is made from fabric that doesn't usually let water through, but you've gotten it so wet now that it's leaking through. You must be turned on, Olivia.”

“Aaah! It's because you make love to me every night now, Lord Chris.

When you initiate, I can't help but get excited...”

Every night since we'd met, I'd made love to Olivia. We were both each other's firsts, so we had to figure it all out together, experimenting with different positions. And every time we did it, she became a little more enthusiastic, more eager for the rapture of orgasm. Needless to say, I was over the moon that she was enjoying

herself. I couldn't imagine any greater pleasure than to take your beloved in your arms and make her writhe with ecstasy.

Between the pleasure in her privates and the massaging of her breasts, Olivia was now pumping out lubricant. It would be a pity to keep teasing her beyond this point, and I was getting impatient as well. The smells of sweat and sex fluids filled my nose as I lifted one of Olivia's legs and pulled her panties aside. *I can't take it anymore!* I pushed my rock-hard dick into her opening.

"Mmnhaaah! It's so good! Lord Chris, your huge penis feels so good!"

Thanks to the excess of lubricant, I could smoothly push all the way inside. Though it was our first time in this position, I felt myself going deeper than ever. As I pressed my tip to the opening of her uterus, she yelled.

"Eeyah, aaah! It's rubbing so deep inside me! Ah! Aaahn! Yes, aah, that's so good! Nhaah!"

Each time I pistoned into her, Olivia's nectar flowed out to soak our feet.

She was clearly enjoying this even more than the usual sex, which gave me a thrill.

"Is it good? Do you love my cock?!"

"Yeeees! I love it! Harder, harder, please!"

Olivia's gorgeous hair floated about as she pleaded with more arousal than I had thought possible. I wasn't one to turn a lady down, of course, so I thrust into her deeper and harder as demanded. The cabin was filled with the wet sloshing of sex fluids, the whump of skin meeting skin, and the storm of our heavy breathing.

"Aaah, aaaah! I'm going to cum! I'm cumming!"

"Me, too! I'm cumming so deep inside you, Olivia!"

“Aah! Please! Plant a child in me, Lord Chris! I want to be pregnant with your child! Aaaahn! Haaaah!”

Olivia’s screams were accompanied by the tightening of her passage, wringing the semen out of me. I felt like I released more than usual, probably

a result of all the excitement. It was perhaps as much as our very first time.

After her climax ended, Olivia leaned against me for lack of energy, gasping for air. Though her satisfied expression seemed prim and proper on the surface, the red in her cheeks and the fire in her eyes put strength back in my loins. I was about to suggest that we change positions and go for another round, but I was interrupted by a deep growl.

“Hawah! Oh no, um, Lord Chris, th-that was just—”

“I’m sorry, Olivia. My stomach is killing me. Delightful though this was, it seems we forgot all about breakfast. I’m afraid the bread must be burned by now.”

Though it was cute to see Olivia flustered, I decided to pretend it was my stomach.

We cleaned up the traces of our activity with a wet towel, did some light cleaning around the cabin, and ate breakfast. From there, we continued our journey to the border. Soon enough, I would be able to rid her of that curse, and then it would be time to make a name for myself and build our life together.



Along the way to the Rarogne Region, we had some minor difficulties due to the unfamiliar roads. But I didn’t mind. All that just gave me a few extra days to flirt with Olivia, feel her up, have sex with her, and, best of all, just see her smile.

She let her guard down around me, no doubt thanks to the impact

of our first encounter, but she was a little nervous whenever we came across other men on the road. When they cast a gaze upon the beauty by my side, her hand would stiffen and tremble in mine.

Whenever that happened, we took a break. I would hold Olivia tight and wait for her trembling to end. But the worst came when a group of mercenaries tried to chat her up. To resolve the fallout, I had to wipe away cold sweat from her brow and use my dark magic to erase the past hour of her memory.

They seemed surprised by her reaction as well, apologizing and quickly walking away. Though she became uncomfortable just having men nearby, it was when they took notice of her that Olivia became truly frightened. I could

have used illusion magic to make us invisible, but if I wanted to remove the curse gnawing at her, I have to save up as much magic as I can, and casting such a large illusion for a long period of time would require a great deal.

Along the way, the crowd on the road grew and grew, and at times it was all so overwhelming for her that she became unable to walk. When that happened, I would trade high-quality monster parts to merchants in exchange for carriage rides. "My companion has taken ill. Can you make space for her?" I would ask, and we would continue on.

Needless to say, when we bartered for a ride in a carriage, having sex was off the table, and that was a hardship for me. However, my suffering was worth it to save my soon-to-be-wife grief. And at any rate, fooling around in the bushes during breaks turned out to be rather fun. At night, we would hide from the others and really go at it.

I feel it's important to clarify, at this point, that frequent injections of magic-infused sperm were an important treatment to weaken the curse. I wasn't some wild beast who couldn't control his urges. What a preposterous idea.

At any rate, to administer the treatment, I had to cum inside her yet again after that incident, this time infusing my cum with magic to calm her nerves.

What a shame, how I was repeatedly required to shower my beloved's insides in semen.

But as a result of the treatment, whenever she was next to me, Olivia became just barely able to greet people. She couldn't make eye contact, and she could only participate in a conversation when she was holding onto my arm, but it was a start.



We arrived at a city governed by a Margrave. As we stepped through the enormous gate, the roar of the crowd crashed down upon us, far louder than anything I'd ever heard before. I glanced around and saw a man shouldering a weapon—clearly he was an adventurer—and beside him a man in a merchant's stall, loudly hawking suspicious foodstuffs. Nearby, children in fancy clothes ran around laughing together.

“Whoa, what a crowd! This must be a festival or something.”

Thibault, a merchant whom we had befriended over the past few days,

looked upon the clamor with a gleam of pride. “Heh. They need a lot of labor for the development plan, so people have been flocking here to get in on the action. It's still nothing compared to the capital's population, but you can tell the Magne Kingdom's metropolitan area is enthusiastic about their new lord.”

He'd said he would let us join his convoy to the city, and it turned out he had business at the temple as well, so we would be continuing together a little while longer yet. On our journey there, we'd learned that he was an apprentice under the age-old Botter merchant group in the capital. Thanks to his status as a natural-born citizen of this city, he'd been authorized by the group to set up

a branch shop near the temple.

The building that would house the shop was already completed, so all that remained was for him to carry in his cargo and complete the legal proceedings at the temple itself. Because he had been such a big help to us, I decided to help him with his cargo. Olivia had offered to help, but we men had refused to impose on her. However, I couldn't very well ask her to wait at some nearby café; I dreaded the thought of my (soon-to-be) wife, the most beautiful woman in the world, getting hit on by some loser.

Apparently just a little help with the cargo was a boon to him, and more than enough to repay his letting us ride along in his convoy, so I used my inventory magic to move the cargo into the building. I would've liked to help with sorting and stocking and the like, but I decided now was the time to get going.

"That magic stuff is pretty useful. Thanks, Chris. Once we open up, come on by and I'll set you up with some freebies."

"No, thank *you*, Thibault. You really helped out my wife. I look forward to becoming a regular customer."

After thanking the man who had helped us these past days, we headed toward the temple. Unfortunately, it was impossible for the most beautiful girl in the world, Olivia, to *not* attract attention as we walked through the city. Thanks to her daily calming semen treatments, she had improved somewhat recently. However, her androphobia ran deep and would not be fully undone so quickly. I could feel the tension in her grip as she clung to my arm.

To passersby, we probably looked like we were overly affectionate. At one point, I heard the sound of a man punching a wall, off within the crowd. I couldn't blame them for their envy; my wife truly was the cutest girl in the

world, after all.

"So, Olivia. First off, I'll have to submit a request to the temple so

that we can undo the curse. But since it's such a high-level curse, it'll take time to prepare. I'd say a week at the very least."

What with all the dark magic I'd studied, I was something of a specialist in curses, so I could say with authority that the one affecting Olivia was powerful indeed. But if I could get the help of a respectable priest, the kind willing to perform the necessary preparation and put the proper time into their work, I was confident we would be able to remove it just fine.

Of course, we would have to make a monetary contribution. Thankfully, the curse should have been weakened substantially now, thanks to my diligent nightly application of semen, making it that much easier to beat. Ha, and you thought I was some libidinous animal! Well, I am, actually, but that's beside the point.

"Oh, um, Lord Chris? I should have thought of this sooner, but what are we to do about the donation to the temple? And besides that, we'll have to spend money on lodging, won't we?"

"No problem there. I killed a ton of monsters back when I was training, so I probably have enough money from selling monster parts to build a home.

If not, I'll just go kill more."

Our journey so far had been managed almost entirely by using stuff from my inventory, but we would be able to get by fine in the city with the money I'd deposited with the commerce guilds.

"Don't worry about the money, okay? It's my duty as your husband to keep you fed and clothed, happy and healthy."

"Oh, Lord Chris..."

Ahh, Olivia was always particularly adorable when her face flushed in embarrassment. Vigor suffused me, leaving me feeling as though I could exterminate every monster in the kingdom at once.

Again, I heard the distinctive *thunk* of a fist hitting a wall, this time even louder than before. Heh. How I relished those jealous glares. As a wizard, I wasn't merely immune to their curses; they in fact

made me stronger.

“Let’s go talk to the people at the temple, and then we can get a good night’s sleep. It may have only been a few days, but you must be fatigued from the journey.”

“Yes, Lord Chris. I’m excited for my first ever night staying at an inn.”

Though my magic had shielded us from danger on our journey, whether from humans or monsters, we had spent every night roughing it; that must have been hard on Olivia. *She needs a good night’s sleep.* Though I was a little uncertain whether I’d be able to summon the restraint to let her actually rest.

No, I could. Of course I could. Probably. Maybe. *Anyway, we’re young, and it’s just one night, so surely... No, no, no! I have to let Olivia rest!* I resolved to do my best to lock away my lust until we’d successfully removed the curse.

While I struggled with my warring desires, we made our way to the temple in the center of the city. We arrived at the front of the gate to find an imposing man standing guard. It was a big gate, so we could have just walked around him, but his formidable outfit made him stand out. Still, well-intentioned travelers like us were always more than welcome at the temple.

For the sake of manners, we offered a brief greeting as we walked past him, but the man stopped us with his booming voice.

“Halt. You must be Lord Chris and Lady Olivia, yes?”

I then noticed that we were surrounded by people with similar clothing—

likely priests?

“My name is Chris, yes. And, um, who are you, exactly? Sir?”

I decided I ought to be polite. He really did look rather important.

“Ah, how rude of me. I am Trabant, unworthy servant of Tria, goddess of law, and head priest of her temple.”

Head priest did, indeed, sound important. I glanced at Olivia to notice her stiffen with surprise. Or perhaps fear?

“Okay, but can you all back off, please? We’ll do what you want. I know you’re priests and all, but Olivia doesn’t like being surrounded by a crowd of men.”

“Oh, my apologies for our lack of consideration! I will show you around the temple. Come now, my brothers, please return to your duties.”

The priests, suitably chastened, bowed their heads contritely and retreated. *Wait, the head priest is going to guide us? When did we become VIPs?*

“You see, several days ago we received a revelation from the goddess demanding that we guide you two. Since then, I have been waiting at the gate, ready to receive you at any time.”

Needless to say, this came as a shock to me. I was nowhere near important enough to merit a revelation from the goddess herself.

“Lord Chris, the priests are obligated to carry out the goddess’s revelations to the letter. I believe we should go along with him.”

It seemed that, in the priests’ enthusiasm to obey the goddess’s revelation, a great many of them had volunteered to be our guides, so their surrounding us and scaring Olivia had all been an unfortunate accident.

Given the circumstances, I forgave them.

We set off following the priest. Though I say this myself, I was a

fairly well-behaved fellow, all in all, so in retrospect there was no reason for anyone to be suspicious of me. Err, that is, setting aside all the stuff I was doing with Olivia on the way there.

So the priest guided us through the temple, and our first order of business, taken care of easily enough, was having the curse removed. It was all over in a flash, quick and painless, like having a caterpillar flicked off your shoulder. I'd been expecting more effort, really, and was somewhat surprised, until the mysterious individual who had removed the curse appeared before us in a flash of coruscating light. And so it was that, in her own Grand Temple, in her Chamber of Epiphany, so rarely visited by even the head priest, the goddess herself came to meet us.

"First, allow me to apologize for the careless acts of Dia, the goddess of love."

The priests all knelt in reverence, while Olivia was so afraid that she shrunk back and clung to my arm, almost frozen. The goddess went on to explain the reason for her apology, which began with some explanation about this goddess of love, Dia. It seemed her preferred pastime was linking her consciousness with a human girl of her choosing and making her the darling of the era, allowing the goddess to live by proxy a life replete with love.

That, by itself, wasn't an issue. The girl whom the goddess of love took a liking to was always a widely celebrated beauty, so there was no harm to her if the goddess's link and its resulting protection were cut off when the girl was married. However, it seemed the goddess had gone a step too far this time.

She'd granted the girl a blessing which brought her more love and respect than ever before. However, it came at a grave cost, essentially using the girl's older sister as a sacrifice. The result was Olivia's love-hate-reversal

curse.

I didn't know whether the gods had together come to some

consensus, but if not, then it seemed the goddess of law had chosen to take things into her own hands. The punishment she selected for the goddess of love was, in retribution for the curse of fifteen years, to be sealed away in the void for fifteen *hundred* years.

That brings us to the main issue at hand. It was all well and good that the goddess of love was sealed away, but she alone had been gracing the world with her protection, and without at least one god's protection, the world would apparently fall into turmoil. Thus the goddess of law chose to give her own blessing. The goddess turned to me and spoke her words of gratitude for my service to the world, which apparently moved the priests behind me to tears. Seriously, I could hear them sobbing.

"Thus, young mage Chris, I offer my protection to you, the new hero of this era."

Wait. What?

"Oooooooh, a great hero! An earthly representative has been anointed!"

No, hold up, there's got to be some mistake here. Goddess, get back here!

You were just messing with us, right?!

"Oh, I almost forgot. In addition giving you my protection, I hereby bless you two as husband and wife."

Her disembodied voice came from nowhere in particular, but soon dazzling lights twinkled in the air above us. I had seen this magic before, a blessing cast at wedding ceremonies to encourage fertility in the bride and to ease the pain of her future childbirth. The blessing's strength depended on the position of the presiding priest, so high-ranking priests were much sought-after among the nobility.

This blessing's scale and brightness were a world apart from the ones I'd seen back in the country. Come to think of it, if royals and dukes got their blessing from head priests, getting my wedding blessing straight from the goddess herself meant I was a pretty big

deal, huh?

“...”

Olivia remained frozen next to me, seemingly overwhelmed by events.

Meanwhile, the priests behind us went into raptures over the news, dancing some bizarre dance. *Uhh. What do I do now?*



We lost much of the day after that, rushed hither and thither to speak with various so-and-sos, but we were at last left to our own devices in the evening.

The priests offered to let us stay at the temple, but I refused, and instead we took a room in the best inn in the city.

Several of the priests had been quite insistent, but they shut right up when I asked them outright, “Do you really think two newlyweds like us aren’t going to go at it like dogs tonight?”

The priests of the goddess of law were famous for adhering to strict precepts of propriety. Sex in the temple would surely merit a summary excommunication, which just as surely was something the priests could *not* do to their newly minted hero.

That said, I was grateful to them for putting us up in a nice inn as a replacement. There was even a bath! It was a huge communal bath, so of course there was no privacy to be had, which was a bit of a shame.

When I’m famous, I should make a bath for my wife. Then, I swore, I will bathe with her in it.

“Eeyah! Oh, Lord Chriiis, you mustn’t...”

Oops. While I was lost in thought about our future bath, Olivia had apparently returned from her real bath. There I was, unconsciously groping my wife's breasts. It seemed my love for titties had become an addiction—

not that I especially cared to recover from it.

“Goodness! I wish you wouldn't startle me so, Lord Chris.”

Her pale skin sparkled. She must have brushed herself thoroughly in the bath. *She's so pretty...* Before I knew it, I had wrapped my arms around her.

“You're a vision, Olivia. We've been through so much together, but now that your curse is lifted, I want to ask you again. Will you be my wife, forever and always?”

“Gladly.”

I'd talked big about us going at it all night, and it would be a lie to say I wasn't getting excited at the sight of my wife, more beautiful than ever before. But giving into my desire and pushing her for sex when I well knew how exhausted she was would have left me feeling no small sense of guilt. So instead Olivia and I lay in bed, cuddling and chatting, drowsy from our long travels.

Before I knew it, I'd fallen asleep, but I was certain that, before my consciousness faded entirely, I felt something warm against my lips.



✧ New Home ✧



The day after Olivia and I were officially married, an extensive development plan was announced to celebrate the second prince, Charles Magne. Charles had recently been adopted into his wife's family, making him Margrave Charles Caroling. The timing could not have been better: it was the perfect opportunity for this country boy to make a name for himself. Olivia encouraged me, saying that if my services were valued enough, I might be ennobled—granted a title of the peerage.

But more urgently than that...

“Dearest, say aaah! ♪”

As I hoisted a bite of Olivia's favorite potato salad, she fed me a bite-sized chunk of bread.

“I've never had bread this good. Maybe it's because the person feeding it to me is the best, huh? I should return the favor! Here, open wide.”

I held out the potato salad to my blushing bride, and she delightedly took a bite. A maid turned away from us, looking uncomfortable, but I decided to ignore her.

Amidst the breakfast laid out for us, we found a small tomato, apparently a high-sugar tomato found only in this region. I took it in my mouth and gently lifted Olivia's jaw.

“Oh, dearest...”

Correctly guessing my intent, Olivia closed her eyes and blushed even more deeply, whereupon I fed her the tomato via mouth-to-mouth.

“Mm... Mmch... Aahm.”

She bit it in two, then snaked her tongue into my mouth to offer me one of the halves. It was my first time ever eating a tomato, and wow, it was

sweet. Almost like a fruit.

“Please, dear. You can’t tease me like this during a meal.”

“Worry not. I wouldn’t do this if anyone were around. We haven’t had a relaxed meal, just the two of us, before, and I couldn’t resist playing with my new bride.”

Incidentally, yes, the maid ran off the moment she saw me holding the tomato in my mouth. What a relief.

“Besides. Though you accuse me of teasing you, Olivia, you were the one who started it.”

“Oh, um, yes, I did, didn’t I?”

Considering Olivia had lived her whole life being hated by men, she had only a very small circle of friends. She often spent her free time reading, finding solace especially in romance novels. All her life, she’d dreamed of living one of those romances.

“I always wanted to try it after getting married. But until I met you, I’d given up on ever finding a husband.”

Ahh, how adorable she was with that bashful smile. I couldn’t resist the temptation, so we continued feeding each other.



Around the time we finished eating, the head priest, Trabant, came for us.

Oops, I guess I must have kept him waiting. Sorry!

“Good morning to you both. Did you have a restful night?”

Trabant probably heard from the maid what we’d been up to during breakfast, as he greeted us with a barely suppressed grin.

“Yeah, I’ve never stayed at an inn this nice. If we get the chance, I’ll probably come and stay again.”

Trabant and I sat facing each other, but Olivia remained standing behind me. I would have asked her to sit beside me, but apparently it was considered rude in the Magne Kingdom for a young lady to intrude on men’s talk.

Well, I guess that’s the upper echelon of society for you. If I want to make a name for myself, I’ll have to study stuff like this. Don’t want to embarrass my wife, after all.

“Now. Yesterday was so busy that we had no time to ask you, but what do you plan to do from this point on, O great hero?”

As head priest, Trabant no doubt hoped my actions would benefit his temple.

“The whole reason we came to this city was to find work with the second prince’s development plan, so that’s what I’m intending. I just want a good life for my wife.”

“I’m sure we could find a position for you with Tria’s Temple.”

Trabant began to propose tentatively, but I cut him off with a shake of my head.

“I know you want me to help you out, since your goddess blessed me as a hero. That sounds like a nice, cushy job for me, but I wouldn’t be doing right by my future children.”

Olivia and I could probably live extravagantly, if I worked for the temple and let them use my name and reputation as a hero however

they liked. But what about after I died? I wouldn't have much in the way of assets to leave behind for my family.

I didn't want to just be a page in the history books or a line in the temple's records. I wanted to leave a legacy behind in this world, in the form of my descendants. Therefore, I needed to make the most of my talents and set them up the best I could.

"Well, I guess that's kind of a rationalization. The truth is, living at a temple just sounds so stifling, you know? I'd be much more comfortable out hunting monsters, or even farming."

"O great hero, if that is what you wish, then far be it from me to deny you. We will support you in any endeavor, even if your choice is to aid the development plan."

Of course, the temple was involved with the development plan anyway.

Due to its influence over the locals, who were generally followers of the goddess, the temple was involved in most anything happening in the area.

"The Margrave is hosting a gathering at his mansion both to register new participants and to provide them with information about the plan. I would be glad to accompany you. Nearly everyone in the city knows about you, so the trip will be much safer if we take one of the temple's carriages."

I'd only been in the city for a day, and apparently I was already a big enough deal that I couldn't walk around the city without people coming out to stare. While I wouldn't really be bothered by the attention myself, I knew it would be hard on Olivia.

"Should Olivia stay at the inn? She doesn't do well with crowds."

The fact that she'd survived her cursed childhood, enduring the constant hatred of men, with only mild androphobia was nothing

short of a miracle. I suspected most of the people gathered at the Margrave's mansion would be men, so I was worried about putting too much stress on the poor girl.

"Lady Olivia's face and name are widely known as well, due to her receiving a direct bridal blessing from the goddess. I believe you would be best off staying together."

Trabant's explanation gave me a bad feeling, which was confirmed the moment I looked outside: a veritable horde awaited us, hiding in the shadows of anything they could find or even just standing right at the door, waiting to catch a glimpse of Olivia.

Biased though I am, I've never been prone to exaggeration: my blessed bride truly was the most beautiful woman in the world, and with the removal of her curse, that became immediately apparent for all to see. Small wonder that the chance to catch a glimpse of her would spur many men into action. I wasn't in a position to complain, but nonetheless, I couldn't suppress my annoyance.

I could have altered her appearance using my magic, but hiding her lovely face felt like admitting defeat. On the other hand, not being able to take her out for dates in the city would have been a shame. Ah, well, I suppose there's nothing wrong with hiding her face, for her sake.

"A carriage would be lovely, and worry not, for I will be able to handle it if they try anything funny with us. Shall we head off to the Margrave's mansion? Olivia, if you would, please stay close to me."

"Y-Yes, my lord!"

She seemed less than enthusiastic as she looked out the window, her hand trembling in mine.



Since I couldn't simply blow away the crowd of people packed in around us, we hurried to the carriage, my arm firmly around Olivia's shoulder and hers around my waist all the while. The

onlookers all knew me as a hero, so there were few envious glares, but I certainly didn't enjoy the hungry eyes they turned on my wife.

We were supposed to be on our way to the Margrave's in the temple's carriage, but in the early afternoon, we arrived at an empty mansion instead.

The gate and the front door seemed to be new, with not a speck of dirt on them.

"Weren't we going to the Margrave's mansion?"

I could think of no reason for Trabant to try to draw us into a trap, but as we were taken unexpectedly to an unknown place, I clutched Olivia in one arm and scanned in all directions for danger.

"My deepest apologies. We passed by it on the way here, but Prince Charles recognizes your influence as a hero and thus has directed us to present you with this mansion, where you may attend upon his arrival."

Come to think of it, I had spotted an extravagant building out the window where we'd paused for a short time, but we had set out again so quickly that I assumed it had nothing to do with our destination.

From what I gathered, Prince Charles himself rounded up all of the people he expected the most of—leaders of large mercenary groups, noteworthy adventurers, and the like—and gave them all the velvet glove treatment of gifting them with mansions.

From the prince's point of view, not giving a warm reception to me, the hero, when I announced my plans would have been risking making an enemy of the temple. The thought never would have crossed my mind, honestly, but there were probably some such niggling folk among the priests.

"Prince Charles wishes to arrange a meeting with you to discuss the

details in person. Do you have a preferred time? It seems he's willing to change his own schedule to fit yours."

That said, his schedule seemed to be packed from dusk to dawn, and, not wanting to impose, I replied that I would be fine with any time so long as I received prior notice. One of Trabant's cohorts nodded and turned to travel back the way we came.

And thus we elected to pass some time in our new mansion until the prince arrived. Given how busy he apparently was, even though any time worked for me, it seemed I could expect to be waiting several days. That was absolutely not a concern for me, of course, for I was a newlywed.

"Now, I shall be taking my leave. Oh, but first, do you have any need of servants? I can arrange for help, if you so desire."

"Hmm. What do you think, Olivia?"

I didn't especially need servants, but maybe my once-noble wife had other ideas.

"Managing servants is a wife's duty. As an educated woman, I will gladly manage them."

Olivia lectured me on the necessity of careful home management, particularly for large residences like ours. She seemed enthusiastic about the idea that the wife's duty was to keep the home well maintained for her husband.

As an aside, Olivia had never washed so much as a handkerchief, nor had she so much as poured dressing on her own salad. Her education included deportment, the arts, and most of all, how to utilize servants and manage concubines.

"Taking into account the scale of the manor, along with my lack of specialized education, I would say ten should do."

“All right. Trabant, can you find us ten servants? Here, this much should serve as an advance payment, I think.”

I pulled a few gold coins out of my inventory. Nearly all of my money was deposited in guilds, but I kept a bit of gold handy in case of urgent expenses. Though Trabant at first looked hesitant, as though he should deny accepting money from the hero, he stayed his tongue and gladly accepted it.

He was well aware that it would be silly for the temple to pay out of pocket for my servants.

He claimed that he could procure the servants by the next day, which meant that, for the day, it would be just the two of us. We decided to explore the house and, if necessary, disguise ourselves and go shopping for anything we might urgently need.



The previous night, we had decided to build a tub for us to bathe in together once we hit it big, but our wish was granted much sooner than expected. If you pressed me say what we did together, alone in that big mansion every day as we waited, well...

“Mmmgh! How does it feel, dearest?”

I sat on the edge of the marble bathtub, while Olivia crouched down on all fours, servicing my member with her mouth.

“Mch! Mmmph...”

The instant I stumbled upon a bathtub in the mansion, I drew a bath and called Olivia over. We washed each other and got ready for bed, but per Olivia’s wishes, we stayed in the bath for a while longer, where she took me in her mouth and set to licking. All of our sex on the way to the city had begun with me taking the initiative and Olivia coming along for the ride.

Now, it seemed, she wanted to show off the fruits of her studies.

What studies, you ask? Why, the sexual education she'd been taking from her private tutor, of course. She had sought out lessons on the secrets of accommodating one's husband's tastes.



Was this all-fours fellatio the best way to accommodate me, she wondered? Indeed, it turned me on immensely. My adorable Olivia knelt there like a dog, proudly showing off her lovely assets as she licked my penis, sometimes taking it into her mouth. The raw stimulation was perhaps a bit less than what I would have liked, yes, but my adoration for Olivia, doing her very best to service me, more than made up for it.

“Nnnh... Haah, haah... Mmmch...”

I reached down to hold her head in place, and Olivia glanced happily up at me. She stared with anticipation at my fully-engorged penis, her buttocks shaking each time she bobbed her head. It was all too much—I couldn’t take anymore!

Splrt, splrt, splrrrrt.

Unable to hold myself back, I ended up cumming in her mouth. Before I could finish telling her to spit it out, she had already gulped down all my semen.

“I could never spit out my dear husband’s fluids. Remember, my body and soul are all yours.”

Olivia’s satisfied smile as she pledged herself to me once more was so salacious, so... *Oh, fuck it, I decided, I’m not patient enough to wait until we get back to the bedroom.*

We both stood, and I picked her up by her legs, lifting her up and thrusting my member into her.

“Haah! Aaah! It’s in so deep, deeper than ever before!”

Olivia threw her arms around my neck and held on tight, likely a bit uncomfortable with her feet off the ground. Unfortunately, our height difference and the position made it so that we couldn’t kiss; to make up for it, I pumped harder.

“Eeyaaaah! Aah, aaaahn! So hard, yesss! Dearest, you’re thrusting your penis so haaard!”

I pulled her roughly down onto my dick, and her hip-length hair

fluttered about.

“Olivia! Olivia!”

“Haaahn! Lord Chris, my dear husband, I love you! I love you so much!”

Olivia tightened her grip, pulling us closer together still. I loved every bit of it, the feeling of skin on skin!

Shllp, shllp, shllllp!

Fantastic! Her walls were pulling me inside hungrily, eager for me to churn her up! I couldn't get enough of Olivia, but alas, the intense pleasure meant I would soon reach my limit.

“I'm gonna cum as deep as I can inside you, Olivia! I'll pour it all into you!”

“Yeees! Cum inside me now, and I'll orgasm as well! I'll climax while you impregnate me our precious childreen!”

Splurt, splurt, splurrrrt.

Despite the short time between orgasms, my second one fired off plenty of semen. Drained by her own climax, Olivia weakly clung to me.

“Haah... Haah...”

“D-Dearest, my mind has gone blank.”

Basking in the afterglow of sex, I pulled my rod from her vagina, and my semen came oozing out of her. I still had desire to spare, but I didn't wish to burden Olivia overmuch. We washed away our sweat in the tub, and then I carried Olivia to bed. She must have been bone tired, because within seconds she began letting out gentle snores.

“Good night, Olivia. How would you like to go out in disguise on a date tomorrow? You could show me how you’d like to decorate our house.”

My still-unassuaged dick insisted I should be performing unkind acts on Olivia as she slept naked, but I suppressed my desires, hugging my beloved until I fell asleep next to her.

I’m so sorry, Lord Chris. I don’t know what more I can do for you—a woman unable to satisfy her husband.

I heard a sad voice, but I was unsure whether it was real or a dream.

Chapter 2
A Seductive Proposal:
Why Say No?



An Engagement Annulled

In my half-asleep state, I felt something soft and warm wrapping around me, and knew that, awake or not, I was being pleased.

Mmmn... Slrp... Shhhlrp.

I reached out towards the moist sounds, and my hand met with smooth, silken hair. As I stroked it, I heard an affectionate voice.

“Good morning, dearest.”

“Oh, hey, Olivia. Morning.”

As I stroked her hair, I gradually came awake. We were in the bedroom of the mansion. After our bath, we had gone to bed naked together, and then... Aha. Waking up to my wife's oral service was the best thing ever. I lay back and let her do the work, caressing her hair all the while.

“Mmmch, mmphlll, phhwl...”

Ah, that's nice. Olivia, with my dick in her mouth, was using the tip of her tongue to skillfully stroke the most pleasurable places.

“Mmm! That feels really good, Olivia.”

Olivia smiled contentedly, still servicing me. She stopped sucking for just long enough to position my penis between her breasts, then crept her tongue over the tip once more.

“Slrp, shhhlp. Mmmn!”

Plump and soft, Olivia's breasts enveloped my dick. She began to move her twin mountains, creating an entirely different kind of

pleasure compared to penetrative sex. With her stimulating my tip using her tongue, it wouldn't be long before I reached climax.

“Shhlrrp, shhlrp, shhwwp...”

“Oh wow, that's too good. I'm going to cum!”

Apparently spurred on, Olivia took the tip into her mouth and licked faster. With so much pleasure and no reason for me to hold back, I grabbed Olivia's head and shouted, “Ngh! I'm cumming!”

Splllrrt, splllrrt, splrrt...

“Mmmph, mmmgh, mmmgll!”

Olivia's face, alight with satisfaction after she swallowed my load, spurred me on to greater excitement. When we weren't having sex, she was demure and proper, but she had a wild side too, and it was mine alone.

Despite having just climaxed, my member was still rock hard. *Come on, how can you blame me? It's her fault for being such a cutie, I swear.* So I scooped her up and laid her down on the bed beneath me.

“Aah! ♪ Dearest, you mustn't! ♪”

Olivia, your mouth may say no, but that look on your face is an open invitation. And did you think I wouldn't notice? Your nectar is flowing so freely that we don't even need foreplay.

“It's not fair that I'm the only one who gets to cum. This time, I'll make you cum.”

I took her by the thighs and split her legs, reading her for missionary, then jammed my still-erect penis into her.

“Mmmmh! Aaah! Oh, by the goddess! My husband's length is scraping me out inside!”

I first thrustured roughly and vigorously, then settled into a rhythm of smaller, more controlled movements. We had lain together main times already, but with each passing day her vagina became softer, more readily enveloping my member. I started to think—somewhat arrogantly—that it was learning my shape and how best to serve it.

“Aaaah, haaaaaaaah! Mmmngh!”

As Olivia writhed with pleasure in my arms, I cut off her moan by pressing my lips to hers—still thrusting all the while, of course.

“Mmmnnmmnngh! Mmch, mmph, mwah...”

Our tongues tangled and twisted, leaving her unable to speak, and I succumbed to the pleasant illusion that we two were truly becoming one. I thrust in and out of her, in and out, as we copulated. At some point, Olivia had wrapped her legs around my hips, bringing us even closer together.

“Haah! Yesss, it’s so goood! Push it all the way inside me, dearest!”

The nectar flowing from between Olivia’s legs mixed with my pre-

ejaculate, foaming and soiling the sheets. I guided my tongue down to her breasts, which bounced with each thrust. I nibbled lightly on her erect nipple, and she tensed in my arms, her sheath tightening around me.

“Eeyah! Oh no, please not there! Deareeest... Aaahn, aaaah!”

“Ngh! You’re so tight that... I’m going to cum, too!”

Spulrt, spulrt, splrrrrrt.

“Haah... Olivia, was the bit with your nipple that good? You came really fast.”

“It was just such a surprise.”

What a discovery I had made! I had massaged and licked at her

breasts, and I had fondled and groped them, but I hadn't focused much on her nipples.

So she was weak to nipple play, then.

Both done and satisfied, we lay together in post-coital bliss. I held Olivia close to me, playing with her silky hair. In the midst of our rest, Olivia spoke diffidently.

"Excuse me, dear husband? I have a favor to ask."

"Sure, of course. I'd be happy to do it."

Olivia smiled, confused at my ready reply.

"But I didn't even say what it was yet."

Why should it matter? I would do anything for Olivia. It was a core belief of mine that it's a man's duty to accede to his wife's wishes.

"Haha, well, I appreciate it. The truth is, I have a friend in the capital city whom I would like to notify that I'm doing well."

★ Diane ★

"Diane Meitia, our engagement is hereby annulled! As a son of Marquess Lafond, it was unbecoming of me to stoop to wed a tawdry procuress!" the fool of a man barked at me in the midst of a ball, one night gone.

My plans for the evening had not, needless to say, included being made a mockery of, so I returned straightaway to my home, notified my parents, went to sleep at my customary hour, and awoke at my customary hour. Once I had finished my morning ablutions and descended to the family room, my father informed me that my engagement had been formally ended.

My father was far shorter than the average man, and that, combined with his balding head, gave him the impression of a seedy, young thug. Yet

holding forth from his extravagant seat, he had a strangely dignified air about him.

Considering our family's occupation, perhaps the odd juxtaposition was only to be expected. In the Magne Kingdom, all brothels were administered by the government, and Count Meitia's family had been tasked with their ultimate oversight. A man whose lot in life was to watch like a hawk for the appearance of unlicensed houses of ill repute, funded by cunning merchants, would not last long if he were merely a seedy little man.

A man like my father was not the sort to tolerate a man who would offer an insult like the one our family had suffered. No indeed, he would want to cut ties with someone so boorish. As a noble family who managed and supported every house of ill repute in the kingdom, we had been instilled with the values of both the nobility and the red-light district. To both our sets of values, such a lout was lower than the meanest mongrel cur.

"That Lafond boy was very insistent about annulling the engagement.

You two dated for so long, though. Do you regret it?"

It was true. My former fiancé, Charlot Lafond, had been a friend of mine since childhood. We'd been inseparable, our engagement a decision so natural and right that it had left all involved with smiles of relief. With how much we had loved each other, it would have been a lie to say that I had no regrets. But it would have been graceless to betray any longing for the man who had spurned me.

"Why should a flower chase a fleeing bee? What a thoughtless question, father."

Very well. If the bee leaves the flower to her own devices, then all the more is she free to blossom.

"Though everyone in the capital worthy of you is obsessed with her."

My father sighed, seeming to lament it. He referred, of course, to

the very woman with whom Charlot had become obsessed: Angelique Heltor, daughter to a duke and younger sister to my friend Olivia.

Her debutante ball had been held this year, and though she was perhaps beautiful, or cute, or pretty, or some similarly appropriate term for an attractive young lady, I held that she was an absolute boor. She spoke freely to men of the general public, even going so far as to touch them. I could only imagine she was fishing for any man who would pay attention to her. Every other woman present was clearly uncomfortable.

And though Olivia warned Angelique of her improper behavior, she showed no sign of fixing her foolishness. Worse, the men who overheard them began to attack Olivia! Even her own father and brother turned against her. To be frank, I could not understand the kind of man who would detest a sweet woman like Olivia.

This is perhaps not the ideal comparison, but had she been one of our girls, we would have made her the ultimate prize, untouchable save by the most favored and noble of our patrons. Such was the peerless beauty and conduct of my friend.

Oh, what a pain. Olivia had been missing for some days, so at that ball, I had hoped to find someone from the Heltor family to inquire about my missing friend. It seemed as though there had been some trouble, though, as nobody related to the Heltors was present. I wasn't fond of the idea of speaking with Angelique, but ought I speak to her directly? While I was considering the issue, there came an abrupt tapping at the window.

"That must be a carrier familiar. I do say, servants?"

My father clapped his hands, prompting a servant to open the window. A familiar wearing the appearance of a raven dropped its letter through the window and flew off. Rather thoughtless of it, in my opinion, but bird familiars were often used to deliver urgent

messages. It would not do to burn an important message in a fit of pique.

Normally, when dispatching messages via carrier familiar, it was considered prudent to send four or five, with a delay between each, largely due to the threat posed by winged monsters. That said, only the most superior of mages could be relied on to send them successfully at all, and such service came at a high price. As a result, many would often send only one or two, out of frugality.

The servant retrieved the letter and checked the contents, confirming that it was signed with Olivia's handwriting. I rushed to read it, then showed it to my father. Once he finished reading, he grinned from ear to ear.

"Diane, breaking things off with that boor was a stroke of luck. Why, considering the events of yesterday together with this letter, I sense nothing less than the hand of fate at work!"

Though he had a shifty look to his eyes, my father had a flair for the dramatic. Perhaps even more surprising, he was the kind of man to believe, with all his heart, in fate. Perhaps relatedly, and yet perhaps most shockingly

of all, he was deeply religious.

"You must hasten to the Rarogne Region and seek out your friend Olivia.

I shall send your personal effects after you arrive."

"I must? Well, yes, I would rather like to see Olivia, but I see no reason to hurry. Quite the opposite, in fact. According to her letter, her husband is taking proper care of her."

What a relief it was to know my friend had found safety. Now, whatever could have my father in such a state? Surely he knew that a newlywed couple would want their privacy.

"We are the only ones in the capital who know that a new hero has

been anointed. We must act on this advantage! You must marry this hero.”



✧ Royal Capital ✧



★ Heltor ★

I was looking over a report of my dukedom’s territory when it happened.

At the time I had no way of knowing, but this was at the precise moment when the goddess lifted the curse upon my daughter.

I caught sight of a portrait of my wife holding our girl in her arms, and suddenly I remembered the atrocities to which I had subjected Olivia—my own daughter, whom I should have loved and cherished—for all her life, up to even a scant few days ago.

Remembered how I had committed senseless violence against her.

How I had ordered her around, as if our household were not rife with servants.

How I had forced her to eat food fit for animals, and doused her in cold water and bade her sleep outside, and placed her sister on a pedestal while I threw her down into hell. And worst of all...

How I... sold my daughter... *into slavery*?

My legs trembled, and I could stand no longer. My stomach revolted, and I regurgitated its contents as my vision went black.

“Hurk, rrgh!”

It was as though my brain had turned to mush. I had no idea, *no idea, NO*

IDEA what to do! I felt a piercing pain in my hand—at some point, I had stabbed my fountain pen into it. *What have you done to your own daughter, your own flesh and blood, you madman?* I rushed over to a marble pillar and bashed my head against it repeatedly until all went black once more.

I awoke in my bed. Apparently someone had discovered me, blood

gushing from my head and hand, vomit spattered upon my chest. The moment my eyes snapped open, I ordered my servants to find Olivia and bring her home to me. I absolved them of all other tasks. Their only duty was to search for her.

“What’s that? It will delay government affairs? I know that full well.

Olivia is more important!”

Wishing I could have vomited up the cinders of regret still burning within me, I summoned the head butler, a man who had been in my service since my youth. However, it seemed that, in the middle of work, he had suddenly been taken by an urgent desire to take his own life and was now unconscious. He had no doubt experienced the same pain as I.

Many of my servants, who had served us since before Olivia was even born, were suffering likewise in varying degrees. They were unlikely to be of much use for some time.

My sons and the younger servants had oppressed Olivia since she was born, seeing her as only a foil to make Angelique look better. They were confused at our panic and agitation, and when commanded to search for her, they clearly felt no desire to do so.

But our longer-term maids, who had been aghast at our abuses all this time and sympathized with Olivia, played truant instead of heeding my orders. I couldn’t find it in me to harangue the women who had once been her only allies in the world. What right had I?

Thus it fell to me. Our doctor tried to stop me, but I threatened him with my sword and silenced his complaints. *You will not impede the search for my daughter!*

First, I journeyed to the slaver to whom I had sold her. I asked of her whereabouts, but he asserted he was sworn to secrecy in all transactions, which proved to be a nuisance. What he truly meant, of course, was that he expected a bribe. But time was of the essence, and he proved quick to talk when I removed one of his fingers.

I then scoured the city for the man who bought her, but despite using every connection available to me as the duke, I learned only that the man had taken her outside of the capital.

I continued the search, but it only wasted time with no results. My wife and mother, shocked by my sudden change, asked what had happened. It was then that I remembered my lie to them a few days hence: that I had given

Olivia a cottage and ordered her to stay there in my rage.

Thus, I resolved to tell them the honest truth. In exchange, I was subjected to a vicious slapping from my wife and whipping with a riding crop from my mother.

Forgive me! It's all my fault! I care not what happens to me, as long as I know where poor Olivia is! My anguish went on unabated for several days, until I received a letter from the frontier.

★ Angelique ★

A single dim candle was the only source of light in the wide, luxurious room, and the stench of sex completed the dissipated atmosphere. The room had been specially built for this express purpose, located at a distance from the royal palace. Pretty boys with names I could never keep straight lined up along the wall, wearing only loincloths to hide their manhoods. Of course, with their penises so swollen with lust, the loincloths weren't terribly

effective.

“Mm! Ooohohoho! Come now, there’s no need to be stingy. This is your reward, after all.”

Shhlp, shlrrrp, slrrrp.

Ohohohoho! This man, who had left his fiancée and kicked her out of his ball, was now lapping at my slit like a hungry dog. What would she think if she saw him like this? Just imagining her crestfallen face was thrill enough to to bring me almost to climax.

The man accompanying me on my massive bed, his face buried in my genitalia, was Charlot Lafond. He had only just broken off his engagement, and this opportunity was his reward. A treat for the man who had abandoned his former fiancée and offered his undying love to me. A tidbit for the dog who ached for the collar of my love.

Slrrrp, mmmchlll, shhhlp.

“Aaahn! You’ve quite a knack for cunnilingus. Tell me, did you do the same for her?”

“I never! I’ve saved up all my love for you, Angelique, the better to please you!”

How surprising. A body like that, and Diane wouldn’t give herself to a man. The sultry charm she radiated was nearly enough to get me, a fellow

woman, wet for her.

No doubt some of that was due to her family’s profession, but her fiery hair and porcelain-white skin set her apart from other girls. Oh, how envious I was...

Gorgeous enough to rival even my sister’s looks, with a striking beauty mark under her eye and an hourglass figure that drew the eye of every man, she oozed charm with her every gesture. I coveted all of it!

And so I carefully seduced Charlot, that he would choose me over her.

Diane was sent fleeing in shame from his ball, and here I lay in victory with his tongue inside me.

“Oohohoho! Ahahahahaha!”

A conquest complete. A moment nearly as perfect as when I was told that Olivia had been sold into slavery, perhaps. Since the moment I was born, I had been showered in love—by my father, my siblings, and even my servants.

Every man we met loved me more than my sister. It seemed natural to me until I grew up and came to realize that her lovely face, her jaw-dropping figure, her elegant bearing, and everything else about her were superior to mine in every aspect.

It was around that time that all of the men around Olivia began to loathe her. Any ounce of love they may have felt for her instead seemed to transfer to me. I didn’t understand it at the time, but now I did.

Every girl more attractive than I would be squashed beneath my heel like an insect. All I had to do was engulf them in a mire of malice, and I had every right to do so.

“Hahaha... Aaahahaha!”

Maddening as it was, I couldn’t escape my envy. At that very moment, Diane was likely drowning in a mire of malice. Gradually, within a week, she would be mired in the same inescapable bog as my sister.



Any girl more attractive than I must be made to hate me.

I couldn't stop laughing. Oh, what ecstasy! Might I even let Charlot penetrate me tonight?

"Nngh! Aaaah! Heehee, you're getting quite excited, aren't you, Charlot?"

Since my new hound had clambered into my bed, he'd been impressively erect—bigger at full mast even than the prince, perhaps?

"Heehee. Come, now. Claim your reward for choosing to love me."

With my consent given, Charlot fell upon me. Why, this dog was surely in rut.

Schllp, schllp, schllp.

"Nnnngah! So rough! Nnnnaaaangh!"

He grew even larger when he put it in me. And he was remarkably skilled, at that!

I'd been certain he would have experience, since Charlot and Diane had once been so intimate, so I'd been shocked to learn it wasn't so. However, it seemed he must have slept with a prostitute or two. His enormous penis scraped against my cervix, assaulting me with pleasure the likes of which I had never felt before.

Shlap, shlap... Sploosh.

"Mmh! Haah, haah..."

Oh? He already came? I watched Charlot's penis shrink before my very eyes after a single orgasm. He seemed mortified; perhaps the thrill of penetrating me for the first time was simply too much for him?

I sighed. Well-endowed and skilled though he may have been, premature ejaculation meant no fun for me. Still, perhaps it served as an acceptable reward, at least.

“Did you enjoy yourself, Charlot? Good. Now, on to the next one. Come to me!”

The next man waiting in line hurried over and climbed into bed. As he did, Charlot went sighed and went to stand against the wall once again.

Let’s see, so this was... who was he again? Oh, no matter. As long as he could bring me to climax, he would receive his own reward. The night was young, my craving for love insatiable. *Offer all your love unto me.*

★ Diane ★

Spurred into action by Olivia’s letter, I took the family’s prized golem carriage and set off for the Rarogne Region the very day after Charlot broke off our engagement. Golems ran several times faster than horses, and they could scatter monsters with ease. They weren’t cheap, of course, but Margrave Meitia’s sole administration of the sex trade had made us the third-wealthiest family in the kingdom. As for why my father urged me to hurry so...

“You do realize that, according to this letter, Olivia is the only woman to whom the hero is attached.”

“Hm? Well, yes. They were blessed only yesterday, so I can’t imagine they’ve begun to speak of his taking a concubine just yet.”

The letter was so sickeningly sweet that I thought I might vomit just from reading it. Broaching the subject of concubines wouldn’t just be boorish; it would probably anger the hero.

Though Olivia’s marriage to the hero came as a surprise, the real shock was the revelation of her curse. Finally coming to grips with the horror she’d been subjected to, I felt a deep nausea settling in the pit of my stomach. At last I understood why she had always been so hated by men.

“Read again the letter, and read it well. I gave it only a cursory read, yet it was all too obvious that she frets over her inability to satisfy her husband.”

Trust a manager of brothels to have a sharp eye for such things. Suddenly a strange thought came to me—why had my father never shown any odium toward Olivia?

“It’s essential in our trade to never allow oneself to have feelings for the girls; thus, I could not be swayed either way, either positive or negative. To have feelings for a woman in this life leads only to pain for all involved.

Though I hardly need to tell you that.”

I wanted to believe that my father had some measure of love for me, but his logic was sound: if he was emotionless toward women in general, the curse would have no effect on him.

“Furthermore... Hmm, though I claimed my feelings cannot be swayed, I do appear to feel some distaste for you. Perhaps you’ve fallen victim to the very same curse.”

That’s quite the thing to say in such a deadpan voice, Father. Wait, you’re serious?! This is horrible!

“Impeccable timing for it, I suppose. Go get the hero to lift your curse,

and maybe seduce him while you’re at it. I’m certain the girl I’ve raised is capable of that. Some call this hero a man of compassion, but I sense only gullibility in him. I can think of a plethora of ways to inveigle him to bed you.”

An easy mark, then. Several ideas sprang to my mind as well.

“Listen well. You shan’t supercede Olivia as his lawfully wedded wife, but if you can settle into a comfortable position as his second wife, you may find your way to great power in the developing frontier.”

If I made myself his liaison to the royal family, all their plans for the frontier would funnel through me. It made sense. And to be honest, I found somewhat appealing the idea of becoming my best friend's sister for the good of our family.

Women married to the same man became sisters. Perhaps my father also anticipated that I would gain connections through the hero's future marriages.

Truly, betting on this hero was an exceptionally good gamble.

Incidentally, you may be wondering if we'd concocted a similar plot with the lord overseeing the frontier, Second Prince Charles. But in truth, no, we had never discussed such a possibility. Since his adoption into his wife's family, Charles and his wife, Desiderata, had been working to birth a successor, to secure stability for their lineage. Until they did, any proposal from a hopeful second wife would be rejected out of hand. Desiderata was pregnant at the moment, so no doubt girls across the kingdom were preparing to throw themselves at Charles—not just for his handsomeness, but also for his reputation as a prodigy.

At any rate, with all those complications, we'd not bothered entertaining the thought, so with Charlot's rejection, my marriage prospects now hinged on receiving Olivia's consent. *Won't Olivia be surprised when I come calling out of the blue.* Oh, but life was unfair! I would have liked to enjoy a sweet courtship with the hero rather than pushing him into it, but I was short on time.



Prince



Beside the mansion's gate there was a locked box with a hole large

enough to slip paper through, called a letterbox. It was meant for leaving letters when the lord of the house was absent or otherwise unavailable. The second prince had declared them a modern convenience, and since then they had spread like wildfire through the wealthier families of the frontier and begun gaining popularity from there.

From what Olivia told me, Second Prince Charles was a tinkerer and inventor, and also a lover of novel inventions of others. To hear her tell it, thanks to his ideas, many strenuous jobs had become much easier, allowing people more time to enjoy life. Beyond his time inventing, he excelled both in politics and in the military arts, with no lack of heroic tales to tell. Rumors said that he'd defeated a member of the imperial guard bare-handed in a tournament at the tender age of fourteen.

The tournament was supposed to be for swordfighting, and he'd been told in no uncertain terms to take up a weapon, but he responded, "If I use a weapon, I'll have to hold back. I'll kill them by accident for sure!" The moment they heard that, the rest of the imperial guard ran away in fear, they say.

Rumors *also* claim that he challenged the crown prince to combat, whereupon he knocked him out with a knee to the face, grinning all the while. Apparently it was all the girls would talk about for a whole year.

The second prince had only just come of age, so his many awe-inspiring feats more than served to name him a prodigy. The previous Margrave was more than happy to hand over the reins.

In our letterbox was a note from that very prodigy stating that he would

come to our home—though it didn't feel real yet, considering we had only moved in a day before—to visit. The letter had probably arrived that morning. Either I'd been too focused on making love to my wife, or the guy delivering the letter may not have bothered calling for us. Oh well.

The scent of sex still lingered in our bedroom, so I was reading the letter while lying down (my head in Olivia's lap, of course) on the sofa in our breakfast room. I looked up at Olivia and asked Olivia, "So, if he's going to be my master or my employer or whatever, do you think I should do something to welcome him? He's coming at noon, so maybe we should host a lunch for him."

"In a situation like this, where someone of his status is meeting you—a man with no title, despite your status as a hero—lunching him would be ill-advised. I suggest leaving it at tea."

I guess when you're that big of a deal, you shouldn't eat a meal made by a stranger without having someone test for poison first. But apparently tea is okay?

Since taking meals with others was part of his job, he wouldn't be able to turn me down if I asked, so I'd be putting him too much on the spot to offer lunch.

I didn't think Prince Charles likely to be too offended, though. He seemed an unpretentious, friendly fellow. Still, it wouldn't do to embarrass my wife through my gauche actions, so I had to be careful.

"Receiving noble guests is a job for your wife."

I really had no clue how to deal with this sort of thing, so hearing that took a load off my shoulders. To show my gratitude, I would have liked to pull Olivia into a hug and kiss. However, that seemed inordinately difficult to do with my head in her lap, so I elected to grope her buttocks instead.

"Eeyah! Mmh..."

Her rear was as soft and pleasant as I recalled. As retribution for my grabbing her buttcheeks, she pinched my face and tugged to the side playfully. We continued to do battle until we grew tired.

"How about we go to the city and look at silverware and furniture for our guest, then?"

She switched from pinching my cheeks to rubbing them as I

proposed a date, with some difficulty.

“Won’t there be a clamor if we walk the city streets?”

“Worry not.”

Making an illusion to trick simple passersby would be a snap for me. I sat up and selected some adventurer clothes for myself and for Olivia from my inventory. Dressed as a pair of adventurers, we were unlikely to attract attention. The frontier was rife with monsters, leaving much reclamation and development to be done. Thus, the city was crawling with adventurers who wanted to make it big. You couldn’t swing a dead cat without hitting a would-be hero.

“We should be fine if we just change our clothes and hair. Honestly, I’d love to dress you up and take you out, but I’m sure you’d be stressed if too many people looked at you.”

“Yes. When I pay attention to gentlemen’s gazes, I find myself so afraid.”

That was no surprise, given the amount of abuse she’d suffered since childhood. Likely thinking of her past, she hung her head, quivering.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be with you.”

“Of course, dearest.”

I gently pulled Olivia into a hug and kissed her. One minute, two minutes... At length, her lips, entwined with mine, ceased their trembling.

“Hello there, Miss. How would you like to go on a date with me?”

“Oh, I’d be delighted to.”

I took Olivia’s hand and tried a pick-up line from a book I read, to

which she replied with a smile. Hand-in-hand, we opened the door and stepped outside.

“Ahem!”

And immediately we saw Head Priest Trabant, alighting from a carriage.

He seemed to think it a great stroke of luck; no doubt he'd been intending to drag us off somewhere the moment we emerged.

“Oh. Good morning, Trabant.”

“I believe you mean ‘Good afternoon,’ great hero. I trust you and your young wife are enjoying yourselves?”

He asked peevishly, consternation writ across his glowering face. *Okay, yes, we did start bumping uglies the moment we woke, but that's no call to look at us like we're degenerates.*

“My word. It's a good thing I delayed my morning visit.”

It seemed he had an inkling of what we'd been doing all morning. He

wasn't the head priest for nothing—he had a good head on his shoulders. Or perhaps I was just too easy to read.

“I'm here with the servants we discussed yesterday. They are all individuals of excellent breeding, but they are not experts by any means.”

Second Prince Charles had put out a public notice stating that people should hire locally. Apparently, there were a lot of people whose jobs were streamlined so much that they were left with too much free time. Taking into account Olivia's fear of men, Trabant had hired only married women who lived nearby.

They would perform maid work while their husbands were out at their own jobs. But if they were found guilty of messing something

up, they would be ostracized from the community, so they would be more reliable than others.

The servants Trabant introduced us to were all wives of tradesmen who lived very close to our mansion. Not the cream of the crop, to be sure, but they were kind-hearted women one and all.

“Greetings, great hero. I’m Marthe. You might know my husband, Alain the tailor.”

Marthe, a youthful fifty-five and apparently the leader of the group, introduced each of the maids, after which I introduced myself in return. It wouldn’t do to have a bunch of people in my house calling me “great hero,”

after all.

“Nice to meet you. My name is Christophe, and this is my wife, Olivia.

The whole ‘great hero’ thing has me a little uncomfortable, so I’d rather you just called me plain old Chris.”

“Yes, of course, Lord Chris. And Lady Olivia, it’s a pleasure.”

I probably should’ve known I couldn’t avoid getting lorded by them. In retrospect, as wives of tradesmen, they likely dealt with customers on a regular basis including at times nobility. However, times were changing. Due to the recent economic boom, apprenticeship had become a common practice, leading to many household chores going to apprentices. Drawing water, cleaning the shop, and so forth often became the apprentice’s duties. As a result, the tradesmen’s wives likely found themselves with a surplus of free time, leading to them taking jobs such as this.

To help them learn the layout of the house, I decided to start them off with simple cleaning. I gave Marthe the necessary funds to procure supplies,

which I felt somewhat bad about, but I decided it was better that

than fret over it myself.

My wife and I then set out on our date, telling them that we would be back when the sun set. It was to be my first time shopping and eating in the city, so I was excited.

We disguised ourselves as adventurers and used my magic to put on false faces, in order to avoid being noticed and surrounded by townspeople. Then we walked, hand in hand, toward the city that we would now call our home.



There exists a magical device known as a Projecting Board. They were expensive enough to be far out of reach for commoners, but lords, wealthy men, and temples usually had at least one, and occasionally, the citizens of a region would pool their money to buy one.

By placing a sheet of paper on the board and supplying magic to the device, the operator could replicate anything in sight or in their mind's eye onto the paper. It was initially built for the replication of texts, but people later found more uses for it, such as creating portraits or taking pictures of exotic scenery.

Why bring this up? Well, although I had become a hero, I had assumed it was hyperbole when told that everyone in the city had come to recognize my face in a mere two days. However, thanks to the temple taking a projection of my face using their Projecting Board and distributing copies all around town, *literally everyone in town* did in fact know my face.

With the throngs of happy little wannabe priest children declaring the birth of a hero, of course everyone would know about the whole hero thing, but to make matters worse, they were giving everyone my portrait. Since we were disguised, Olivia and I were also handed copies, which we looked upon with wry grins. On the front was my face, and on the back was an absurdly romanticized summary of who I was. I had to wonder, was it really okay for a temple to the Goddess of Law to stretch the truth in such a fashion? It wasn't exactly outright lying, but I felt a little dubious about the whole

thing.

“This portrait seems to be a copy of a copy. You looked much handsomer in the portrait I made of you two days ago.”

“Nah, I think this is more realistic. Honestly, I don’t think I want people

to see what I look like in the original.”

The Projecting Board was a powerful and convenient magical device, but it did not create perfect replicas, and thus when creating images of people, it tended to be subject to the operator’s biases. In more concrete terms, if one were to take a picture of someone they hated, it would tend to leave a bad impression of the subject, versus seeing the subject in person. Conversely, if one took a picture of a loved one, most especially someone they were *in love with*, the subject would come out far more beautiful.

Two days ago, Olivia had borrowed the device to take a portrait of me.

The portrait was exaggerated, of course. Despite it being a simple image, my features were so ridiculously beautified that the portrait nearly glowed. A little too embarrassing for me.

In my shame, I hid it inside my inventory then and there. However, it was the most flattering portrait of me, so Trabant had begged me endlessly to borrow it. Eventually, I had allowed him to make a copy, after ensuring he understood that I would keep the original.

A portrait taken directly with the Projecting Board was referred to as an original. Another image made by looking at the original and replicating it was called a copy, and a copy of *that* was a copy of a copy. The image degraded with each step, though a copy of a copy—like the ones being handed out around town—was detailed enough that anyone would recognize it as me.

I didn’t particularly mind, in truth. It was a touch embarrassing, but I would get over it in time. The larger issue was the long line of

people before me and the reason for said line.

“Hark, one and all! Copies of copies can only capture so much, but I saw it with my own eyes! Our beloved goddess, Tria, granting her great blessing unto a solitary bride! Her radiant beauty is truly fitting of the title The Goddess’s Bride!”

Right next to the temple-run clinic, a crowd of citizens—mostly men—

had lined up in front of a table with a stack of papers on it, for some reason.

A woman shouted her sales pitch at the crowd. Actually, on closer inspection, the woman in question appeared to be the priestess with whom Trabant had been dancing yesterday. Didn’t she have work to do? Or was it a priestess’s job to sell portraits of Olivia?

You’re probably wondering where the portrait came from. Well, you see, I also made a portrait of Olivia with the device two days ago. I was feeling

devilish, so I visualized her naked body in my mind’s eye and made the projection. She grabbed my ear and yanked when she caught a glance of the portrait, so then I made a proper portrait the next time.

I want to reiterate that, even when the operator was trying to take a normal portrait, love had a way of finding its way into such things, and strangers would often see a beautified portrait. Needless to say, I loved Olivia from the bottom of my heart, so when the priests saw it, she was so lovely that they couldn’t help but blush. Though I was inclined to think that perhaps that happened because Olivia truly was the most outrageously beautiful girl in the world, such that even a photograph, so inferior to the reality of her, was enough to make men’s hearts race.

I kept the original, of course, and I had no plans of showing it to anyone.

I did, however, give away one copy, with the expectation that it would be distributed as a set along with my portrait. Trabant created copies of copies of both of us for that purpose, but the temple's treasurers soon put the screws to him, yelling "Paper isn't cheap! Give out the hero if you want, but we need to sell these portraits of Lady Olivia!"

The fact that it only took an hour after I gave them the copy to start selling Olivia's portrait was just sad. But in the end, it was just paper, and the temple was stretched pretty thin between orphanages, clinics, and other charitable activities, so I understood that they needed funds.

"It really is a good thing we disguised ourselves. I can't imagine what would have happened if we'd walked around normally."

Olivia had directly received the goddess's blessing, so there was no stopping the whole city from knowing her face as well. However, all the attention would only inspire fear in Olivia. The illusion magic had been a good decision.

"Dear husband, right now I am yet afraid, but some day, *some* day, I hope we can walk together through the city without hiding our faces. I want to go on a date with you as I am."

Despite their paying no attention on Olivia, the throng of men exerted its pressure on her. Her hand quivered faintly in mine. I kept quiet, gave her hand a squeeze, and continued through the city.

"There's no rush, Olivia. I'll always be here, by your side. One day..."

Any time you want, really, we can go out on another date, with no disguises except for some cute makeup on you."

"Thank you! I... I'll do what I can!"



Three days passed. Though I was overwhelmed by the maids at first, it didn't take long for us to open up to each other.

Eventually the day arrived for Prince Charles's visit. As his subject, it seemed it would be more proper for me to refer to him as Lord Caroling, but everyone else called him Prince Charles, so I figured it wouldn't be a big deal.

"Pleasure to meet you, Sir Chris. I am Charles Caroling, but you can just call me Charles."

The sunny man in front of me looked, if anything, younger even than I had anticipated, and certainly younger than me. However, between his sky-blue eyes, his striking blond hair, and his immaculate choice in apparel, it was no wonder women across the kingdom called him an Adonis. So refined were his features that he gave off an almost effeminate beauty, that is, if one was to ignore the tempered calluses on his hands and the metal reinforcing his clothes, so subtle that an amateur would overlook it.

I later learned that he was also equipped with a hidden blade in his sleeve that he could have to hand with a mere flick of the wrist, a steel plate and a blade in his shoe, and a loosely-bound string in his hair that could be untied to work as a strangulation weapon. *Damn, this prince is scary!*

I could tell that Prince Charles was sizing me up, as well. *Sorry, but they can call me "hero" all they want, I'm still a wizard, not a warrior.* I wasn't helpless in close-range combat, but I was only as strong as a normal soldier.

"Sir Chris, you were among the first to make yourself known as a member of the reclamation of my territory. But I must ask, why did you choose to do so?"

"Well, at first, I wanted to make a name for myself. But since I met Olivia, my new goal is to give her a good life, uh, Prince Charles."

"Ahaha! Sir, this is your home, not a public space. Please, let us

dispense with the formalities and speak as equals.”

The prince’s relaxed manner was infectious. He told us that there was still a mountain of things to be done before the development plan began in earnest, such as procuring materials and organizing parties and such. In the

month or so until then, I was free to do as I pleased.

Killing monsters during the waiting period would earn me incentive pay, along with materials to sell. Moreover, hunting particularly large monsters would earn commensurate rewards, so I had my work cut out for me.

Admittedly, I relished the thought of going on date after date with my darling wife, but I needed to show her that I could fulfill my duty as the breadwinner of our new family.

Then, once the development plan began, Prince Charles intended for me, the hero, to lead the vanguard of his forces, wherever the fight with the monsters was hottest. His directness on that matter left a good impression on me. The harder the job, the more easily I could achieve great feats in battle, so I found the proposal ideal.

After that, we chatted idly until the time came for his scheduled departure. While I walked him out to the gate, he made a small, secret request to me before boarding his carriage.

“By the way, Sir Chris, I understand you are a wizard, a specialist in dark magic? Well...”

I didn’t remember telling anyone about my specific affinity, but somehow the prince had caught wind of it, and in less than thirty minutes of conversation. *Yeah, I’d better not make an enemy of this guy.*

★ Jeanne ★

“Nice, we finally recruited a mage. A map-soloing SSR is the perfect hero unit to spearhead the development plan missions.”

My lord, Charles, often murmured such incomprehensible things to himself. But how could someone like me, a girl who knew nothing but how to swing a sword, understand the profound depth of the genius who turned the remote, backwater Rarogne Region into such a bountiful land in only five years?

Earlier today, he had met the hero who had been given divine protection at Tria's great temple. Judging by my lord's attitude, he must have left a very positive impression. The man had seemed good-natured enough, not to mention handsome enough to match the radiant beauty at his side.

Though he wasn't to my taste. I much preferred Charles— Errhem!

Ahem! *What are you thinking, Jeanne?! It would be scandalous for you to*

fall in love with your master! Oh, but when I remember the sensation of Charles's hand brushing against my chest while he trained, I...

"Aah! Oh, Lord Charles, not during training! Everyone will see! You can take me to your bed and ravage me after we're done here, squeeeee!"

"Jeanne, I can't in good conscience warn someone my age to not have wild erotic fantasies, but can you at least keep them to yourself?"

Oh, my lord's loving lashes wound me so. My lord, those hands were meant for slaying monsters; please do not shake that clenched fist at me.

"You're absolutely pathetic, but you're stronger in battle than I am. I swear, where did you go wrong?"

"Please, my lord! I only wanted to help you however I could 'cause I owed you such a debt for picking *me* of all people and saving me from a rural life of poverty."

Five years ago, my hometown had been in such dire straits that they planned to sell many of the girls into slavery in other

countries. But Lord Charles had swooped in and saved us all, even finding places for us to work.

In hopes of repaying this great favor, I worked myself to death to become a knight.

I trained with the sword every day from dawn to dusk, earning myself a sunburn within days, which mellowed into a fierce tan over time. Oh, how I envied the unblemished alabaster skin of the women working in his mansion.

Being the only tanned amazon in a room full of fair-skinned dames was always rather disquieting for me. But that only spurred me to train harder, and in return the sun burned me even more. *I can't even imagine what I'd look like without this bronze skin anymore, hahaha!*

It had been one year since he'd recognized my zeal with a knighthood.

So taken with happiness was I that I declared my boundless love for Lord Charles right there, in front of everyone, at my very own knighting! What a fond memory it was.

"Honesty is a virtue, Jeanne, but blurting out everything that comes to mind is not. Truly, you need to address that strange habit of yours, saying every thought the moment it pops into your head when you get excited!"

"Man, I remember how all the other knight appointees looked at me with shock. There was even an older guy laughing at me! Good times, but embarrassing."

"Maybe that was embarrassing for you, but I assure you, it was worse for

me! Do you know how long Desiderata pouted that night?!"

Lord Charles looked rather cute when he blushed. "Are you perhaps embarrassed?"

“No. I’m mad at you because you won’t keep your thoughts to yourself!”

We returned to the Margrave’s mansion, our conversation the usual banter. Once we arrived, Lord Charles was to have lunch with Lady Desiderata before continuing on to a very tightly-scheduled day.

★ Jeanne ★

“Welcome home, Lord Charles.”

“Thank you for your continued protection, Jeanne.”

Night had long since fallen by the time we finished the day’s schedule, yet it was a comparatively early finish compared to the recent norm.

Though Lady Desiderata was now well into her pregnancy, she still managed to greet Lord Charles at the entrance every day. Lord Charles would always worry and tell her to get to bed and sleep, yet the fatigue in his face always melted into a smile at the sight of her.

My lady was the spitting image of a maiden in love—though she was pregnant, so that much should not have been such a surprise. I had lived in Lord Charles’s shadow for five years, which passed by in a flash, but I’d never once had a chance to act on my desire. So close were they, it was hard to believe these two were brought together by a political marriage.

“All right, Lord Charles, I’m out. Please, I’m begging you, get some rest tonight. I know you gotta be zonked.”

His schedule was packed from early morning to late night again the next day. *Ugh, I should get some sleep soon too. I bet Lord Charles will get a wonderful night’s sleep at Lady Desiderata’s side... Sniffle.*

“Oh, Jeanne, one thing I forgot to mention. This morning, I had Sir Chris cast a certain spell on you.”

“Say what?! The hero is some kind of wizard, right, with the dark magic and all? Did you have him curse me? Am I being fired? Is it ‘cause I’m stupid?!”

“I keep telling you to stop saying everything that pops into your head, silly. I’m only going to tell you this once, so listen well: as the hero is the goddess’s terrestrial agent, he can use holy magic even greater than the head

priest’s.”

“Oh, goddess, I’m so sorry, so sorry! I really am a bother, just a stupid bug buzzing around the happy couple’s home! I’m so sorry for loving you, Lord Charles!”

“The soothsayer has assured us that the child in Desiderata’s womb is a boy, so my line of succession is secure. Desiderata has also accepted you as my concubine—though considering you’re a woman and my bodyguard, everyone around us already assumes you’re a concubine, anyway.”

“I understand. I give up. It’s the monastery for me, for sure. I’ll bury my love forever and serve the gods, living a life of purity.”

“I asked the hero to bless us. Blessings conferred by the goddess’s terrestrial agent are of a higher rank than the head priest’s, so nobody should have any complaints about your past.”

“I, Jeanne, will give my very life in service to this city of yours, that I may better serve... Hmm? Blessing? You mean like a wedding blessing? Err.

Uh. What?”

“Though there was some brouhaha during the event, since he fabricated the light with his dark magic. At any rate, once you’ve washed up, come to my room, got it? Go on, repeat the order back to me.”

“Y-Yes, sir! Your knight will cleanse herself and then attend to you in your chambers!”

★ Charles ★

I met my bodyguard, Jeanne, by chance while eradicating slave traders, and ever since, her love for me was plain to see. Day after day, she trained frantically to become a knight. Her hair, ever-glossy despite the lack of care put into it, shimmered in the sun when she trained, as glistening droplets of sweat sprang off her. Seasons passed, and with each new moon I found myself more taken by her beauty. Her intense love for me had moved me to my core, and as she increasingly caught my eye, I realized one day that I had fallen in love with her as well.

My wife did not approve. Not at first. But as she came to know Jeanne better, and to understand what an earnest girl she was, my Desiderata soon realized that her jealousy was misplaced. This was a companion to welcome with open arms, not a threat to ward off.

Once we confirmed that the coming child would be able to inherit my title, we discussed Jeanne at length and decided to make her a concubine.

Given the circumstances, we decided we hardly needed to ask her thoughts on the matter. Now that our union had been blessed, I could no longer wait.

“I’m, uh, dreaming, right? This is a dream, yeah. Did I fall asleep in the carriage? Lord Charles, we can’t really be...?”

“Haha! You’re such a sweetheart, Jeanne.”

Desiderata took the petrified girl’s hand and led her to the bed. She seemed eager to show the new wife a good time as well. Clearly at a loss for what to do, Jeanne plunked down on the side of the bed, a blank look on her face.

I put my hands to the confused girl’s shoulders and gently pushed her back to land on the sheets. Then I stole her lips. Lips that had proclaimed her love for me for five long years. Lips that were, at last, mine.

“Mmmmmmmnnnn!”

As I kissed her, Jeanne relaxed. She was now at the mercy of my hands, which lay on her chest.

“Phaah... I... kissed Lord Charles? Hooray!”

Jeanne blushed and let out a joyful yelp. A surprisingly cheeky act, prompting my wife to crawl up behind her and wrap her arms around her, stroking her hair.

Whoops. It seemed Desiderata was getting jealous from me focusing on Jeanne too much. I kissed my wife as she caressed Jeanne, our tongues dancing.

“Nnnmph! Mmch... Phaah! My word, dear! I’ll have to keep an eye on Jeanne tonight,” she chastised me.

Since my wife had grabbed her from behind, I hugged Jeanne from the front.

“Thank you for always being by my side, and for your constant love. I love you, too, Jeanne.”

“Eeeep! Aah! Both of you are touching me?! Was this what I wanted all these years?! Oh, yes, my lord and my lady, this is all I ever wanted. Ugh, seriously, if this is a dream, pinch me or something. I want my first time to be real, not a dream! Oh, but there’s no way this would happen in real life!”

With the two of us embracing her, she was so confused that she let her mind and her tongue run even wilder than usual.

“Dear, Jeanne is beyond cute. I’m jealous that I never get to keep her at my side.”

My wife casually played with the bewildered Jeanne’s breasts and nibbled on her ears. Was it my imagination, or was Desiderata even

more aroused than usual? I decided to be careful we didn't go too wild and put too much pressure on her belly.

"Indeed, is she not adorable? How could you not fall under her spell?"

As Desiderata was monopolizing her breasts, I contented myself with fondling her butt and thighs. Jeanne's sun-browned skin was lined with taut muscle, yet still soft and pliable beneath my hands.

We stayed like that for perhaps ten minutes. Jeanne at last seemed to have recovered from her confusion, but our ceaseless caresses seemed to have lit the fire of sensual pleasure in her. Her eyes were intoxicated.

"This... isn't a dream, is it? If it is, when I wake up, I'm running straight to the nunnery."

"No, it's not a dream. The hero's blessing, our taking you to bed, and our showering you with love is all reality. Though you do seem a touch out of it."

I kissed her again. This time, she was much more comfortable, even putting a hand to my cheek.

"Mm... Mmph... Mwah!"

While we kissed, I set to tearing off Jeanne's clothing. Meanwhile, Desiderata took off her own clothes, revealing her pale curves. Desiderata's breasts had been large even before the pregnancy, but now that she was with my child, they had grown even larger, increasing her sex appeal with each passing day.

Jeanne's tight, muscular form overflowed with youthful vigor. Their bare skin was a contrasting sight of pale pink and bronze.

"Eeek! No, don't look! Y-You'll see the tan lines left by my armor. It's unwomanly."

What, these? She was sun-mellowed to a darker hue than most, to be sure, but I didn't care. As proof, I ran my tongue along her tan lines, traveling lower until I reached her privates.

“Aaahn! No, you mustn’t! It’s filthy down th— Mmmh!”

“Every inch of you is beautiful, Jeanne. So beautiful I can’t help but be envious.”

Desiderata pulled Jeanne into a heated kiss, entangling their tongues.

Spurred on by the sight, I hastened my ministrations. Lubrication was already dripping from Jeanne’s slit, as if she was overflowing with fluids.

Slrp slrp... Mmchl...

“Haahn! Aaah, aaaaah!”

Allowing my wife to monopolize Jeanne’s lips would damage my honor as a man, so while I continued caressing Jeanne with both hands, I shared a kiss with Desiderata, our tongues twining once again.

“Jeanne, this is a sacred place, where children are born from. How could you call it filthy?”

Shllp, shllp, shlllp...

“Nooo, that’s where I pee from! Eeyah! Nnngaaagh!”

She must have been embarrassed to say that, because as she did, her face turned bright red. I worried about flustering her too much by teasing her further, so I stopped. Besides, she was plenty wet already.

I stopped caressing her and spread her legs. I pressed a finger to her flower, and it came back covered with her nectar. The feel of it melted away the last of my manly restraint; it was an open invitation.

Desiderata grasped both of Jeanne's hands in an effort to soothe her, seemingly in agreement that it would be best not to tease her overmuch during her first time. Jeanne was a simple girl from a backwater village, one who knew nothing of the world yet devoted herself single-mindedly to training out of love for me. And now she sat before me, her eyes smoldering with lust.

It was time: I would seize the virginity of the girl who smiled radiantly at me day in and day out, through thick and thin! I rubbed my tip against her honeypot, then slotted myself into her opening.

"I love you, Jeanne."

"I-I love you too! I've loved you since the day we met, Lord Charles!"

I wrapped my arms around Jeanne, who looked at me with tearful, loving eyes, and squeezed her tight while I rammed my rod into her hole!

"Gngh! Aaaah! Lord Charles! Lord Chaaaaarles!"

Jeanne bravely withstood the pain of her hymen being broken. Reminded of her first time, Desiderata pulled Jeanne's head to her chest for an embrace, stroking her hair and whispering words of encouragement.

"Nngh! So tight!"

Perhaps this was rude of me, yet I couldn't help comparing the two of

them. Unlike Desiderata, who felt soft and pliant, Jeanne's muscular hips tightened down upon me, squeezing my length. Even small movements assaulted me with jolts of pleasure; if I relaxed, I would probably reach orgasm within seconds. I took hold of Jeanne's hips and ceased thrusting.

"Ow! It hurts... But I'm so happy I could offer my virginity to you,

Lord Charles.”

As I watched her smile at me through the pain, I decided that instead of worrying about my pleasure, we should finish today’s session quickly, so that we could take our time acclimating her to sex.

Shlp, shlp, shlp.

I rocked my hips gently back and forth, to minimize her pain.

Meanwhile, my tongue licked and sucked her nipples to distract her from the invasion below.

“Aaah! Nghaah! Too much! Incredible! I can’t even think straaaaaigh!”

Recently, I could not lie with Desiderata, so perhaps due to my pent-up lust, I felt climax approaching much faster than usual.

“I’m going to cum! Jeanne, you feel so good that I’m going to cum! I’m going to shoot my semen into your uterus, Jeanne!”

“Haah! Lord Chaaarles, you’re going to cum inside?! Will you impregnate me?!”

At my limit, I shoved my girth into the depths of Jeanne’s vagina and ejaculated. Thanks to my recent dry spell, it was a veritable flood of semen.

Splrt, sprt, sprt.

“Eeyaaaah! He’s cumming! Lord Charles’s very penis is cumming!”

With Jeanne’s energy spent from her first creampie, she fell back on the bed. I pulled the sweaty, bronze-skinned girl to me and kissed her arms, her neck, her collarbone, and her breasts, claiming all of her as mine.

Such a lovely scent. The smell of Jeanne’s sweat was dizzying. Despite my orgasm, my rod was still erect with desire, thanks to Jeanne’s heady aroma.

“Dear, I know you’ve been holding off since my pregnancy. Perhaps I could service you tonight? Watching you take Jeanne has lit a fire in me.”

I nodded, to which Desiderata kissed my member and began fellating it.

She was far more skilled than she had been her first time. At one point she had hired a high-class prostitute to teach her.

“Nngh! You’ve gotten good at this, Desiderata. Despite my only just

cumming inside Jeanne, I...”

“Haah... Your penis... mmch... tastes so different when it’s covered in Jeanne’s juices.”

Despite her exhaustion, Jeanne rose again as she watched us, seemingly wanting to join in.

“Lord Charles, you can do anything you want to me, long as it’s what you want. I’ll be happy, no matter what you choose to do.”

What a sweet girl. *Very well, as she she wishes, I shall do whatever I like with her every night from tomorrow.* However, at the moment I was busy being serviced by Desiderata, so I could not fuss over Jeanne just yet.

“I’m about to cum. I’m going to cum in your mouth, Desiderata.”

Plrt, plrt, splt, splt.

“Mmmh! Nngh, mmgh... Haah.”

I patted Desiderata’s head as she sucked me dry, and then the three of us lay in the bed together, Jeanne on one side of me and Desiderata on the other.

“Your first time must have hurt. Let’s take it easy tonight and get some rest. Tomorrow is another busy day.”

“Yes, Lord Charles. Goodnight. Tomorrow, I’ll be... by your side... just like always.”

I knew Jeanne always fell asleep the moment her head hit the pillow. I kissed her on the cheek as she lay cradled in my arm, a peaceful expression on her face.

“Good night, dear.”

“I love you, Desiderata. Goodnight.”

“I love you, too, Lord Charles.”

Enveloped by the warmth of the women in my arms, I surrendered myself to sweet sleep. I was sure to sleep soundly tonight.



I saw Prince Charles off and sat down to unwind after finishing lunch.

Olivia was currently facing the daunting task of making dessert, which the maids were instructing her in.

I read, trying to suppress a yawn. We had plans to go on a date together after she finished her baking, so I was in the middle of thinking up an itinerary. But my thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of a bell, announcing that we had visitors.

“A woman calling herself Diane Meitia has come calling for you, Lady Olivia.”

“Wow! Diane came to see me?”

That was her friend, right? The one she wanted to tell she was safe? How strange for her to have arrived already. The letter could perhaps have reached there in a few hours, but even forcing the horses drawing her carriage to run themselves to death, it should have taken at least four days.

“She made it out to the frontier in only three days? Not even the post horses make the journey so quickly.”

By now, Olivia was famous across the frontier as the Goddess’s Bride.

No doubt there were people out there who might impersonate a friend of hers to get closer to her. Of course, she would see through their lie quickly enough, but I wouldn’t be surprised if some idiot tried it.

“Seems she took a golem carriage! Why, in all my years I’ve never seen such hoity-toity transportation! You could barely buy that thing with the price tag of this whole mansion.”

The maid exclaiming about the carriage was Nina (age 53), the same one who announced their arrival. Come to think of it, her husband and son built

carriages as part of their trade.

Interesting. If they could afford to ride around in a carriage like that, they had to be the real deal, right? At the very least, whoever it was, they had to be filthy rich. But you never knew when things might go bad, so I decided to go out with Olivia to meet her, just in case.

★ Olivia ★

When I heard that Diane had arrived, I rushed to the drawing room to meet her. My sudden disappearance must have worried her, I knew, but I felt certain she would not have made such haste in coming to see me—even using the expensive golem carriage—without a terribly important reason.

My dear husband came with me as well, just in case something happened. Fortunately, disguise magic was simple enough that even my husband, someone who didn't specialize in it, could wield it and see through it easily. Though, according to him, that was because he had "trained night and day under a professional!" He didn't seem to care for the way I said his impressive skill was heroic.

"Diane!"

I opened the door to the drawing room to find her resting on the sofa, waving gently toward me with a smile on her face. Oh, my. Diane had long been so seductive that even a woman like me couldn't help but get hot and bothered around her. There could be no doubt that this was my long-time friend—no imitation could match the pure sex she emanated.

Oftentimes, girls with large breasts are perceived to be overweight, but the cut and measurement of Diane's clothing perfectly emphasized her chest while also giving an impression of a streamlined figure. Her wavy red hair seemed to sparkle in the light of the sun. Taken in combination with her incredible beauty, though the comparison is perhaps a bit sensational, she almost seemed a painting come to life. At the least, her every inch exuded refinement.

"Olivia, do you know how worried I was when you didn't contact me right away? And imagine my surprise when the first thing I hear is that you've been married!"

We clasped each other's hands in our joy at being reunited. *Oh, right, my dear husband!* In my excitement, I'd forgotten to introduce them.

"Dearest, this is my best friend, the woman to whom we sent the letter: Diane Meitia, the daughter of Count Meitia."

Diane greeted him well in accordance with a lady's manners. My

husband offered his own greeting in return, using the manners I taught him.

He carried himself somewhat awkwardly, but his posture was so neat that he did not look out of place.

“Good thing I studied my manners for Prince Charles’s arrival, huh? Was that the right way to greet a woman?”

“Yes, dearest, you were wonderfully gallant!”

Teehee! My honest thoughts were enough to embarrass my poor husband so much. He was normally confident and reliable, but his rarely-shown childish side was cute. I was so delighted that before I knew it, I was clinging to his arm.

“My, my. It seems my impression from your letter was not mistaken —

the love between you two is passionate indeed. Let us hope the heat of your burning hearts does not singe those poor, outshone flowers.”

She offered a warning not to flirt so in front of others, in a womanly, roundabout way. Perhaps I had let my guard down a bit too much, owing to our close relationship.

My husband gazed over at Diane, perhaps lingering a moment too long?

Of course, I was well aware that her breasts were larger than mine. In my insecurity, I clung to Lord Chris tighter.

“So, Diane, I know you’re here to visit your newlywed friend, but if you’d also like me to remove that curse of yours, it would have been nice to know beforehand so I could make the proper preparations.”

A curse?! I can’t let that pass without comment!

“Explain yourself, dearest!”

“It’s the same one that affected you, Olivia, though much weaker. It’s a good thing all of our maids are women; if we had any male servants, they would have chased her out by now.”

Diane’s lovely face and impressive proportions were attractive to men, and the way she carried herself suggested that she would treat her man right, the natural result of her family’s business. If she had been put under the same curse as I...

“I would indeed appreciate your help. My once-fiancé has called for an annulment to our engagement, and now I am left without a place to belong in

the capital. Audacious though this is, I’ve been left with no choice but to come to my dear friend for assistance.”

“D-Dear husband, I beg of you! We must help Diane!”

But my husband merely smiled and plopped his hand on my head, as if to say, “Worry not.”

“I haven’t prepared, and I’ll be doing this alone, so we probably won’t finish until late tonight.”



So, I’d started the curse-removal rite, and everything was going along fine so far... except that I couldn’t focus. Why, you ask? Because I was a healthy young man, of course.

I was sorely disappointed that my wife and I were unable to go on our date, though of course I couldn’t simply say no to my wife’s friend and send her packing. And thus there she and I were, while Olivia waited outside of the room.

Diane lay in the bed, lit only by candlelight in the otherwise-dark room.

This was all for the sake of lifting her curse, of course, but given the two of us were alone together, my eyes hardly knew where it was

safe to look.

I began by mixing medicinal herbs in water, then using that water to cleanse myself. Because Diane wore only clothing submerged in that same cleansing water, her curves were clearly visible as she lay asleep on the bed.

If pressed to explain *how* clearly visible, I could perhaps mention the obvious protrusions poking out of the mountains of her chest.

And Diane's magnificent bosom was only the beginning. The erotic line traced from hips to buttocks captured my eye. Hers was a beauty distinct from Olivia's. During our first meeting, I couldn't suppress a shiver every time her alluring eyes narrowed when she laughed.

Had that been all, I could have simply clamped my eyes shut and carried on with the rite. However, when I attempted that, her scent disrupted my concentration. It wasn't overpowering, by any means; I only caught the faintest whiff whenever I passed by her. But as I tried to focus in my chamber, it prodded at me tantalizingly. Put bluntly, she smelled so wonderful that every time her aroma wafted by, my heart pounded harder.

That the herb-infused water hadn't washed it away meant that it must have

been a high-quality perfume. The joys of being rich, I supposed.

Cut it out, you! You have a wife, and her name is Olivia. Giving in to lust for her friend would be outrageous! I was loath to take such an extreme step, but I had no choice but to seal my own emotions away with dark magic.

Dark magic mainly dealt in curses, but to be more precise, it essentially encompassed all magic that manipulated the mind. That sort of thing tended not to go over well with the general populace, so wizards like me were often looked down on. I still owed that old man a punch or two in the face for making me learn it without even

explaining the downsides to me.

At any rate, for now, I had to focus on dealing with her curse. The rest, I could worry about later.

★ Olivia ★

How long had it been since Diane and my husband entered that room with naught but a bed in it? Outside, it had already grown dark. Alas, I did not have the aptitude for magic that my husband did, so all I could do was pray for my friend's safety from nearby.

Normally, by this time of night, my husband would be furiously making love to me, and then we'd both fall asleep, pleasantly exhausted. This was my first night without my husband since the day we'd met, and it left my thoughts wandering to darker, more unpleasant times.

I remembered the long-gone days of my childhood. My father would lock me away in a dark room, hiding me away from all the people who cared for me: my doting mother and grandmother, and even the maids.

Ka-chunk.

The door opened and all but dispelled my dreary thoughts. My husband emerged alone, obviously very tired.

"Olivia, Diane's curse is gone. She should be waking up soon."

"Goodness! Thank you so much, dearest!"

He embraced me and gave me a light kiss on the lips, then told me to stay by Diane's side in case she awoke feeling uneasy. He then left me there and headed to our bedchamber.

How exhausted he must have been! It was the first night ever when my husband did not lust for me.



Once I made it to bed, I unsealed my emotions once more. Perhaps that sounds like a small thing, but sealing them away had its consequences, so I tried to avoid doing so as much as possible. In this case, the emotion I had sealed was desire. The moment I dispelled my magic, my member expanded more than ever and *man*, did it hurt!

“Nnnngh!”

This is hardly specific to dark magic seals: when you’ve forced something down so much and for so long, it will often well up more than ever the moment you let go. After being stuck in a private chamber with Diane, a woman who oozed sex appeal from her every inch, the effect of unleashing my lust was greater than I had imagined.

Had I tried to bed Olivia in this animalistic state, I might have ended up hurting her. I attempted to use magic to calm myself, but I was so worked up that it had no effect. Sleep magic proved equally ineffective.

“All right, time to work out! Once I exercise a bit, I should be bone-tired and ready for bed.”

So I did push-ups, crunches, squats, back exercises... but my crotch hurt so much that I had to stop. Now that I was sweaty and out of breath, I forced myself back into bed and shut my eyes. Not that I could sleep. Olivia’s naked body and Diane’s scent danced in my mind!

Stubbornly refusing to get up, I was clamping my eyes shut and staying still when I heard footsteps in the hallway, followed by the door opening.

“My husband seems to be asleep.”

Olivia’s voice! But I can’t bed her in this state, with my lust running wild. My muscles froze with terror when I imagined how I might hurt her if I got too rough.

Olivia... I fell in love with her at first sight. Moved by her horrific plight, I brought her to a grand temple to help her lift the curse that plagued her.

Along the way, we made love countless times, and with each session I became more enthralled by her. With every exchange of words, my love for the woman who relied on me deepened.

When she first turned those frightened eyes on me, it was too much to bear. Just imagining that she might look at me like that turned my stomach.

So I ignored the rustling sounds in my bedchamber, focusing on keeping my

eyes shut.

“...?”

“...!”

I heard conversation. Olivia speaking with someone else, maybe? Was I finally falling asleep? I hoped so.

But seconds later, I opened my eyes in shock at the intense pleasure running through my crotch was, only to see two pairs of buttocks lined up in front of me.

“Mmch... Nnngh... Like this, Diane?”

“Yes, good job, Olivia. Though it’s quite large. That dildo we used during practice pales by comparison. Mchhl, mmph... Ahmng, mmmmmngh!”

One of them was, I felt certain, Olivia’s cute little butt. I had seen it, fondled it, and kissed it more or less every night for some time, so I knew it well. But to whom did the other belong? It was delightfully large and shapely, with a comely tightness where it met the thighs. I was dreaming, right? Yeah, I was so horny that I was having a wet dream.

Don't be ridiculous! I sat up and laid one hand on either of those glorious asses. They were both pleasant to the touch.

“Eep! Dearest, you're awake!”

“My deepest apologies for waking you, Lord Chris.”

It seemed the second buttocks belonged to Diane. Seriously, every bit of her just dripped with sex appeal. *So be it. You turned me on, so now you get to deal with the consequences. You're not so innocent as to think you can flaunt that body and not get fucked, are you?*

Her underwear reflected the dim lamplight, accentuating the curves of her body in a way that was even more arousing than full nudity. I later learned that the color and shape were tailored specially for Diane, to better draw a man's gaze. Whoever made it must have been a genius, because it worked perfectly, drawing my eyes like a moth to a flame.

I had bought Olivia some lingerie while we walked around the city, and though Diane's underwear covered more of her, it was the more erotic by far.

I was so taken by Diane's charms that my mind didn't hesitate in the slightest to imagine all the ways I wanted to fuck my beloved wife's best friend.

“Haah! Aaah... D-Dear husband, if you play with my flower that much, I won't be able to...”

I was ready to go wild with Diane, but I couldn't just leave Olivia

untouched, so I caressed Olivia's privates using my free hand.

“Hnnmmgh! Aaah! D-Don't nibble my clitoris! At this rate, I...”

After kissing Diane's ass, I bit down lightly, just short of hard enough to leave a bite mark. I savored the softness of it as I gradually moved my mouth to her nether region, finally massaging it with my tongue. She was already well-lubricated, even trembling

in anticipation of my grand entrance. Inviting me.

“Shhhrrp, slrrp, mmmph, mmmch!”

They both fellated me together, and at times they would sandwich my member in between their breasts, stroke my ballsack, and more, combining several varieties of pleasure to repeatedly bring me to the edge of orgasm.

Cumming would probably soothe my raging lust somewhat, so I decided it was about time for me to try to do so.

“Hyah! Aaahn! Aah!”

Diane bent backwards, ending her fellatio session.

“Haah, haah... I was supposed to be servicing you, Lord Chris, but you made me climax first.”



Diane leaned back into me, flushed red from top to bottom. The fact that I had made her cum first filled me with such a feeling of *conquest* that I became yet more aroused.

“Mmmn! I’m going to cum from my husband’s fingerrrrs!”

Olivia followed up with her own orgasm, more easily than usual. Did her friend’s presence excite her further?

“I’m sorry for climaxing first, dear husband. Allow me to please you with my mouth.”

Olivia attempted to start sucking again, but I stopped her. Cumming in her mouth would be a waste at this point; I wanted to release this build-up of semen into their eager pussies!

I changed positions, facing the two girls whose asses jutted into the air as they crawled on all fours. From here, I had a perfect view of their dirty flowers. They must have known this as well, as they both looked back at me wearing embarrassed blushes. The double fellatio I had received made me so erect that it hurt. I grabbed Diane’s plump ass and penetrated her soaking-wet pussy.

Phhl!lp, shll!lp.

“Nnaaaah! It’s so big. Haahn!”

I looked down at where our bodies joined and noticed a trickle of blood going down her leg.

“I... Aahn, I’m so happy I could offer my virginity to you, great hero.

Please, use me as you please and impregnate me with your child.”

Under ordinary circumstances, I would have waited until my partner was comfortable before proceeding. However, my mind was blank with lust, not to mention the thrill of taking the virginity of such a great beauty. Even before I moved, her insides clamped down on my length, brushing away the tattered remnants of my restraint.

Shllp, shllp, slapapapap!

I could not even slow, let alone stop, the thrusting of my hips. I called to mind the alluring sight of Diane sleeping during the rite as I took her.

“Haah... Haah... It feels so good, Diane! I held myself back from cumming before, but I’m sure not holding back this time! I’ll give you the creampie you want, so get ready to take my baby batter in that womb of yours!”

“Aaaah, cuuum! Cum inside my virgin pussy! Impregnate me with your

huge penis, Lord Chriiis!”

Splrt, splrt, splrrrrt!

“Haah! Ngaaaaah! It’s so hot! Lord Chris, your semen is so hot that it’s going to scald meee!”

“Haah, haah... I’m not done yet. One orgasm isn’t enough.”

I was ready to stay inside Diane and cum in her again, but Olivia pleaded with me from beside her.

“Dearest, you’ve given so much attention to Diane tonight. Would you perhaps give some of your time to me?”

Olivia blushed as she wiggled her ass around in front of me. With the most adorable wife in the world coming onto me, could I refuse her? Of course not!

I had taken Diane doggy-style, gripping her ass the whole way. But with Olivia, I lay on top of her as we made love. I could savor the sensations of both her breasts and her muff, suppressing her cute moans and groans by pressing my lips to hers.

“Nnmgh! Mmmgh! Mmph, mmch...”

“Aaah! Nhaah! It’s so good! It feels amaaazing! It’s hitting... It’s hitting even deeper than usual!”

My first orgasm had calmed my aching lust somewhat, allowing me to savor each repeated thrust. But a wicked impulse took me, and I pulled my length out of Olivia.

“Huuuh? Dearest?”

“Are you about to cum, Olivia?”

She nodded honestly to my question. The unsteady confusion on her face just before she came was adorable.

“If you want to cum, beg for it in a slutty way, like Diane did.”

As I said that, I slid back into her, but agonizingly slowly, teasing her.

“Nhaah?! You want me... to beg for it?”

“Perhaps you could try this, Olivia.”

Diane whispered something into her ear. That reminded me that I had best not neglect Diane—I had only cum inside her once—so I caressed her exquisite rear meanwhile. It was so wonderful that for a moment, I worried that I’d be addicted to the feeling. She didn’t seem to mind, so I began to grope her harder.

“D-Dearest...”

While I contented myself with Diane’s ass, Olivia seemed to find the right words to plead with. She blushed scarlet as she whispered something inaudible.

“...”

“What’s that? You’re too quiet for me to hear.”

I ground my member further into her, this time stopping at the deepest point I could.

“Eeyaahn! D-Don’t stop, please. I-I’ll say it.”

Olivia’s combined shame and thrill dyed her face cherry red.

“L-Lord Chris, my... my vagina is yours alone. I-I can no longer be satisfied without your well-endowed penis. Please, I wish to be impregnated.

I’ve become such a l-lustful girl, and I need you to take pity on your poor, lascivious wife.”

Her faltering pleas stoked the fire inside me. *Olivia, you’re too cute when your face is pink with shame! Diane, you’re too cute when you writhe with joy at having your ass groped!* Having these two waiting for my attention was thrilling enough that I almost thought I was dreaming.

Slap, slap, slap!

“Aaah, so rough... Haah! Wow, I’m going to cum! Your big cock is going to make me cum, dearest!”

With a great shiver, Olivia orgasmed, her vagina tightening around me. I ceased holding back and gave her the creampie she so desired.

“I can’t think straaaaiight! It feels so incredible that I’m losing my mind!

Haaaaghn!”

“Haah, haah... One hell of an orgasm, right, Olivia?”

Eventually, my built-up lust had cooled down for the most part, but I was far from becoming flaccid. Ordinarily, I would wait for Olivia to recover, but she had a tendency to fall asleep at such times. However, this time...

“Teehee. How envious I am, Olivia, to see you bloom with such joy and beauty. And your loving husband, how fortunate he was to be

born a man, that he could pluck your petals and scatter them to the breeze.”

Diane stroked Olivia’s hair as the latter lay down contentedly. She then turned to me again.

“Leaving the heated passion within you unsated as you sleep will one day consume you with the flames of lust. I pray that you’ll use your remaining lust to make my flower bloom.”

Olivia and Diane, my pair of peerless beauties, held each other and beckoned to me. My member, still erect, swelled proudly at the sight of it.

Diane spread her legs, showing off her entrance which yet overflowed with my semen. She was incomparably dirty, lovely beyond words, and endearing.

After that, I went at Diane five whole times and Olivia three times after she recovered. By that time, little white birds were singing outside the window, so I pulled the girls closer and drifted off to sleep with a deep feeling of satisfaction.



★ Diane ★

When I opened my eyes to the dim room, Olivia was looking down

at me, worried.

“Diane, my husband assured me that you would be well, but are you positive you don’t feel ill?”

I sat up to make sure. After being cleansed with the herb-infused water and wearing only clothing steeped in the same water for several hours as I slept, it would be small wonder if I had caught a cold. But on the contrary, I felt sprightly and energetic.

I was later told that, when he lifted the curse, he also removed many other toxins from my body, such as the fatigue from my exhausting carriage ride, leaving my skin and hair glossier than ever.

“No, I actually feel exceptionally well. Thank you for your concern, Olivia.”

Judging by the state of the cloth wrapped around me, no funny business had been perpetrated against me while I slept. It dealt a minor blow to my pride, simply because I had such confidence in my charms, but it elevated Lord Chris in my eyes.

Even beyond that, he’d never seemed put upon by my request, despite my tenuous connection to him as a friend of his wife. Instead, he’d been delighted to spend his time with us and laugh until night fell.

Honestly, had Lord Chris been a boorish man whose only winning trait was the magic that saved Olivia, I would have remunerated him for his services and returned to the capital posthaste. But I now believed him an

upstanding man worthy of his lofty title, hero.

So, what was I to do next? How could I win the spot of the hero’s second wife, as my father ordered? How could I persuade Olivia, a woman who shared both of our love? How was I to gain his love and affection?

The public view of women of the red-light district seemed to be that they would sleep with anyone for the right price, love be damned. And such a view was not wrong; love had little to do with it. A flower who could not attract the fickle bees flitting here and there would wither alone.

For a single night, her role is to love, using her ingenuity to attract his affection in any way possible. She surrenders body and soul to him, in hopes of drawing him in. Now tell me, what makes her actions any less pure than those of a maiden in love? Like a blossoming flower seeking to attract bees in search of nectar, she offers herself completely, until they part.

Oh! And just like that, I'd come to grasp the truth in the words my prostitute teachers had always said to me. Devoting yourself to a man to draw him to you was the very definition of love.

"Diane? Your face is red. Are you okay? If you're getting cold, I could draw a bath."

"Haha, no, I'm fine. I simply felt embarrassed thinking of my time alone with your husband. He's an upstanding, wonderful man. Perhaps I'm jealous."

Almost as if she had taken my appraisal of her husband as praise for herself, Olivia's look of worry changed instantly to joy.

"My dear husband is the loveliest man in the world, so of course you'd find him wonderful as well."

I had assumed as much from the letter, but they really were crazy about each other. I had no intention of trying to fool Olivia and seduce her husband.

Instead, I would use her insecurity about being unable to please her husband as my way in, as suggested by my father. All that remained was how to broach the subject.

"Um, I didn't expect you to come here, Diane. Honestly, I was hoping, in the course of our correspondence, that I could find the right time to ask for your help."



Olivia guided me to a bathtub a trifle too large for just two people. I had not expected such luxurious bathing facilities in the frontier.
Aah... Hot water soothes me so.

A bath let you lean back and relax, so our family would bathe whenever we were tired. I always thought it wonderful how one's breasts floated in the bath despite their weight. Of course, cleanliness came first and foremost in female etiquette. The soap I'd brought with me lathered well, so at this point, we were in a bath full of bubbles.

"What do you think of this soap my family has specially made for our usage? If it doesn't please your skin, Olivia, I can prepare something else."

Our house didn't limit ourselves to presiding over brothels; we had long since diversified into adjacent businesses. We were the top producer of soap and other sanitary goods, along with a wide range of cosmetics. One could say we even had a monopoly over them. The soap Olivia was currently using was entirely unknown to the common folk, and was limited in availability to just my family, the very top of the top-class prostitutes, and an exclusive handful of discreet customers.

"It's absolutely incredible! I never imagined my skin could be so clean."

But of course. The Queen herself favored our soap. Admittedly, it didn't particularly please me that the harlot Angelique used it as well, but one could hardly fault the soap.

"Call it a wedding gift. Teehee, I look forward to your continued patronage."

"Oh, umm, sure. I guess the Meitia family knows best when it comes to this stuff, huh?"

She'd hesitated. Perhaps she wanted to please her husband but was concerned about incurring the expense?

"So, Olivia, you said something earlier about wanting my help. Can you explain?"

"Um, well. I could only ask this of you. You see, when my husband and I lie together, no matter how hard I try to pleasure him, he remains erect. When we make love, I fall asleep from exhaustion long before he's satisfied."

Hahah! She saved me the effort of bringing it up. I could sympathize, of course, with how it must feel to try and try yet be unfit for a task on your own. It wasn't uncommon for some men to be insatiable, or perhaps simply unmatched in stamina.

"Olivia, I can be honest with you, because you're my friend. My father ordered me to come here. I trust you know what it means when a man sends his daughter to a hero's mansion."

"Yes."

She likely had some idea of why I had come in such a hurry. However, as they were yet in the honeymoon phase, it would naturally be difficult for her to accept another woman.

Had I only wanted the curse lifted, I would have only needed to make a contribution to the temple and have them remove it. My taking the trouble to come all the way to the hero's home could only mean that I intended to beat the other nobles in the race to become his concubine.

"Still, I have no wish to fight over your husband's affection. I could never be so boorish. If you're against the idea of a concubine, then I will gladly offer a hand-picked courtesan as thanks for lifting my curse. And should he grow tired of lying with her, we have many more to choose from.

Moreover, if your husband wished to buy her and make her his mistress, we would have no objections.”

“But, no, I...”

That said, I couldn’t imagine Lord Chris being the sort to throw a girl aside and demand a new one. I was certain that, rather than a mistress, he would have wanted a woman whose freedom he could buy so he could make her a concubine.

“I don’t want that. Unless my husband chooses her himself, I’d be too afraid to become sister to a stranger. As his wife, I would have to meet with a new family I’d never even seen before.”

Hmm. So it seemed Olivia had no concerns about taking a concubine—

the concubine would be a woman, so her fear of men would be no issue there

—but was concerned about handling the concubine’s family. In my case, I would gladly be the one to receive my own family whenever they visited.

They knew of Olivia’s fear of men, so they would be accommodating.

“I’m sorry for being so selfish, but without my husband there to decide, I’d be too afraid. Please, Diane, won’t you be my sister? In fact, if you want, *I’ll* be the concubine—”

“Calm yourself. What’s the point in saying something like that when you’re the one whom he loves most?”

I hugged my teary-eyed friend. On the surface, she seemed only to have a

minor case of misandry, but the roots of her fear of men extended much deeper. That was what truly gnawed at the depths of her heart.

Goodness. Olivia had been my friend since childhood, and now we were to become sisters. How could I sleep at night if I could not help her husband to protect her?

“There’s no better salve for dark thoughts than the attentions of the man you love. This is a good opportunity for me to guide you, as well. I will teach you how to truly please a man, unlike the paltry education offered to you when you were a sheltered girl.”



“My husband seems to be asleep.”

No, judging from his breathing, he was merely feigning sleep. Hmmm.

Perhaps he was so aroused that he couldn’t?

I’d had Olivia guide me to their bedchamber, and we’d entered using her key. There were no light sources in the room, but the moonlight allowed me to see the outline of his erection well enough.

“Just do as I instruct. First, strip to your underwear.”

“Huh?! O-Okay.”

It was satisfying to have such an obedient student. I wore underwear that I had prepared for just an occasion like this; perhaps one might call it lucky underwear, or even “getting-lucky” underwear. Meanwhile, Olivia wore underwear with a bland design, though made from slightly translucent material.

Now that we had stripped down to near-nakedness, the two of us crawled into the bed on opposite sides and began fellating Olivia’s husband, our backsides pointing toward his face.

“Mmmngh! Good. Massage the tip, the spot where I mentioned to you it’s especially sensitive.”

“Hmmngh, haah, haah... Dearest, you’re even bigger than usual. Such a stout penis.”

That was something of a relief to hear. I'd have been scared had that enormous erection been normal for him.

"Mmch... Nnngh... Like this, Diane?"

"Yes, good job, Olivia. Though it's quite large. That dildo we used

during practice pales by comparison. Mchhl, mmph... Ahmng, mmmmmngh!"

Olivia zealously followed my example, servicing the hero's member as if she was obsessed with it. Undaunted, however, I strengthened my assault as well, until, suddenly, my ass was grabbed and kneaded.

"Eep! Dearest, you're awake!"

"My deepest apologies for waking you, Lord Chris."

It seemed there was a limit to how long one could feign sleep when being sucked off by two women. I would have continued my ministrations, but Lord Chris was not content simply to wait and watch; instead, he began caressing my ass and pussy.

"Haah! Aaah... D-Dear husband, if you play with my flower that much, I won't be able to..."

He massaged Olivia gently with his fingers, but treated me more forcefully, attending me with both his mouth and other hand. An unsurprising result, as I had positioned myself carefully to draw his attention more.

He kissed my buttock and gently nibbled and licked his way over... Ah!

When he nibbled on me, I couldn't help but jump.

"Hnnnmmgh! Aaah! D-Don't nibble my clitoris! At this rate, I..."

Once his mouth arrived at my slit, Lord Chris began eating me out.

Though I had been educated in how to control the amount of pleasure I felt, I felt the ecstasy within me steadily rising as a result of his careful ministrations.

“Shhhrrp, slrrp, mmmph, mmmch!”

“Aaah, aahn!”

“Nngh! Olivia, don’t stop yet.”

Faced with her beloved’s manual dexterity, Olivia was unable to focus properly on her oral efforts. Thus, I bade her use her breasts to pleasure him instead. Had she jolted in pleasure while her teeth were near his member, the consequences could have been disastrous.

While she played with his balls and varied the speed of her titfuck, Lord Chris showed signs of approaching orgasm.

“Hyah! Aaahn! Aah!”

Before he could ejaculate, I forced myself to climax. When sufficiently aroused, I could trigger my own orgasms.

“Haah, haah... I was supposed to be servicing you, Lord Chris, but you made me climax first.”

Judging by Olivia’s stories, the hero was the type who preferred to take the initiative during sex. To be sure, there were many different types of men out there, but such a man typically tried crudely to make the woman come first.

“Mmmn! I’m going to cum from my husband’s fingerrrrs!”

Oh, well-timed, Olivia. Though, unlike me, she wasn’t acting; she probably really was going to cum from mere fingering.

“I’m sorry for climaxing first, dear husband. Allow me to please you

with my mouth.”

That line was all her—I hadn’t coached her on it at all. It seemed that, with her natural inclination to boost her partner’s ego, Olivia and he were a match made in heaven.

Sure enough, Lord Chris was so deeply aroused that he changed positions, moving behind us as we remained on all fours. It was up to luck whom he chose to penetrate first, but perhaps because I had casually thrust my ass out at him, he clutched mine and jammed his huge sausage into it.

Schhlpp.

“Nnaaaah! It’s so big. Haahn!”

Aah! My virginity was now little more than a line of blood that trickled down my leg and stained the sheets. I could withstand the pain of being penetrated by a man for the first time, as it was a trifle compared to the joy of being able to offer my purity to him.

This, err, was bigger than usual for him, correct? If this were his normal size, it would be cause for some alarm!

Shllp, shllp, slapapapap!

I turned my head to look at the man to whom I had given my virtue, and he gazed at me with unbridled lust. *Do you enjoy the taste of the nectar that I’ve cultivated for so long?*

“Haah... Haah... It feels so good, Diane! I held myself back from cumming before, but I’m sure not holding back this time! I’ll give you the creampie you want, so get ready to take my baby batter in that womb of yours!”

Oh, joy! He was relishing the pleasure so much that his hips moved as if he was entranced. *Well, go on, then; enjoy my flower to your heart’s content, little bee.*



“Aaaah, cuuum! Cum inside my virgin pussy! Impregnate me with your huge penis, Lord Chriiis!”

Splrt, splrt, splrrrrt!

“Haah! Ngaaaaah! It’s so hot! Lord Chris, your semen is so hot that it’s going to scald meee!”

“Haah, haah... I’m not done yet. One orgasm isn’t enough.”

His penis, still fully erect despite his orgasm, remained inside me. So he wanted to savor me further?

“Dearest, you’ve given so much attention to Diane tonight. Would you perhaps give some of your time to me?”

Lord Chris was nowhere near done yet, but I was resolved: tonight, the man I gave my virginity to would finally be sated.

From there, he made love to both of us in turn, ejaculating inside me four times and Olivia three. After her third time, however, Olivia was down for the count. I looked down on her, sleeping happily in his arms as I prepared to lower myself onto Lord Chris’s member anew.

Lord Chris, lying on his back with Olivia in one arm, penetrated me once more. When he orgasmed yet again from the stimulation of the cowgirl position, his length remained inside me. It didn’t swell to the ridiculous size that it had achieved before, but it was still large enough to push against my walls.

Schlllp, schlllp, schlllp.

“Haah, haah! Nnnngh... Aah, I’m going to cum! I’m sorry, Lord Chris, but I must cuuum!”

Between the penetration from below and his hand teasing my breast, I could no longer control my pleasure. Every thrust brushed against some stimulating spot that I never knew was there, bringing me to orgasm more times than I could count.

“Me too! I’m gonna cum inside you, Diane!”

“Nnghaaah! I’m cumming! I’m cumming from the pleasure of your creampie! Aaahn! Aaaaah...”

Splrt, splrt, splrrrt.

It was all I could do to stay conscious at that point, but the pride I’d cultivated since childhood was on the line. Lord Chris’s—or should I say, my beloved husband’s—rod still had energy to spare. I could not let him go to sleep in such a state.

I lost consciousness for a moment, toppling down upon my husband’s chest. I fell with a surprising amount of force, but he just smiled and wrapped his arm around me.

So warm. So comforting. How calming it was to be in the arms of a loved one.

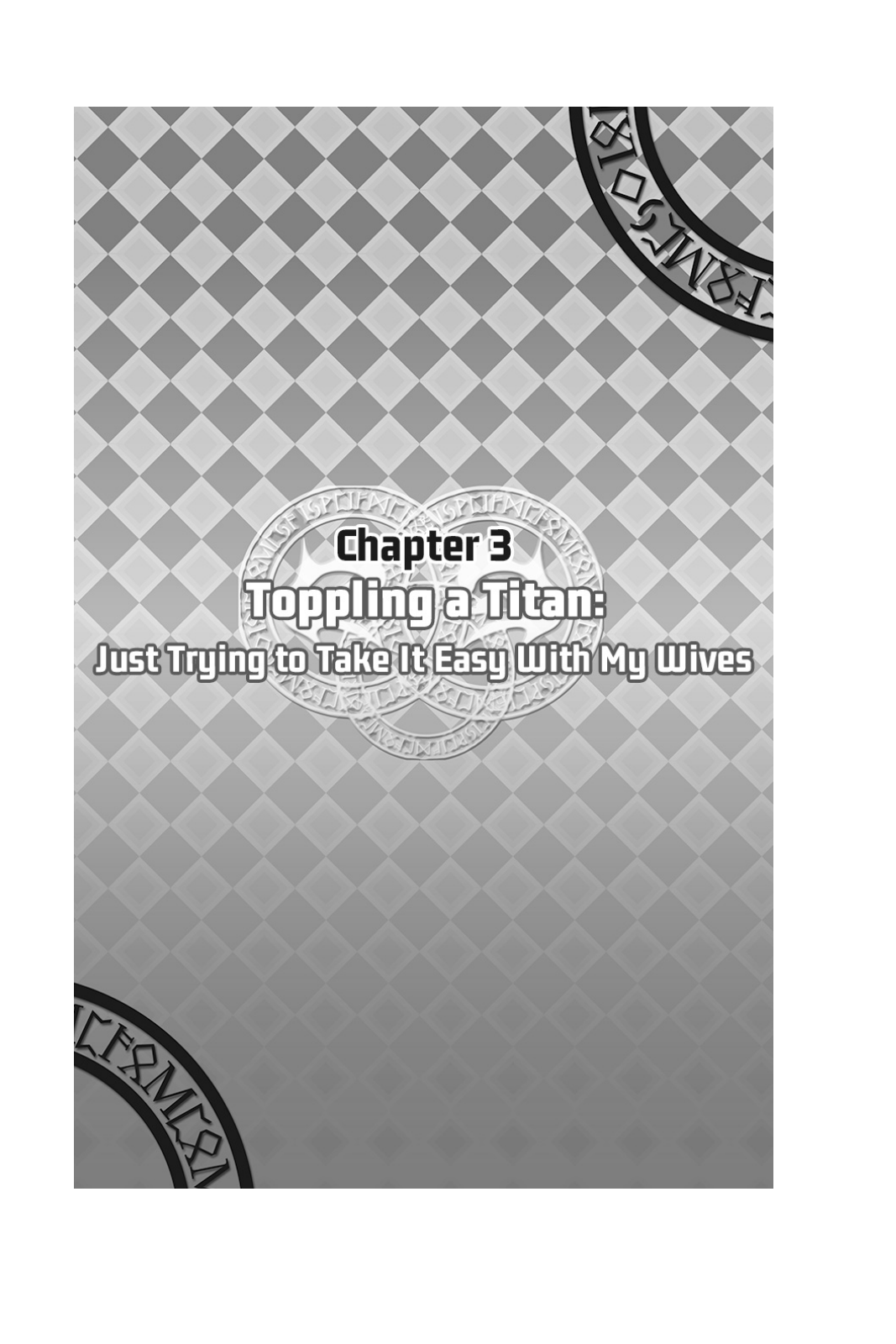
He pressed something warm against my lips. Oh, a kiss, of course.

“Diane, you’re just so sexy that I couldn’t help but get overexcited. I’m beat; do you think we can resume early tomorrow morning?”

He smiled kindly. Oh, was he satisfied, then? How glad I was to be born a woman so that I could hear those words.

“Oh, huh, it’s already bright out. Oh well. I guess we can sleep in.”

Good night, then... Come to think of it, I was at the point in my cycle when I ovulated. In addition, before our session, I’d ingested a medicine imbued with magic to increase my fertility. *Considering his huge penis ejaculated inside me five times...* The thoughts swirled in my mind just before I fell asleep. *Oh well.*



Chapter 3

Toppling a Titan:

Just Trying to Take It Easy With My Wives



As soon as I opened my eyes, they were drawn to a silver twinkle.

“Nngh...”

That was Olivia’s voice. She must have fallen asleep cradled in my arm.

Her sleeping face was as adorable as ever. Though she always carried herself as a prim and proper duke’s daughter, I thought she was at her cutest when she lay naked atop me, serenely asleep.

I tried to sit up to give her a good morning kiss, but for some reason, I was immobile. As I came to my senses, I realized that I was being held from behind. No wonder my pillow felt so soft and warm, with such a dreamy scent wafting from it—my head was sandwiched between a pair of breasts that surpassed even Olivia’s.

That was when I remembered that I’d slept with Diane last night as well.

To lay a hand on my beloved’s best friend... What was wrong with me? Wild with lust though I was, that gave me no excuse to creampie her so many times! I must have been so obsessed with her body that I’d tricked myself into thinking I loved her.

That said, they had come *together* to seduce me in the night, so perhaps I should inquire as to their intentions once they both wake up. *Now then. What to do about my current paralysis?*

Diane was gripping me firmly between her breasts, and honestly, the pillowy cushion of her body felt phenomenal; it would take a lot of willpower just to get up. After some consideration, I decided I

had no reason to forsake my boob pillow. Besides, I completely lacked the energy to get up.

My right arm could move freely, but—perhaps I had been moving it in my sleep—my hand there was clasped firmly on Olivia’s narrow butt. My

hand was holding fast, refusing to move. *Aah... Waking up to such a delightful morning makes me want to stay in bed all day.*

My left hand, it seemed, was sandwiched between Diane’s smooth, soft thighs. They wouldn’t have been especially hard to escape from, but if I moved, I would graze her labia and likely wake her. Just as importantly, the feeling of her thighs was absolutely amazing, so once again, my hand would not be moved.

And thus, I was paralyzed. Was I left, then, to wait, embracing my wife, trapped on a boob pillow, my hands clasped upon ass and betwixt thighs, respectively, until the two women awoke?

Well, I didn’t have any pressing business, so I decided I might as well enjoy their softness until they awoke. *Aaah... This is bliss, but I had better not grow too enamored of it.*

It wasn’t long before they both woke up, though. My finger, of its own volition, stretched over to Olivia’s pussy, and she was swiftly awoken when it slid inside her. As for Diane, when she tossed in her sleep, one of her pink nipples landed right in front of me. It wasn’t my fault! If anyone saw those delicious breasts in front of them, they’d stick their tongue out for a lick, too.

So I did. I chastised myself internally, but I did not regret it a whit.

“Good morning, dearest.”

Olivia jumped a bit when she was awoken by my finger inside her, but she only tightened her arm around me and greeted me with a happy smile.

“I’m happy to see you so comfortable, Lord Chris.”

Diane let go of me, and I sat up. She also sat up straight, her posture neat but head lowered in greeting. Though it was the first time I had seen her greet me like this, I recognized that she was intentionally positioning herself beneath me.

“I bow in apology for the despicable action of coming to a married gentleman’s bed as an unmarried woman.”

“D-Diane, no! You’ve nothing to apologize for! I’m the one who asked you to...”

While Olivia panicked, I covered her lips with my hand. Now what was she thinking, coming to seduce me in the dead of night then apologizing profusely the next morning? Obviously she wanted to have sex with me; I could make sense of that. But why apologize? Ugh, thinking about it was annoying, so I decided the simplest course was just to ask.

But first, I pulled Diane closer and kissed her before she could say a word.

“Mmmph! Mch... Mmwah...”

I pushed my tongue into her mouth and licked around, lapping up some of her saliva. When our lips parted, a line of saliva connected our tongues.

“Now that we’ve had sex, you have to be mine. In fact, even if you reply with a no, I’m not letting you out of this bed until you change it to a yes.”

With all of us still naked in my bed, she smiled broadly at me and again bowed her head.

“Perish the thought. I, Diane Meitia, would be more than happy to serve you, in mind, soul, and body.”

Diane said, clasping on to me opposite the side Olivia was on.

Olivia gasped, taken aback. She seemed as though she had something to say.

“Teehee, what a lovely way to resolve that problem, taking me in your arms and showing me your frank desire. I fell for you hard enough last night, but now I’m certain no other man could ever catch my eye.”

Diane looked up at me, blushing and rapt, her sweet scent enticing me again. Her heady aroma was almost magical. If Olivia hadn’t been gripping me from the other side, I probably would have mounted her for a morning session already.

“Huh? Um, Diane? Were you worried? It was my idea, after all, and you got my husband terribly aroused, so everything should be fine, right?”

“I simply wanted to see Lord Chris’s response. I expected him to press me for why I had come to seduce him, or perhaps to ask you. But his kiss was so considerate that I only fell in love with him all the more.”

So if I had shifted responsibility, or said something similarly tasteless, she’d have been disappointed in me.

“I just wanted to show that I shared the responsibility. But now I do want to ask, why *did* you two come together to seduce me last night?”

“Well, you see...”

After hearing their summary of the events after last night’s rite, I seized Olivia’s breasts.

“Eeyaah! I-I’m sorry, dearest!”

“Well, worry not—I forgive you. I do like surprises, after all. However, I like it even more when you tell me what’s worrying you and let me help you out. It’s nice to feel relied upon. Promise you’ll be straight with me next

time?”

I grabbed them pretty hard, so Olivia was teary-eyed when she nodded and replied with a whimpered “Okay.”

Oh no, did I hurt you? I’m not mad at you, I swear! Please don’t be sad.

Olivia had hung her head, so I gently tilted her chin up with my hand and kissed her softly, over and over, until her usual smile came back.

Now that she was back to her old self, I asked about something that was on my mind.

“Oh, hey, important question. When you get married, do you normally need a third party for the blessing?”

“Not necessarily. Men of the cloth will often confer blessings on their own wives when they marry.”

Well, I was no priest, but as a hero I’d been granted the ability to use holy magic. And you know what they say: strike while the iron is hot. I wrapped Diane in a one-armed hug and kissed her hard, as I used my holy magic to bless us. The room erupted in a flash of light.

“Oh my, Lord Chris!”

Diane gazed at the blessing light, astonished. As a hero, my blessing was brighter than even the head priest’s. Yeah, sure, I could tone down the fireworks a bit and still keep the increased potency, but I figured, where’s the fun in that, you know?

“And now we’re married. I actually wanted to do the same thing for Olivia, but it looks like you can’t stack blessings.”

It’s apparently possible to overwrite a blessing with a stronger one, but it turns out it’s hard to outdo a direct blessing from a goddess.

Diane sat still in shock for a moment, then suddenly burst into tears.

“Oh. Oooh! My husband!”

“Oh no, Diane, should I not have?”

But before I could apologize, she rolled over onto me and pressed her lips to mine hard. Though her face was red and wet with tears, her sobs were a sign of her overflowing joy. She smiled the rapturous smile of a maiden in love.

“I... I'll never leave your side. I'm so happy to be your bride. Hic...

Waaah!”

I turned to Olivia, hoping for a little help, but she just pouted at me.

“Awwww. How come you didn't propose to me all romantically like

that?”

Olivia was adorable when she sulked. However, what I needed from her right now was not adorable pouting, but help getting Diane to stop crying!

And I certainly did not need her pinching my arm either, not that it especially hurt.

Eventually I calmed Olivia down and stopped Diane's tears. Incidentally, we were still naked through all this melodrama, which was a little weird, but we eventually got out of bed, wiped ourselves down, and changed clothes.

Our maids had just finished making food when we left my bedchamber, so we enjoyed a late breakfast, pretending not to notice their judgemental looks.

Rumors of the events at my mansion—the most shocking being that I had blessed, and therefore married, Diane myself—spread so fast and were embellished so heavily that they'd made a trip all the way around the city within a day and returned with a vengeance. Saying the rumors spread like wildfire would be selling the situation short;

they spread like a plague borne on rats made of wildfire.

“So. When it was just me and Olivia, a girl chased out of her family home, I figured I could take it easy and enjoy the newlywed life for a while.

However, now that I’ve married the daughter of a count without even a family name of my own, the public’s probably going to start wondering whether I really earned any of this.”

So far, I’d been riding the coattails of the title granted to me by the goddess. I did still have plenty of assets I’d earned from hunting monsters, so I didn’t have to worry much about money. However, marrying some commoner, so-called hero or no, would reflect poorly on Diane.

“All right, I’m off to do something big. I plan to be back around sundown, but if it looks like I’ll be late, I’ll send a familiar.”

★ Charles ★

The day after my pleasant meeting with the hero and his generously uniting me and Jeanne in marriage, I was busy as usual.

Specifically, I was swamped with paperwork from early in the morning until noon. Left with no time for lunch, I hurried to my meeting with some high-ranking adventurers and the leaders of large mercenary guilds to discuss measures against the powerful monsters that were preventing our territory

reclamation and development. They all wanted the moon and offered little, so we were left negotiating until the western sky blushed red. *Ugh, and I still have my afternoon paperwork to deal with.*

“You look tired, dear.”

When I exited the conference room, Desiderata was there to greet me.

Oh, my love, all I need is your smile, and I can survive any trial. Well, and food. I really need food.

“I left some sandwiches and a few snacks in your office for you. Also, please, do let me help with the paperwork.”

“No, Desiderata, we’ve discussed this. You have your health to think about. Compared to the undertaking that is birthing a child, my job is nothing.”

Desiderata was gravid now, her stomach curved like a bow. Worried for her as I was, I wished she would just stay home and relax, rather than coming to see me so late at night.

“But dear...”

I put my hand on Desiderata’s cheek, stiff with concern, and I leaned in for a kiss.

“Red aleeeeeert! We’ve got to get to the monster materials market, sir!”

And then Jeanne just had to go and ruin it with her yelling!

“What in blazes is going on, Jeanne? Is there some high-ranking fool kicking up a fuss? Or maybe some of those idiots with muscles where their brains ought to be starting a fight?”

If Jeanne was coming to get me specifically, then whatever was going on, it was beyond her control. Who dared add to my work while I was already fatigued? If they didn’t have a good reason for this, I was ready to burn my whole stress bar on a max-strength uppercut and send them flying right over my three-story mansion!

I asked Jeanne for an explanation, but as usual, she was incomprehensible. All I got from it was that the monster dismantlement area was all gummed up, thanks to some abnormal new arrival.

The monster materials market was a newly established facility built to cope with the incredible amount of materials flowing in daily from fresh monster kills. The adventurer guilds in this relatively small frontier had proven unable to handle the flood.

At least it was located conveniently enough: right on the premises

of the

estate. We'd brought in a number of monster-dismantling professionals, and we'd had a number of enchanted storehouses built nearby. And of course, there were always adventurers around.

When I stepped into the market, I could hardly believe my eyes. *There's a mountain. Why is there a mountain?* Despite the throngs of adventurers that had gathered, so deep you could hardly see beyond your nose, towering up above it all was that strange mountain.

"Hey, clear a path, guys! We got Lord Charles coming through!"

The adventurers parted way to let us through. As I approached the mountain, I realized that it was in fact a monster's corpse. Not a mountain of corpses, mind you—just the corpse of a single, titanic wolf.

"Is that... the titan of the moonlight wolves who prowl the eastern prairies? The Wolf King Courtaud?"

Titans were unique monsters who appeared only once in hundreds of years among a monster herd. Disaster incarnate, they would lead the charge of their fellows, carving out more territory and eventually leading to an explosion in the size of their herd.

Until about fifty years ago, the moonlight wolves had been a prolific but mostly harmless race of monsters, generally content to prowl their territory, hardly ever attacking humans or livestock unless goaded. But since the birth of the titan Courtaud, the rich prairies had fallen into their hands.



Since the appearance of the Wolf King, the increasingly-violent flock had become unstoppable. It was all people could do to flee in terror before their onslaught. Many nations had ceded territory to the ever-growing herd of moonlight wolves.

I had long since adjudged Courtaud to be the single greatest danger to the first stage of my development plan, and we had toiled ceaselessly over elaborate schemes to defeat him, all in vain. Yet now here he was, lying dead before me. *I think I'm getting dizzy.*

"You don't look so good, Your Highness. Guess I really should've sent some advance warning before dragging the big guy here, huh?"

The man who clearly misunderstood my shock was the hero I had met just the day before. *Advance warning? Yeah, maybe, but that's not exactly why you caused all this uproar.*

"Lord Charles's schedule is booked solid from sunrise to sundown. Trust me—I'm his bodyguard. I know what's up. He looks ill because he's not getting enough rest!"

And the woman who somehow misunderstood me even more was the knight I had married just the day before. *No, Jeanne, I don't look out of sorts because I'm tired.*

"Hmm. Well, I killed a bunch of the big guy's buddies, too, so I was really hoping I could get them dismantled after the people here finished with this one. But I don't want to cause any more trouble than I already have.

Really sorry for taking up so much space by myself."

Give me a break, Sir Chris. Maybe you could direct some of that sympathy toward me ? Admittedly, I was the one who promised a reward for defeating larger monsters, but did you really have to start with a titan ? I was thinking something more modest, like the leader of a modest herd.

The dizziness was getting worse. *Ugh, and it's barely sunset. Oh no, I do believe I'm blacking out.*

Snap!

Ooh! Suddenly, I feel so much more alive. My mind is clear, like a fog has been lifted from my brain.

“I used my magic to restore your vitality and calm your nerves. How do you feel now, Prince Charles?”

“See, you were totally exhausted! Please, you’ve got to stop pushing yourself.”

Jeanne, please. Your concern is misplaced.

“Sir Chris, I’d like you to come to my office. But first, having this mountain of a monster in the dismantling area is a bit of an issue, so would you be so kind as to move it to a storehouse?”

He probably brought all of those corpses here using his inventory magic, but it had snarled traffic quite badly. This sort of thing was best handled via one of the storehouses.

In the appallingly short period of time which he spent transporting the colossal beast, I had to collect my thoughts. There was no precedent for rewarding a man who defeated a titan on his own!



Achievement



After being ordered to visit the prince’s office, I was guided by his maid to a room in chaos. Not only were the prince and his bodyguard there, but the head priest Trabant was in attendance as

well.

“Lord Chris, I was so worried about you!”

The stuffy man threw himself at me, his face shiny with tears. I evaded his first charge, but he spun around and grabbed me from behind and clung to me. I assayed a sleep spell on him, but it seemed he had an incredibly high resistance to magic. *I really don't want anyone but my wives all over me, thanks.*

“I realize it was careless of me to tell you the monster's whereabouts, and even to mention the existence of a titan, but still, why did you go alone? And with no preparation whatsoever! I thought you dead!”

As soon as he stopped crying, he started yelling at me. In retrospect, I *thought* I'd heard someone screaming my name earlier, but I was already comfortably situated in the golem carriage. Golems were many times faster than the swiftest of horses, so once they got going, there was no catching up to them.

Diane had gifted them to me, as a replacement for a dowry. I had to admit, racing them at top speed across the prairie was one hell of a good time.

Next time, I was thinking I'd take my two wives on a nice, long ride together.

“Uh. Sorry for worrying you? I guess? I'll, uh, be more careful next time.

Not that I'm hurt or anything. Hell, I wasn't even in any danger. Maybe you could let me off easy this time?”

I mean, c'mon, I just wanted to show off for the wifeys. I was probably feeling guilty about how everyone called me a hero when I hadn't even done

anything. After about a dozen more excuses like that, the head priest reluctantly let me off the hook. I heard him muttering

something like “By the goddess, next time he looks like he’s about to do that, I’m gonna send my granddaughter over to...” However, being a polite member of society, I ignored his grumbling and quietly took a seat on the sofa.

“All right, Sir Chris, let’s talk. Ever since the appearance of the Wolf King Courtaud fifty years ago, he’s slain the countless armies sent to best him. How did you defeat that terrifying titan?”

I took a sip of the tea Lord Charles offered me, then gave him a rough summary of the past day’s events.

“Midday yesterday, after you left, I was visited by Olivia’s friend, Diane Meitia. There was a little of this and a little of that—you know how it is—

and we ended up getting married. The maids working at my mansion found out, and within a day everybody across the city seemed to know.”

Pffft! Someone spat out their tea, and then Lord Charles and Trabant began to mutter beneath their breaths.

“Did he just say Diane Meitia ?! As in the third-richest family in the kingdom? ”

“He up and married her, just like that?! The hero certainly doesn’t waste any time! ”

“Oh wow, that’s great news! Congrats, Sir Chris.”

“Oh, thanks, Jean—Uh, I mean, Mrs. Caroling.”

From my understanding, this fit, bronzed beauty serving as the prince’s bodyguard was the one I had blessed in marriage with him yesterday. When I corrected myself, she giggled at me and replied, “Jeanne is fine.” Apparently she was one of the strongest knights around, so I was relieved to learn she was bubbly and friendly, and not at all the intimidating presence I’d feared.

“So, see, if it was just Olivia, who’d cut ties with her family, I figured I could enjoy the newlywed life a while longer until the

development plan really kicked into gear. But when I married Diane too, well, I figured it wouldn't reflect well on her, what with me being some nobody. I mean, setting the whole 'hero' thing aside, I'm just a commoner."

"By the goddess, did you hear him?! The title of hero alone is enough for the nobility to squabble amongst themselves for the chance at a marriage!"

"Lord Chris, you're no mere commoner! You've ascended to the place nearest the heavens themselves. You outrank even me, the head priest!"

"Oh, men. Hahaha. You guys really fret about looking good in front of your wives, huh?"

Well, of course. I mean, you have seen the two of them, right? They're knockouts! Some hollow display of vanity wouldn't do, not for such incomparable women as my wives. I'd wanted to prove that I deserved to be wedded to the two of them; to show clear, undeniable results.

"So I was thinking about what you said earlier, how defeating large monsters would mean equally large rewards, and I decided to go ask Trabant to tell me about the largest, most threatening monster he knew of. The sort that would win great accolades, right? So he told me about the wolf, and I figured, you know, I should go kill it."

"But to kill a titan is nigh impossible, even with the most careful of plans!"

"Oh, great hero, you make it sound as though you decided to go for a stroll in the park!"

"So you're the decisive type! Very heroic, very."

Prince Charles and Trabant had gone awfully quiet. Were they mad at me? Maybe the whole "lone wolf hero" thing was a bit of a rash move. I was a married man now, with two wives to provide for

back home—I had to be more careful.

“So anyway, I hopped in my golem carriage and set out for the eastern prairies. I have this monster-repelling magic I usually use, and once I was sure nobody was nearby, I used its opposite: a monster-attracting spell. I buffed up the radius to be pretty enormous, too.”

“Who would do such a thing?! Especially while alone!”

“Err, pardon me, great hero. What exactly do you mean when you say the radius of your spell was ‘enormous’?”

Trabant inquired, his face pale. Huh. The head priest must’ve been overworked too. He was clutching his stomach, just like the prince had done back when he was fatigued. What an interesting observation: did one’s digestive system get weaker when they were tired? I decided to be careful not to fall victim to the same fate.

“Well, when I checked my inventory afterward, I had about a hundred thousand dead wolves in there. That’s counting the big guy, of course—he didn’t hesitate to join the party.”

“One hundred thousand?! He must have been buried in wolf corpses!”

“What in the world has this man done?! ”

“Holy wow, that’s a lot of moonlight wolves! What’d you do when they all came at you?”

I haven’t really addressed this head-on yet, just mentioned it by the side, but among the few things that changed when I became a hero was my gaining the ability to use holy magic. Holy magic was essentially an ability to channel the goddess’s power to create miracles. Aside from that my magical *capacity* also expanded.

Capacity is essentially the amount of magic that could be put into a

single spell by a given person. To put it directly, my maximum output increased.

“So, first I killed one wolf with some flame magic. That put the whole herd on guard. Not much for flames, apparently. They were downright terrified.”

“That sounds needlessly cruel. So this is what he’s like when he’s up against a whole herd?”

“Well, if they’re not utterly stricken with fear, they may soon channel that fear into violence.”

“Omigosh, omigosh. Then what happened?”

Jeanne was practically bouncing on her seat.

“I magnified their fear as powerfully as my capacity allowed. Dark magic is mind magic, you see.”

I could instead have simply forced them to fear me, but magnifying their existing emotions was easier and used less energy.

“I used that spell over the same massive radius, so it enveloped all of the wolves. They couldn’t run, but they didn’t simply cower, either—once your fear crosses a certain threshold, your mind dies, taking your body along with it.”

To be honest, they hadn’t put up that big a fight. I could have handled that huge wolf even before I became a hero. However, casting that spell over such a ridiculously huge radius, large enough to encompass a hundred thousand of them, would definitely have been beyond me. I could’ve done maybe ten thousand, tops. Though, even with that few, my inventory magic capacity was a lot lower, so I’d have been stuck leaving dead wolves all over the prairie.

“This dark magic stuff is brutal!”

“Terrifying. The hero made it sound easy, but no ordinary mage could

magnify fear at all, let alone at such an absurd range.”

“Hey, but what about the titan? I can’t imagine that was enough to deal with the badass Wolf King himself.”

“No, it actually was. He just died with the rest of them. The advantage of emotion-magnifying magic is that it works regardless of the target’s resistance to magic. Bet you’d be surprised to learn that the boss of that herd was a bit of a chicken.”

“One spell! One spell was all it took to outdo months of planning and preparing!”

“I had no idea dark magic was so effective on titans!”

“Oh my gosh, that is just too cool! Gosh, not only do you know incredible magic, but you’re also just so knowledgeable!”

Dark magic’s strengths lay in how it targeted thinking beings. Wild animals, as intelligent beings with little in the way of rationality, were in some sense the ideal target for it. Smarter races, like humans, could use reason to suppress their feelings, so my magic was actually less effective against them.

“Anyway, so, you know how when a lot of living things die, they have this nasty tendency for their corpses to reanimate and walk around as undead? Especially when the cause is a spiritual death, which leads to the dead leaving regrets behind, there’s a high chance of the earth being contaminated.”

“What?! Th-Then what did you do about that?!” Prince Charles demanded, jumping up when he heard the word “undead.”

“Well, I took up all of the grudges floating around the area...”

“Do you think he purified them with holy magic?”

“Yes, that would be the natural thing to do, for a hero.”

This was another thing that I couldn’t have done alone before I was made a hero. Without the increased capacity, I’d probably have had to leave half of them there and beg the temple for help.

“...Then I used them all as fuel for a magic that would instill the unconscious fear of death in monsters within the area, clearing them out.

With a hundred thousand grudges, that spell covered a pretty huge area.”

“Quite the inconsiderate man, isn’t he?”

“I really don’t know what I’m going to tell the faithful. I may have to fudge some of the details.”

“Oooh, you used their grudges as fodder for more dark magic?! That’s pretty creepy stuff, man!” Jeanne shivered a little.

“The spell doesn’t affect people, and it will probably last for about a year. Anyway, once that was done, I gathered all the corpses up into my inventory, and now here I am.”

“So, beyond defeating the titan, you also cast a spell that will keep monsters out of the area for a year. That alone is another feat to rival your defeat of the Wolf King Courtaud.”

Prince Charles pointed out, his face red. Why did he look so upset? Was he mad at me? I supposed, from a moral viewpoint, leveraging grudges to cast a spell was a rather cruel act. *Man, I messed up this time, huh? Sure hope he’s not too angry with me.* At any rate, though I couldn’t be certain he was actually angry, he did at least look perplexed.

“What in heaven’s name am I supposed to give this man?! Now he’s even got connections with Count Meitia! The relationship seems new enough, but nonetheless, the Count was so enthusiastic about this man that he sent his daughter speeding to the frontier to marry him nigh as fast as birds can fly!”

Now I have to be careful to avoid insulting this son-in-law, or I risk the anger of a man who’s as powerful as my father, the king! ”

“Uhh... Well, Sir Chris, your achievement in battle is without precedent.

I’ll have to speak with His Majesty first to discuss a suitable reward. For the moment, would you be willing to give me the Wolf King’s core? I’ll need it to prove your deed.”

A monster’s core was a crystal imbued with magic that lay within the body of a monster. Such cores were essential for sustaining daily life throughout the world, since many magical tools used them as their chief material. Of course, items made for everyday use were made using low-rank cores from weaker monsters. Stronger, more valuable cores came from stronger monsters. By selling a titan’s core, you could easily make enough money to build a castle.

I’d clearly messed up all of Prince Charles’s plans, so I figured maybe giving him that valuable core would make it up to him. *Gotta kiss up to the bigshots if I want to be one of them, right? Even a bumpkin like me knows that much.*

“Oh yeah, the big guy’s up in the storehouse—what was his name, Courtaud? Anyway, he’s all yours. As for the other hundred thousand, I’ll

give them to the dismantling guys a few at a time so I don’t bother them again.”

Charles began muttering to himself again.

“In heaven’s name, now he wants to give me the titan? Goddess, how am I going to reward this man before I get to the capital? I don’t have the funds!

Status, perhaps? But I don’t have the power to grant titles myself, and without a tangible reward, I might anger everyone—including the top figures of the development plan and the family who sent their daughter to marry him!”

Why was Prince Charles acting so strange? I was getting pretty nervous about this whole adventure. *Wonder what he’s thinking about*

over there.

Margraves must have it tough, huh? I'd really thought I was doing good for the people, exterminating all those monsters, but I was starting to think I'd actually just gone and bothered everyone by butting in. Nobody likes it when you get in the way of careful planning, after all.

Prince Charles seemed to be lost in thought for a while, but eventually, he composed himself. He then looked at me with a forced smile and spoke.

"Sir Chris, there should be a craftsman's street in the industrial district near your mansion. We anticipate a population boom in that area, and as such, we have plans to build a commercial district. In fact, surveying and zoning have already been completed. All that remains now is to construct the buildings and sell the rights to operate shops. So, err... Of the five hundred blocks planned, I offer one hundred to you, Sir Chris! We can iron out taxation details and the exact location later on. And rest assured, I'll offer you another fine reward on my return from the capital!"

Oh yeah, I think the maids said something about that. Only the grid of roads had been paved, and a lot of merchant-like people had been wandering around inspecting the planned area. They'd told me that each square block was about large enough to hold one large inn.

Since the foundations hadn't been laid yet, children would play in the vacant lots. They were all obsessed with some ball game that Prince Charles had invented, and it seemed they always returned home from their games covered in mud. When the maids discussed it, they'd shake their heads, half sighing and half laughing.

"A business district? Well, it's nice that it would be near my home, but I think that's too much for me."

"Worry not! You've married into the Meitia family, yes? Speak with

her, and her family shall be sure to send a specialist over. The two of you can work out a deal that will benefit you mutually, improving relations between you and the Meitia family!”

“Whew. This ought to appease Count Meitia, at least. I’ll foist the titan off on the temple and make them perform some sort of rite. If I whip them all into a full-on death march, they won’t have the time to bother with me! Sorry to work you to death, Trabant, but I need help handling this situation!”

“Sir Trabant, I would like your temple to hold a festival featuring the hero to coincide with the announcement of the titan’s defeat. We will give you the monster’s corpse, save the core, and we’d like you to be prepared to hold the fête before the beginning of the development plan, approximately one month from now.”

“I beg your pardon? Margrave Caroling, surely you would be the logical choice to spearhead such an effort. Though of course, the temple would be glad to offer its assistance.”

Prince Charles and Trabant began a heated discussion. In fact, it almost looked like they were bickering. *Being such a big deal must be hard, I guess.*

Anyway, they didn’t seem much concerned with me anymore, so I figured I might as well go home.



When I returned and told my wives about my day, they got mad at me and told me to stop going out alone. I was already properly contrite, after the prince and the head priest had been so clearly upset with me, so coming home to being chastised by my wives really made me sad.

But I embraced them each and we all made out for a while, and the two of them calmed down somewhat, though their anger remained on a simmer.

Once I had run out of words to apologize with, we all got in the tub together.

By the time we went to bed, they were in a much better mood.

“Mmch... Mmph... Mmm... Phah. I believe in your strength more than anyone in the world, dearest, but at least take a bodyguard with you.”

When we entered my bedchamber, Olivia pulled off her bathrobe and kissed me, our tongues intertwining. Then she looked at me with teary eyes and entreated me, a move which affected me more deeply than even her

anger.

“I promise. Sorry for worrying you so much. I won’t do it again.”

I wiped away Olivia’s tears with my fingers and kissed her again.

“Mm... Mwah... Haah... I trust you.”

Olivia finally smiled at me and lowered her head, then knelt to suck on my penis.

Mmmchll, shlllrp.

Ngh! She was even better than the day before. Olivia ran her tongue precisely along the most pleasurable points, and my member quickly engorged to its full length. At this rate I’d be brought to orgasm too quickly, so in an attempt to regain the initiative and control the pace, I extended a hand toward Olivia’s privates. However...

“Teehee, how cruel of you to ignore me. But not for long—this is the perfect time to show you my skill and steal your attention.”

Diane, who had been watching from the sidelines, took me by surprise and shoved me down, stealing my lips. But that wasn’t all: her breasts had pinned my hands down, so I was unable to move them freely.

“Mmmmn! You were a very bad man, and we’re going to punish

you for worrying us so much! P-Prepare yourself!”

With a shout, Olivia sandwiched my length between her breasts and began licking the tip as she massaged it between her mounds. Meanwhile, Diane kissed passionately yet skillfully, never letting my lips go even when I tried to part from her.

The softness of Olivia’s enveloping breasts, combined with her spectacular newfound skill with her tongue, quickly had me ready to ejaculate. Had it been one-on-one, I would have changed positions and made her cum first, but Diane left me no room to maneuver.

“Mm... Mch... Mmmphl...”

Meanwhile, I was fighting a losing battle in my ongoing kiss with Diane.

Her soft tongue danced through mouth while I lay there helpless to fight back, paralyzed by pleasure. Though her two-handed grip on my cheeks was hardly forceful, I was still unable to move.

But my breast-groping did not fail to pleasure her. When I pinched her nipples or kneaded aggressively, she would react. However, her kissing never eased up. I began to wonder if I was becoming addicted to it, so incredible was the pleasure of her lips upon mine. Ah! I reached my limit, and, passing

it, I came, defeated by the pleasure of Olivia and Diane’s combined assault.

Splrt, splrt, splrrrrt.

“Nmmgh! Ulp, ulp... Mmm... Mmch... Nnh.”

Despite the incredible amount of semen I had expelled the night before, I’d built up much more in under a day. Olivia took it all in her mouth, sucking me dry.

“Haah, haah... Your seed is so plentiful, dearest. I’m delighted I

could satisfy you.”

After gulping down all of my semen, Olivia smiled dreamily. Judging by her erotic tone of voice, she was getting plenty excited too.

Once I had ejaculated, Diane pulled her lips away from mine and grinned triumphantly. She always looked like she was having so much fun during sex, whether she was toying with Olivia or getting fucked by me. So I enjoyed sex with her, too, so much that even if I was forced to cum before I could do anything, all it took was that mischievous grin to make me think, “Now it’s my turn,” and make our intercourse into a competition.

I lay Olivia face-up on the bed, and Diane clambered on top of her facing down.

“Oh? Olivia, some of Lord Chris’s seed is still in your mouth. Perhaps you’d be willing to share?”



Mmch, mmmphll... Shlrrrp, slllrp.

The dirty sight of Diane lapped up the remnants of my orgasm in Olivia's mouth excited me further. I thrust my length between their adjacent honeypots, both wet enough that I didn't need to caress them.

"Eeyah! P-Please! Just put it in already!"

"It's... Aaahn! It's rubbing against... It's rubbing against my clitoris!

Nngah!"

I lost myself in the illusion that I was taking them both at once. Just thrusting back and forth a few times had my rod painfully erect. My member was covered in both of their love juices, and both of my beautiful wives'

flowers were waiting and ready to accept it. I went for Olivia first.

Shhhhlp!

"Nhaah! D-Dearest, your huge, burly penis is... Aaah! Eeyah! Oh nooo!

Nngh!"

I rubbed my cock against Olivia's most sensitive point, paying her back in spades for what she'd done to me a moment ago. She was already quite turned on, so now her screams came quickly, intense and enticing.

"Hahn! Aaah! Your penis feels so goooood!"

After several thrusts, I pulled out and paused. Olivia looked up at me suspiciously, perhaps wondering if I'd make her say something shameful again. It came to me that, since I was lying with both of these girls, it would be only fair to alternate between them, and so I buried myself deep inside Diane.

"Aaaahn! I love it when you do me from behind! Nnhah! Even with Olivia watching my dirty face! I love being fucked like a dog right

in front of Oliviaaaa!”

Shllllp, shlllp.

But then I pulled out and paused once more.

“D-Don’t stop! More! Mooore!”

“Dearest, please. I want it so badly.”

As my gorgeous wives both looked at me pitifully, a perverted thought tickled my fancy.

“Whoever begs sexier gets the first hot load inside her.”

Needless to say, the first one to respond to my offer was Diane. She spread her vulva with her fingers and swayed her ass alluringly. Her wordless actions screamed, “Fuck me, please.” The sheer eroticism of it made me want

to jam my cock into her right there.

“Lord Chris, my pussy exists solely for you, and it needs your hot, heroic dick to give it the rough treatment it craves.”

Diane’s words and deeds were the definition of sexy, and so I went to slot myself into her opening.

“Hic... Deareeest... Please, don’t be mean to me! Hic, sob...”

But when I saw Olivia’s tear-streaked face, all I could do was kiss her tenderly.

“I’m so sorry, Olivia! Please don’t cry! I was wrong to bully you. Please stop crying!”

Seeing her in tears sent me into a panic. But when I leaned in to kiss her again...

“Teehee. Oh, dearest, you’re so sweet.”

Uh. What? Suddenly she was grinning up at me. Were those crocodile tears?

“You’re always a big bully during sex, so I figured I’d get you back a little... O-Oh?”

Oho, faking, were you? Don’t you know that lying to your husband is wrong, Olivia? Admittedly, I’m not in a position to talk right now. However, a certain someone seems upset with you. Just take a look at her.

“Olivia? Now, we all know that you should be vocal about it when someone does something that you don’t like. *However*, it’s not proper to rain on a man’s parade when he’s so attracted to you.”

“Oh... Umm. Diane? Are you mad at me? Eeyahn!”

Diane grabbed both of Olivia’s breasts and began massaging her gently and daintily, yet with a practiced touch tuned to heighten Olivia’s pleasure.

“Nhaah! Aahn! C-Cut that out! We’re both women.”

“This is your punishment. Women who would feign crying when their man is making love to them get pleased by my hands.”

Diane was something else. So skilled was she that her fingers could bring even another woman to orgasm. I decided I ought to join in on the punishment, too. *Get ready, Olivia; you’re getting double-teamed now.*

Shhhhhlllp. Slap, slap, slap.

“Haaaah! Aaah! Nnngaaah! B-Both of you at the same time? Ah, I can feel my dearest’s cock so deep inside meee! Eeeyaah! N-No, Diane, not there!”

We changed positions, sitting Olivia on my lap and facing away

from me, while I pumped into her from behind. Meanwhile, Diane continued groping her from the front.

“Eep! I’m cumming! Aanhaah!”

Along with her orgasmic scream, Olivia bucked and spasmed. For a while, she only gasped for breath.

“Ready to apologize?”

Olivia nodded, drained.

“Yeah. I’m sorry, dearest.”

“I love you, Olivia, so I got really flustered when I thought I hurt you.

Please, don’t do that anymore. When I see you crying, it makes me want to cry too.”

“Okay. I love you, too.”

While she was still recovering from her orgasm, I lay Olivia back on the bed and kissed her. She was breathing pretty heavily, so it was best to let her rest for the night.

“Well, since Olivia’s fallen asleep, looks like it’s just you and me, Diane.

Sorry for shorting you on attention before, but now you’re getting the full treatment.”

“I am yours, Lord Chris. Enjoy me to your heart’s content.”

Diane resumed her previous position, getting on all fours as she beckoned me closer. Now that she had been brought into the fold, I realized my nights would be a lot longer.



The next morning, we went straight for the bathtub. After our nightly pleasures, we were covered in sweat and other miscellaneous fluids. We decided not to gross out our servants by exposing ourselves to them, so we used the secret staircase hidden in my bedchamber to descend to the dressing room.

The bath had been heated the night before, so the water had gone tepid.

Still, it was perfectly acceptable for taking the stress and drowsiness off.

“Aaah. ♪”

Olivia drew closer to me, cheerfully soaking in the tub as her silver hair sparkled, reflecting the light streaming in from the window. She had just washed it thoroughly, and now it shone in the morning sun.

“I didn’t notice it last night, but your hair’s gotten even prettier recently.

And your skin, now that I look at it. You smelled lovely, too.”

I ran a comb through her hair, feeling no resistance whatsoever. It was as smooth as silk.

“It’s all because of the soap and shampoo Diane brought for me. Her family has a long history of hygiene and cosmetics research.”

She did say they were brothel managers, right? It made sense for such a family to branch out into those fields.

“All throughout time, it has been woman’s nature to want to be beautiful for her man. To entice bees to pollinate you, a flower must

be both attractive and sweet-smelling, after all.”

Diane sunk into the bathtub along with us, putting me in the middle between her and Olivia. She immediately took my arm and leaned into my shoulder.

The scent of flowers wafted over from Diane’s hair, subtly different from the product that Olivia used.

“That smells really nice. I bet whenever anyone passes by you, that smell makes them want to ‘pollinate’ you.”

“Naturally, I have no plan to entertain any bees but you, Lord Chris.”

She giggled breathily and scooped yet closer to me. Whew! I’d cum so much last night, but my little guy was already good to go another round.

“Oh, you.”

Olivia grinned at me and reached for my member. Diane did the same thing simultaneously, and their combined gentle caresses had the soldier ready for war in no time.

“We *could* fuck until we drop first thing in the morning, but how about I just cum inside both of you once, and then we get out?”

I stepped out of the bath and started by rubbing Olivia’s nether regions as she sat on the floor. Her carpet—silver, like the drapes—was now neatly-trimmed, no doubt under Diane’s guidance. When I ran my tongue along the honeypot that I’d filled up last night, I noticed a sweet scent.

“Shhlp, mmch... Mm, smells good. Did you put perfume on because you expected this?”

“Nhaaaah! Y-Yes. After all, dearest, you do seem to like initiating sex

during baths... Eeyah! Aah... I want to be ready for you... mmph... at all times.”

It was pleasant to enjoy the sweet fragrance while I lapped up her pussy.

Keeping your genitals tidy and clean for sex was basic manners; I, too, had carefully scrubbed myself with soap, just in case. Her taking care of herself in this regard didn't just make sex feel better. It also made my love for her grow.

Shhhlrp, slrrrrp.

“Aah... Hnngh!”

Her nectar flowed out, and the scents of her love-juices and perfume mingled. The perfume seemed to be made for just this occasion; when I'd begun giving Olivia oral, I enjoyed the scent of a fragrant flower. But when the scent mixed with her juices, it transformed into a heady aroma that stimulated my loins.

“Nice and wet. It's strange to think how pure you were before I came along, yet how your pussy now smells this obscene. You've turned into quite

a dirty girl, haven't you, Olivia?”

“Hngh! I-I'm only... like this for you, dearest.”

She protested, her face bright red. I picked her up and sat her on my lap, bringing our lips together as I penetrated her.

“Nnnmmgh... Phaaaah! Aaah, my favorite position... Hyaaaahn!”

Being newlyweds in the blush of youth, the two of us were doing it every night. As a natural consequence, we had come to know each other's preferences in a hurry.

In Olivia's case, her favorite was the face-to-face sitting position we were in now. We did this at least once every night, reaching orgasm

together.

However, my preference was plugging away from behind while gripping her tits.

Incidentally, Diane also seemed to prefer being taken from behind, though I felt suspicious that she was trying her best to match our tastes, using my personality or my reactions during sex to intuit my own desires. It seemed her view of feminine etiquette that she should thoroughly match her tastes to her partner's.

At any rate, for now, I needed to focus on Olivia. With each thrust into her from below, my rod plunged into her very depths. This was her absolute weakest point. A few thrusts from me, and she would be at my mercy.

“Nnhah! Mmmnnngggh! Hyaaah!”

Olivia's walls were soft and warm, but I couldn't just ignore her large breasts trembling before me. So I grabbed them both and lifted a nipple to my mouth.

“Noooo! I'm gonna cuuum! I'm cumming from having my pussy and boobs pampered!”

Slrp, mmgh, mmmchll!

I nibbled and sucked on it, thrusting powerfully until I ejaculated inside Olivia just as she reached her own orgasm.

Spurt, spurt, spurrrrt.

“Haaahn! Haah... Dearest... Mmch...”

We kissed after our simultaneous climax, reluctantly parting after some time. Incapacitated by her orgasm, Olivia lay down right on the floor of our washroom. *Now then, time to attend to the certain someone I've kept waiting.*

“How I waited for this. Please, Lord Chris, offer your affections to me as well.”

Posing like a cat stretching, Diane was on all fours pointing her ass in my direction, proudly displaying the goods. Her hole was already slick enough that I didn't even need to pet her before getting to business.

"Mmm... Watching you and Olivia make love had me so excited that I had to amuse myself. Please, have mercy on your lascivious wife."

Diane pleaded, her eyes wet with tears as her ass shook at me, plump and snow-white. Seeing as she was my bride, there was no reason for me to restrain myself.

I gripped her slender hips with both hands and pushed my still-erect rod right up against her opening. Since we were bathing, the long, red hair she took pride in was wrapped up in a towel. Her beautiful white back and slim neck were endlessly enticing.

Shhhlllp, slap, slap, slap!

"Ahh, aaah! Wonderful! Despite how well you filled me last night, and despite how you just filled Olivia as well, you're still... still so aggressive!"

Timing her motion to my thrusts, Diane adjusted the tension inside her vagina, sometimes squeezing me tight, sometimes gently gripping my shaft.

Though I knew her weaknesses, I was so overwhelmed by the pleasure that it threatened to force an orgasm out of me if I wasn't careful.

I reached over to play my fingers along her breasts, massaging and squeezing, as I drove my dick inside her harder.

"Aaahn! M-My word, you really do love breasts, don't you?"

"Love 'em. You'd have to be crazy not to be infatuated with this

softness!”

I continued my squeezes and thrusts, occasionally planting kisses on her back or licking it. As the excitement in Diane’s voice rose, I felt my own climax approaching.

“Nnnngh, I’m gonna cum! I’m gonna sow my seed inside you, right where you want it!”

“Haah, haah! Yes, please, my lord! Give me your semen! Impregnate me with your looove!”

Splrt, splrt, splrrrrrt.



We went too far. We got way too into our bathtub intercourse session,

making excuses like “Oh, what’s one more blowjob” and “Might as well cum again, since I’m still hard,” and before I knew it, my two wives were groggy enough that they had a hard time toweling off and getting dressed.

“Lord Chris, I won’t ask you to suppress your youthful urges, but I do worry for the well-being of your two partners.”

At breakfast, the head maid Marthe (age 55), the tailor’s wife, had me sit on the floor while she lectured me.

My two wives lay groggily on the couch, where the maids tended to them.

“Goodness! I realize you young men have no limit to your lust, but that doesn’t mean your poor, well-bred wives can keep up with you! You’ve got to think about these things!”

“Y-Yes, ma’am. You’re right. I apologize for my lack of consideration toward Olivia and Diane.”

She lectured me for a good while. By the time we made it to breakfast, it might as well have been time for a slightly early lunch.

Though they were around my age, my two wives hadn't yet recuperated enough energy to enjoy a date. The maids suggested that I use my magic to help the girls recover, but if we came to rely on magic too much in our day-to-day life, we would lose our natural resistance to magic. They said that sounded counterintuitive, but while I could explain the theory behind it, there was little point in assaying an explanation when they lacked the foundational magical knowledge. So I settled for saying "Relying too much on overly convenient things is bad for you," and they were satisfied.

So I sat on the sofa and let my wives rest their heads in my lap. I figured I might as well read a book, while I was there, and asked a maid to bring me one. But as soon as I opened the book, ready to lose myself in the joys of reading...

"Lord Chris, you have a visitor: Salima, the leader of a mercenary band called the Dragons of the Scorching Sand."

I was not acquainted with any mercenaries or the like, and I certainly didn't remember summoning one. But if they wanted to visit, I didn't mind, considering I had no plans for the day other than lazing about.

I got up, taking care not to wake the two girls sleeping in my lap, and made my way to the drawing room.

"Leader of a mercenary band" brought to mind a stern, muscular man,

but Salima was a woman's name. I tried to mentally adjust my image, replacing the man with a woman, and... Ugh, never mind. Not a pretty picture.

Regretting my failure to ask the maid what the visitor was like, I opened the door to the drawing room. There, I found a beauty who

looked to be in her mid-thirties. Her black, kinky hair was tied up in the back, giving her an energetic air. Salima was tall with a killer figure, and she greeted me with an amiable smile.

“Hey there, nice to meetcha. Name’s Salima. I live down the street, in another of the mansions.”

My second impression, when she cheerfully offered me a handshake, was that she was like a bear walking upright. Though she wore normal clothes, her exposed hands and feet were firm and muscular, like a coiled cat, ready to strike. Had I tried to fight her without my magic, she would probably have killed me in an instant.

“Nice to meet you too. My name’s Chris. I’m just some wizard, but a bunch of crazy stuff happened, and now here I am.”

“Hah, I had you pegged for a good guy the moment I saw you, Mr. Hero.

I saw that wolf titan’s corpse at the Prince’s place yesterday! If I were thirty years younger, hoo boy, I’d be in your bed so damn fast! Hahah!”

She clapped her hand on my back a few times, which hurt a great deal. I asked her if word had gotten around about my victory over the titan yesterday, and I learned that every last adventurer and mercenary in the area already knew.

“By the goddess, my guild is just a big ol’ family of penniless idiots and dumb kids I picked up on the battlefield. I owe you one for taking care of the titan so we didn’t have to fight it. Honestly, the lot of ’em would’ve croaked if they got anywhere near the thing.”

For the development work, one of the first major hurdles to be overcome was subjugating the titans. Everyone involved had begun preparations for a long, arduous war, and the first to die would be the people fighting at the front lines: mercenaries like Salima’s guild. She sighed as she explained.

“I signed on to the project because I hoped that me and my losers could make something of ourselves. Honestly, we got a heck of a lot

warmer welcome than I ever expected. They gave us this huge mansion, and my losers are partying away there now.”

Mercenaries were usually not much more than cannon fodder in battle, but they could own land and a home, and even becoming nobility wasn't so far out of reach. Salima's mercenary group's morale was higher than ever at this point, but she was burdened with the knowledge that, in the battle against a titan, there would be sacrifices.

“And heheheh, what do you know? I went out to sell some monster parts, and bam! The beast is dead! I thought it was a dream, so I had to pinch a subordinate's cheek just to be sure! Gahahahah!”

Whack, whack, whack!

Stop hitting me every time you laugh. It hurts! Besides, when you think you're dreaming, you're supposed to pinch your own cheek.

“You're the real deal, hero. Tell you what: if you want one of my daughters, you can have her for free! Only problem is that there's just one of

'em who isn't married yet, my tenth, and she's nine years old.”

“If I married a little girl, my reputation would go into the trash! Though, wow, you have ten daughters? How many kids do you have?”

“Well, let's see. I had my first child at fourteen, and now that I'm forty-five, I've had twenty-three. Though if you include the brats I took in after their folks died in battle, it's a nice, round fifty. Those penniless dumbasses are pretty much my kids, too, so...”

She looked to be in her mid-thirties, but she was actually forty-five? Huh.

Also, wow, that was a lot more children than I expected. It seemed

the Dragons of the Scorching Sand were like a big family, with their matriarch running the show.

Salima went on to explain that every child she gave birth to was from a different father. Nearly all of them were the result of one-night stands with men she met in battle. She would occasionally exchange letters with them, and it turned out that all of the men who had impregnated her were now very successful in life. Using those connections, she tried to find foster parents for the kids she took in, in hopes of ultimately turning her subordinates into upstanding members of society.

“You’re a young ’un, right, hero? Could’ve sworn I had a daughter around your age... Oh, yeah. The one I had with that brainy guy, some son of a court magician. I named her Marfisa before he took her in. Wonder how they’re doing now. I sent him a few letters, but he never answered. Guess now that he’s a big-shot noble, he doesn’t have time to read letters from an

old fling, eh?”

She ended up in a lot of relationships over the years, and from time to time she would even fall in love. Sometimes, her partner would assume custody of their child, which left her sadly separated from her baby. As a woman who raised so many children despite that, even taking in orphans of war, she must have had her fair share of admirers.

Almost the entirety of the Dragons of the Scorching Sand were her children, either literally or figuratively, and it seemed the ones most motivated to go out and fight on the front lines of the development plan were her own kids. They were gearing up to take down the titan in hopes of giving their mom the easy life.

Her eldest son and one of the leaders of the mercenary group, Mahendra, was a thirty-year-old man and well suited to lead the Dragons of the Scorching Sand, a group that totalled about three thousand members.

Mahendra excelled both as a commander and as a warrior. He was the de facto leader of the group, Salima claimed, clearly rather proud of her son.

“They’re really willing to go out there and fight for their beloved mother, huh? That’s nice.”

“Hmph. All I did was feed my brats between battles, and now they’re getting high and mighty because they got a few subordinates to boss around.”

To hide her embarrassment, she insulted them and took a swig of tea. I hadn’t expected so many people to scold me over killing the titan yesterday, but at least today I learned that I’d done a good thing for Salima, so that her children and subordinates didn’t have to be sacrificed. She was a good person, and I knew she’d have been deeply wounded if the people who loved her so much died.

“So, did you come here just to thank me?”

“Nah, I’m also here so you can meet my little brats. We were hoping you’d want to work a job with us. I figured, I needed someone competent and reliable, and I couldn’t do better than the hero himself, right?”

I wouldn’t say I seemed especially reliable, if you just met me. If I’d picked up that reputation, it was all the temple’s doing. Though I could see the logic in saying, if I was good enough for the goddess, I was good enough for her.

“Sides, the client said that it’d be even better if they got to meet the hero. Job’s probably gonna take about two weeks, including the trip there and

back.”

“You want me, a newlywed, to leave my wives for two whole weeks?”

Had this happened before I’d met Olivia, it would’ve been fine. But

now that I was addicted to my two wives' charms, a long separation from them would be tantamount to torture. I liked Salima, but I had to refuse.

"Well, if you really want to, I wouldn't mind if you bring 'em along. The client is a noble guard, and he wants us to escort the princess of the United Kingdom of the Crater Isles to a secret harbor on the western coast after she finishes her talks with Prince Charles. If you bring your wives, maybe they could keep her company, yeah? They seem like well-bred women to me, so I expect they'd make nice conversation partners. None of my idiots knows how to talk to a princess, that's for sure! Hahahah!"

Salima was playing this off like a small thing, but suspected there was more to it than she was letting on. The request sounded worrying, in its way, and the secrecy of it meant she could hardly refuse once she'd heard the details.

I later learned that, when her son received the request, Salima had an instant gut feeling that this job was going to go south in a hurry. Her next thought was to try to get me, the hero, in on it. That mercenary intuition, honed by the many battles she'd fought, would in time prove to be spot-on.

Chapter 4
A Princess's Love:
Trying to Look Good for My Wives
but Falling for Another Girl Anyway



Wolf Princess



Eventually, I was pressed into agreeing to accompany them as protection, as long as my wives were okay with coming. Well, all the “protection” I was really doing was riding with the princess’s party and transporting surplus food we were trading. There wasn’t much danger in it. Occasionally, monsters would attack supply caravans, but they were hardly a worry for me.

“Two-thirds of our three-thousand-man mercenary group, Dragons of the Scorching Sand, will be transporting five hundred wagons of food and a few hundred things that Prince Charles wants to export from this region. Our main duty is to deliver it all to the United Kingdom’s hidden ships at the western coast.”

The United Kingdom of the Crater Isles lay to the west of the Rarogne Region, separated from it by sea. It was a maritime kingdom comprised of over fifty islands.

As it turned out, almost all of the United Kingdom’s trade was with the Ritenb Empire, which the Magne Kingdom happened to have very poor relations with. As a result, this kingdom didn’t have much contact with the Craters. Recently, however, the empire had grown more high-handed in their approach to trade, perhaps because they were gaining land in wars, and had raised their prices for exports of food without warning.

The Craters tried to be patient, due to the countries’ long history of mutually beneficial trade, but when subjected to a price hike that could only be called exploitation, they had naturally decided to hedge their bets. Thus, they chose to send ambassadors in secret to negotiate with the Magne Kingdom.

Their options were limited because they relied on imports for food.

Temperatures there were low throughout the year, especially in winter, when they dropped so low that it became possible to walk from island to island.

Their summers were pleasantly cool, which made it a pleasant getaway from the heat for the Empire's nobility. Tourism proved a profitable industry for them, but the climate was not made for agriculture. Thus, they'd come to rely on the empire for nearly all of their food imports.

In contrast, the United Kingdom excelled in shipbuilding and in making devices utilizing magic that was unknown outside the kingdom. They were therefore more influential than would be anticipated, despite being a small country. In the past, the Magne Kingdom had been forced to import such inventions indirectly from the empire, so this was a major improvement.

Given our mutual needs, it was only natural that the United Kingdom would be interested in our newly-reclaimed abundant land. Considering they had sent a princess as the leader of their negotiations, they were clearly negotiating with an eye towards a deal. Fortunately, Prince Charles wasn't the type to miss out on a big opportunity, so he brought the negotiations to a remarkably smooth conclusion.

"Princess Lefay, the kingdom's representative, will be closely guarded by those knights over there. We'll protect the wagons with the foodstuffs and such."

As Princess Lefay had only just reached adulthood, she was the United Kingdom's representative in name only. According to Salima, the princess had a very calming aura, not to mention a smile so cute it could stop your heart. She had soon earned many admirers among Salima's mercenaries.

"Apparently, this was also meant to serve as a formal marriage interview between the princess and Lord Charles. But even though

he's royalty, it's not solely his decision now that he's been married into margraveship. Lord Charles seemed to get along with her well enough, but he seemed perhaps more intrigued than romantically inclined, given how often I caught him staring at her fluffy ears and tail."

"I don't know much about the United Kingdoms of the Crater Isles other than hearsay, but I've heard it's a nation made up of various tribes, right?

What's their story?"

Now, the third and largest reason that the empire had been acting high-handed towards the United Kingdom recently was that, in the empire, intolerance of hybrids was on the rise. The majority of people on the

continent were non-hybrids like myself. The United Kingdom, however, was populated by dog-hybrids, cat-hybrids, bird-hybrids, and the like. The empire, in their growing hatred towards hybrids, couldn't resist shoving a price hike down the United Kingdom's throats.

"I was sure the king was a bird-hybrid, but the princess is a wolf-hybrid.

She's got rosy-colored hair to her shoulders, and her tail and ears are the same color. Wolf-hybrids tend to be petite, but the princess is especially so.

She's very friendly, though. I imagine she was brought up well."

Pardon the digression, but to explain: having children of a different species was not unusual. As a general rule of thumb, the child took after the mother. For example, had I impregnated a bird-hybrid woman, then our children would also be bird-hybrids. And if a bird-hybrid man conceived a child with a non-hybrid woman, said child would also be a non-hybrid.

Among the Dragons of the Scorching Sand, there were a few drifting

beast-hybrids from the United Kingdom. That seemed to be one of the reasons their company had been tasked with protecting the convoy; *every* country had a select few folk who would ostracize people of other races, after all. Considering the circumstances for the negotiations—that is, the empire’s hostility toward hybrids—it was no surprise that they were on guard.

At any rate, they had two thousand bodyguards, which was a sight better than none. On the road to the coast, there were vast stretches of forest filled with monsters. The western forests were included in the scope of the development project, but the grasslands were a higher priority, so they had been neglected for now. That meant circumventing the forests, which would take the better part of a week. As we journeyed, I would maintain a monster-repelling barrier of over a mile in radius overnight, which would keep us all safe enough. I could even use my inventory so my party could bathe at camp.

“All right. If my wives are willing to go, I’m in.”

After confirming a few details, I had Salima wait in my drawing room while I went to the chamber where my wives rested.



“So there you have it. Basically, I’ve been asked to take a two-week trip, starting tomorrow. What do you two think? If you’re against it, I’ll refuse.”

Olivia and Diane, now recovered from their groggy state, thought deeply

about it, apparently surprised at the sudden talk of travel.

Securing friendly relations with other nations’ royalty would be helpful.

My dearest may be a hero, but he has little support as-is.

That Salima is a popular and respected woman. A partnership between

them would bolster his reputation even further.

Was two weeks out in the wild too much to ask of my girls? Though with Diane's Golem carriage, they'd be traveling in luxury.

"I'd be glad to accompany you. The thought of living like we used to when we first met is quite exciting."

Diane nodded along with Olivia's words. They gave the okay, so I could go ahead and tell Salima we were in. Though this was a very last-second plan, all I had to do was toss all our luggage into my inventory, so packing wouldn't take long. As she headed to our chamber to pack, Diane paused as though remembering something and posed me a question.

"Oh, I'd nearly forgotten. You mentioned that you would be receiving a fifth of the business district as a reward for defeating the titan, yes? Has an appointment for those negotiations been set already?"

"Not yet. The prince left for the capital, but I'm supposed to discuss it with one of his top civil service guys. Since they're so busy anyway, how about we do it after we get home?"

Prince Charles had taken several of his attendants with him to the capital that morning. He'd gone right back to work without so much as a break after I'd left, the day before. That guy really made me worry about his health.

At least Prince Charles had gotten the better of the argument I'd left him to, so the head priest ended up with all the work preparing for the titan-slaying celebration. Poor Trabant's head was spinning. It'd be a shame if he visited while we were gone, so I decided I'd better make sure to let him know that I was leaving to help Salima. Considering how angry he'd been with me yesterday for making him worry, I was certain he'd be happy to know that I would be accompanied by the famous Salima and two thousand of her soldiers.

"We really would do better to settle it quickly. It will make planning easier for the Margrave. If you don't mind, I can write a

letter home to entrust the matter to a family member.”

Prince Charles did say that asking Diane’s family would be best, didn’t he? Of course, I was a complete amateur at business, so perhaps it would be

safer to leave it to people who knew what they were doing.

“All right, I’ll prepare a bird familiar. Since he’s my father-in-law now, I’ll write him a letter, too. Though, uh, I don’t have a lot of practice writing letters to nobility. Olivia, would you mind helping?”

“I’d be glad to.”

I went to tell Salima that I accepted her escort request, then set to laboring over a letter to the father-in-law I had never met before. That taken care of, I packed for the next day’s departure and turned in early.



So, in one day, I would be embarking on the escort mission with Salima and the princess. Thanks to my inventory magic, I could easily organize and carry luggage. I was even able to bathe when we camped. But in spite of this marvelous convenience, Olivia and Diane were busy with their own preparations.

Olivia was instructing the maids on what to do while we were out.

Meanwhile, Diane wrote letter after letter, mailing them to various different places. Once finished with those tasks, they were occupied with some sort of work in our bedroom.

I was puzzled. On a typical long-distance journey, one would be unable to bathe. Water was a valuable resource, and journeying by carriage required careful preparation. However, my inventory made all those considerations defunct—life was much easier. But when confronted with this fact, my wives simply began rearranging all of their clothing and cosmetic packing.

“Girls? I have my inventory, so you don’t really have to bother with that.”

“No, dearest. A woman must organize her own cosmetics. She mustn’t force her husband to trouble himself over such a thing.”

“Teehee. I’m quite enjoying myself preparing for the journey, but I thank you for your consideration.”

Ahh, there was something familiar about the way they chided me. A tradesman wouldn’t want an amateur touching his tools. Or perhaps a better comparison was a hunter who didn’t want to entrust others with maintaining his bow or preparing his arrows?

At any rate, I decided it wasn’t worth fussing over. Indeed, as I watched

the girls wrestling with bottles of cosmetics, taking them out of and putting them back into their bags, they looked to be enjoying themselves.

I also noticed once more that Olivia had been a great deal more relaxed since Diane had arrived. I was loath to admit my shortcoming, but it seemed that, as a man, there were some things you just couldn’t understand about a woman.

Pondering taking my wives on a date to restore our energy, I realized with a start that I had no idea when they would finish. After a glance around revealed that they had a great deal of work yet to do, I set off for the living room, thinking I might take a nap. But on the way, Marthe, the wife of the tailor, stopped me.

“Lord Chris, I brought the item you left with me. My husband finished it some time this morning.”

“Ooh, perfect! I’m glad he finished it before we left. Thank you, Marthe.

Tell your husband I said thanks, too.”

I took the item and looked at it. It was just as I ordered. *Heheheh, can't wait for tonight.*

“It was our pleasure. My husband poured all his time and effort into this order because it came from the hero himself, so much so that as soon as he finished his work, he slept like a log.”

“His name's Alain, right? I'm sure I'll have plenty more orders for him in the future, so tell him to take care of himself. Here, take this and treat him to a nice meal.”

I had already paid in advance, but as thanks for getting it done so quickly, I added a little tip. Marthe seemed surprised at the size of the gold coin I handed her, but she knew that refusing it would embarrass me, so she accepted it with a nod.

Heheheh, a single gold coin was a cheap price to pay for tonight's fun.

With a spring in my step, I went to get my nap and rest up for the evening.



“Um, dearest? What is this?”

Soon after Olivia and I met, back when we were traveling to this city, we stopped in a cabin to take shelter from the rain. While there, we found a thin white shirt and navy-blue panties. At the time, I had no name for these

clothes, but later Diane explained to me that they were called a “gym uniform.” It seemed the outfit was another one of Prince Charles's wacky ideas. A princess of the Magne Kingdom was quite fond of exercise and all manner of sports, and she enjoyed the outfit so much that she wore it whenever she exercised.

However, as everyone knows, it's wrong for women to bare their legs before strange men, so she only exercised in the courtyard of her palace, where none but the maids were present.

"I asked Marthe's husband make it, using the clothes from that cabin as a sample."

I had Olivia put the gym uniform on, her skin still flush from the bath.

She seemed a little embarrassed, probably due to being reminded of how we fucked in the cabin. In Diane's view, clothes were a spice for the meal that was sex, so she was unperturbed by the idea of dressing up for it.

Perfect. They were just what I had ordered. My wives' breasts were magnificent, of course, so the uniform's top stretched nicely over their chests.

Meanwhile, the area around their hips was comfortably loose.

The blue panties—apparently called compression shorts—were deliciously sexy on Olivia, sinking into her soft buttocks. Meanwhile, *damn*, Diane's gym shorts let me feel every little curve of her plump ass as they sunk into her youthful skin. What I'm really trying to get across here is the almost-criminal amount of sexiness that stood before me. I could boldly declare that *this* was too much power for the world at large to know of. This secret was one I had to keep locked up in my bedroom.

As the two girls sat beside each other and spread their legs wide, beckoning me inside them, my mind went blank for a moment. I must have leapt forward in that moment, because when I came back to my senses, my lips were already upon Olivia's.

"Eep! Mm... Oh, dearest... Mmph. Nhaah!"

Our tongues danced and intertwined while my hands got down to business. My right massaged her bountiful bosom, and my left savored the sensation of Diane's soft, moist flower.

"Lord Chris, I... Aah! Y-You're rubbing my clitoris through the panties... Aaah! I've never felt this rough sensation before!"

The way the gym shorts sunk into Diane was nothing short of miraculous. I could even see her little slit through them. I pushed

my finger

inside a bit, feeling her opening through the shorts. I couldn't go all that deep of course, but I could definitely hear little squelches when I moved my finger.

"Haah! Aah, Lord Chris, your finger... is incredible! Aah, it's so good! I love it!"

"Mmch, mmph... Mmwah! Dearest, don't stop at just my breasts. Please, let my flower—my slutty pussy—have some of the fun."

I teased Olivia's nipple through the shirt, which must have felt pretty great, since it earned a rare bout of begging from her. The shirt was thick, so it was akin to having her breasts massaged through normal clothes. So I moved my right hand down to her crotch and thrust my hand inside her shorts, slipping two fingers inside her vagina. Her opening was already damp with the juices of arousal, owing to the pleasure of being kissed and fondled.

Perhaps due to how tight the gym shorts were, she was nice and hot down there, too.

"Mmmnnngh! Aaah! Mmph!"

Olivia readily let my fingers in, soaking them with her juices immediately. Not wishing to neglect Diane, I slid my other hand into her gym shorts and massaged her directly as well. *Wow, she's hot, too.*

I started really going at them with my fingers, prompting both of them to scream as they gushed juices from the overpowering pleasure.

"Nngh! Your fingers are too good, Dearest..."

"Aaah! I'm going to cum!"

I thrust my fingers all the way inside my wives and vigorously rubbed against their walls. Immediately, their vaginas clamped

down on my fingers...

“Aah! Nghaaah!”

“Aah, I’m cumming! I’m cummmiiing!”

And they both climaxed simultaneously. No matter how many times I saw their faces as they orgasmed, they still aroused me to no end. It was an amazing sight to see both the pure Olivia and the sultry Diane alike gazing up at me with ecstasy.

Though they were exhausted, I had them get on all fours and present me with their shapely asses, their vaginas so sopping wet that their damp shorts twinkled lewdly in the lamplight. It was an even more arousing sight than if they’d been fully naked.

I would’ve loved to just take in the view for a while, but my painfully-

erect member wouldn’t allow it. *Which one should I penetrate first*, I wondered.

“Haah, haah... Come, Lord Chris. Pleasure me more with your powerful cock.”

Diane slid her gym shorts to the side, displaying her privates to me. And you know me—I can’t refuse a girl in need.

“Aah! It’s hot! Aaahhnnn!”

I buried myself inside her and thrust in and out, the prize inside her gym shorts warmly, softly sucking in my cock. Her pussy, slick with nectar as it was, made movement smooth enough that I could piston at great speed.

Once again, though, I couldn’t just neglect Olivia. I snaked a hand around her hips and pulled her close, gripping her white shirt in my teeth and lifting it. Her breasts spilled out, allowing me to massage them with my mouth.

“Hnnngh! Amaaaazing! Aaaaah! It’s too goooood!”

“Nnngh! N-No, I’m sensitive there! Haaah, don’t suck on it like that!”

Diane’s lovely face burned with lust as she turned to face me, still on all fours. *Yeah, that’s the look I like to see. That’s the face only I get to see.*

From her perspective, I probably looked like a beast who had lost himself to pleasure.

I couldn’t imagine a man who wouldn’t be obsessed with her beauty, her seductiveness, and her incredible pussy. And the amazing, soft breasts that I played with using my mouth were mine to do with as I pleased, as Olivia’s husband.

Excitement alone intensified my thrusts, splashing our fluids around every time our skin smacked together.

“Haaaah! Aaah! Aah, it’s too rough. I’m going to cum! Lord Chris, Lord Chris, Lord Chriiis!”

Diane called to me as she surrendered her body to pleasure. Her immaculately styled red hair tossed wildly, disheveled. I felt my own orgasm approaching, too, so I shoved my cock all the way inside...

“Eeyaaaah! I love iiit!”

And I ejaculated while Diane shuddered around my member. When she reached her own orgasm, I was still spurting my load. I finally pulled out, waiting for the overflowing semen to drip from her vagina. However, nothing came out, as the gym shorts slid promptly back in place and acted as a

stopper.

“Phew... Oh, Lord Chris, my love. I’m always so happy to take every last drop of your cum inside me.”

Diane put her hand on her crotch and smiled dreamily. How nice of her to say something so cute to me; maybe I ought to return the favor later by spoiling her even more.

“Dearest, I’m waiting.”

Olivia, in whose breasts I had just buried my face a moment before, assumed the same stance as Diane and waved her cute little ass around. It was so cute when she showed off like that. *Well, I can’t very well ignore her plea.*

That night, I ejaculated inside both of them three times before we decided to go to bed. Had we gone any further, the two of them would have been tired enough to sleep until noon, and we couldn’t have my wives exhausted for our trip tomorrow.

★ Lefay ★

My name is Lefay Lugan, and I am the second imperial princess of the United Kingdom of the Crater Isles. Mere days ago, I passed the rite of adulthood and was thereafter selected to represent our kingdom in a first-contact diplomatic mission to the Magne Kingdom.

However, as we had no previous relations with this nation, I entrusted the actual negotiations to our foreign minister, a fox-hybrid named Foxy. For my own part, I endeavored to learn as much as I could about this country by studying its manners, and to successfully complete my duty as a figurehead representative. Depending on how negotiations went, I was prepared even to be married to a man I had never met.

I had always been taught to faithfully obey my future husband, but to give myself fully to a stranger, as my father had said may be required of me, bothered me. What if he was the kind of man to hurt a woman? Or perhaps a bully? It worried me deeply.

But perhaps I was blessed with good time. It came to pass that a most auspicious event occurred in the region during my stay: a hero was born.

That, I supposed, was why Lord Charles was so cheerful and cooperative, giving us an even better deal than we had expected. From the final figures, we anticipated to spend some twenty to thirty percent less than buying from

the empire. We had successfully secured a food source which was at once more stable, more plentiful, and more affordable.

When the contract was completed and authorized with our thumbprints, I had such trouble containing my joy that my tail lifted up my skirt... Oh, I could simply have died! How could I do something so horribly shameful, after comporting myself so well for so long! Lord Charles merely smiled awkwardly and turned to strike up a conversation with our foreign minister, Foxy. I assumed he was pretending not to have seen it.

Oh, foreign minister, don't glare at me so! Please, I don't need a lecture

—*believe me, I'm plenty embarrassed already!* I decided to hope that he would let me off easy, as he too should have been in a good mood.

Anyway, once both parties had seen the fruits of our trade deal, future negotiations would be much simpler. Lord Charles told us that we could pay at a later date and prepared five hundred wagons filled to the brim with various foodstuffs. What was more, he procured an army of two thousand soldiers to guard us on our return trip. Truly, Lord Charles's high hopes were clear.

Unfortunately, due to how busy he was, he could not be present for our departure. That said, I expected many future opportunities to thank him. After all, I was likely to be married into the nobility of this land. Lord Charles was the most likely candidate, or perhaps some noble within the capital. Either way, I had to resolve myself for the sake of my country.

My little gaffe during the signing of the contract was forgiven with just a warning, and we hurried to set out on the road home. The

five hundred wagons lined up in the western portion of the city, where they faced an idyllic landscape. The flat plains would have been a rare sight back at home in the United Kingdom.

Amidst the two thousand soldiers, one tall, well-tanned woman walked in front of me. Though she was merely walking, she moved with a grace and dignity that attracted even me, woman though I was. Before me, she knelt down in the style of the United Kingdoms.

“Your Highness, it is my honor to command this mission for you. I am Salima, leader of the Dragons of the Scorching Sand.”

“I appreciate your polite greeting, Lady Salima. I am Lefay Lugan, second imperial princess of the United Kingdom of the Crater Isles. With you here, I feel as though I could be no safer even had I ten thousand soldiers on

my side.”

Hmm, did I do that right? The bit about “ten thousand soldiers” was the highest form of praise for a warrior in my homeland. Perhaps other countries favored a different turn of phrase, but she would at least understand that I was praising her strength and requesting her cooperation, yes?

Indifferent to my worries, Lady Salima grinned and replied, “You’re too kind, Highness. Thank you.” *Whew!* Angering the woman who led my escort would not have been a good start to the journey.

“There’s one more person I would like to introduce you to. May I?”

An elite member of her troop, perhaps? Or perhaps another woman knight who would guard us? Either way, I had no reason to refuse, so I nodded and asked her to bring this mystery person in. When she did, I gazed at the man... Nay, the *young* man who appeared. I was at a loss for words, for of course I knew him from my stay in the city.

“Nice to meet... Uh, I mean, I’m pleased to make your acquaintance.

I'm... Er. My name is Chris. I was blessed with the goddess's protection and given the title of hero."

Oh wow, he's so dreamy! It was my first time meeting the hero. A gentle-looking young man with a killer smile. He'd defeated a titan alone, erected a barrier to keep monsters out of the plains—he was just like a hero from a fairy tale! I was so nervous that I'm not even certain that I ever introduced myself in return.

Oh nooooo! I couldn't stop the wagging of my tail, and, hyperventilating, I was rapidly growing dizzy. Ah! Perhaps I had caught a cold? My childhood friend Bunny, who was also the daughter of my wet nurse, smirked at me for some reason. Or maybe she was smiling in hopes of calming me? I quickly decided I needed to rest in my carriage for a while.

Later, I was introduced to the hero's two wives, who were traveling with him in a lavish carriage. They were both beautiful, well-read women. The three of us spent a great deal of time in their comfortable golem carriage and forged a fast friendship. Still, something about them made me feel a touch envious. Perhaps it had something to do with my slim build and short height.

At any rate, we made our way west with few issues.

When night came, bonfires dotted the plains, so for a wolf-hybrid like me, seeing clearly was easy. So one night, as Bunny, riding in the same carriage as me, was sleeping soundly, I exited the carriage, taking care to

avoid waking her. Being up and about in the middle of the night made me feel that perhaps I was misbehaving, and I could not suppress a little thrill.

Though it was nighttime, the two thousand soldiers and the hero's magic barrier made us safe from everything but the night breeze.

I assure you, I was ordinarily not one to worry my protectors, but Lady Olivia's story of how she and the hero met had left the embers

of eagerness burning inside me, and I felt like having a bit of an adventure of my own.

That said, if I went out for too long, Bunny would get mad at me.

Considering our history together, she would not hold back around me, despite my status as princess. The thought of incurring her ire frightened me, so I resolved to return soon. *Oh! Perhaps I can just walk to the golem carriage and back.*

As I was royalty, my carriage had nobody loitering around it. Oh, but shouldn't there have been women soldiers taking the night shift, at least?

Well, I decided not to worry overmuch and to simply be pleased I hadn't been caught, as I continued onward, carefree, until I arrived at the hero's carriage.

Aaah... N-No, I can't stop moaning.

Suddenly, I heard a muffled voice, probably inaudible to anyone without hearing sharp as mine. Worried, I strained my ears, and I realized that it was Lady Olivia's voice.

"What's the matter? Is your stomach upset?"

Thwap, thwap, thwap!

Mnnngh! Hyaaahn!

Then, I heard a sound as of repeated slapping, accompanied by Olivia's muffled voice. Now very concerned, I peeked through the carriage window.

"Dearest... Aaaah... You're so strong."

And so it was that, guided by my curiosity, I witnessed the most shocking thing I had ever laid eyes on. Olivia's lovely silver hair fluttered through the air as she and Lord Chris embraced each other, fully naked.

Huh? Wh-What are they doing naked? Looking closer, I realized that

both Lady Olivia and Lady Diane had put their beautiful selves on display for the hero.

Shhhrrrrp, mmmchlll...

The hero and Lady Olivia exchanged a kiss, still in their naked embrace.

Ahh, now this I knew about! They were married, so they kissed and stuff. But

why were their groins hitting each other so much? When I was a child, I often saw my father and other gentlemen bathing together, so was familiar with a man's equipment, but I could not help thinking it must hurt, slapping them against one another like that.

"Nngh... Haah! Nhaah! I'm going to cum! I'm gonna cuuum!"

"Me too. Want it right here, deep inside?! I'll fill you up nice and good!"

Splrt, splrt, splrrrrt!

"Haaaaahn! So hoooot! Dearest, I can feel your hot cum inside my uteruuus!"

What did all those words mean? For a moment, Lady Olivia arched her back, but now she had gone limp. She was still kissing the hero, though, and she seemed quite content.

Young and inexperienced with the world as I was, I had no idea what they were doing... Yet oh, it excited me so, and I felt my crotch clench a little. How odd. I had gone to pee before bed, I felt certain.

When I returned my mind and my gaze to the carriage window, I saw that this time, Lady Diane had opened her legs wide, putting her crotch on full display. *Wh-What?!* For some reason, the hero began to lick the place from which she peed.

“Mmngh! Noooo... Don’t sniff it when I haven’t even put perfume on.”

“Heh. Diane, even without perfume, you smell sweet down here. Even your nectar is deliciously dirty.”

Hmm. Lady Diane sounded upset, yet she had a smile on her face.

“Sex in the dark is nice; not being able to see just makes you more sensitive to every little touch. I’m about to put it in now.”

“Mm... Yes, please. Embrace me, my love. I want to feel your warmth as you make love to me.”

What dark? Oh, right. They aren’t hybrids, so their eyes don’t work well in the dark. The hero and his wives probably couldn’t even see each others’

faces. So they were mashing their crotches together while groping for each other in the dark?

Nnnnngh... Oh, no! That clenching again—I really did need to pee. Not good, not good. I had to get back and change, quickly. How embarrassing for someone of adult age like me.

I hurried back to my carriage where, fortunately, the people keeping watch didn’t catch me. As I carefully opened the door to the carriage...

“Your Highness? Why were you out walking alone?”

I found a very angry Bunny standing there with her hands on her hips. *Oh no. It’s not what it looks like! I just wanted to feel the night air for a bit!*

Unfortunately, my excuse wasn’t good enough, so she just got even more angry at me. Awww...

Yet even after I changed clothes and went to bed in my carriage, the scene I witnessed stayed in my mind, preventing me from sleeping.



Infestation



When the capital of the Magne Kingdom received notice that a hero had been born, rumors about his authenticity took wing. In a way, I was a related party to these rumors, so when I came to the royal palace, there were people coming from all directions to talk to me about it. It was far too annoying for my taste.

I had sent a familiar in advance, so I didn't expect I would have to wait long to meet with my father. However, he was apparently unavailable when I arrived, so I waited in the royal chamber and sipped tea as I waited, surrounded by men well-dressed yet foul.

As if they'd caught wind of my arrival somehow, nobles I didn't even know converged upon me. *Don't you all have jobs? Is this what you do in your spare time? Well, you're better off than me, I suppose, since I spend my days buried in paperwork.*

"So, Lord Caroling, as your development plan is the key to expanding our country, I would like you to—"

"Thus, of course, this plan would benefit both territories greatly. I would like you to—"

"Actually, Lord Caroling, there are many who would benefit from your aid. I would like you to—"

I'd dared to hope they might have something useful to discuss, but it was clearly a mistake for me to grant these dullards an audience.

Noble after noble barged into my room, practically falling over each other, all to talk at me about the same thing over and over, as though I had already stamped my approval. Was it on purpose? Did they all *plan* to ask for the same thing? Did they rehearse their one-line request, too? If only I had that much free time!

“Arrange a meeting between my daughter and the hero!”

Incredibly, in spite of all starting at different times and saying different things, they harmonized perfectly at the end. But seriously, how did they expect me to understand them when they were all talking over each other? I only have one brain!

“Well, my lords, here’s the rub. Sir Chris is actually very close to his wife, Olivia, so you’ll have to talk it over with her before it’s even worth talking about a concubinage.”

Because I didn’t give a family name, they must have not realized just who Olivia was. The response they gave was just, “Oh, some commoner girl?”

Once it was announced that Olivia was the hero’s newlywed, and that she’d been blessed directly by the goddess, the general public fell in love with her. Portraits of her flew off of store shelves, as though she herself were divine. But since she was a commoner, most willfully ignorant nobles treated her as if she didn’t even exist.

Legally, yes, she was a commoner, but they did realize she was originally a duke’s daughter, did they not? She hadn’t lost any of the education or conduct earned in her former position, and they dismissed her at their peril.

And perhaps more importantly, were they really so foolish as to not appreciate the importance her special relation to the goddess brought her?

The church was both powerful and popular.

Some at least did realize that she was a member of Duke Heltor's family, and others understood just how unheard-of the rank of her wedding blessing was. But regardless, to a man they insisted on pushing some obligation on me to make their daughters concubines to the hero, which was a right royal pain in the ass. Admittedly, yes, Count Meitia's daughter, Diane, had also married the hero's. But I saw no reason to get these fools' hopes up about their chances, so I kept that to myself.

While I sat bored with my persistent audience of noble buffoons, another visitor arrived. It was a man dressed reasonably well in extravagant clothing, but short of stature and with a thuggish face. I would recognize Count Meitia anywhere. Rich as he was, his power belied his lowly title. You know how it is; no matter what circles you travel in, the wealthy are the powerful. When he entered the room, the other nobles rushed to clear a path for him. They weren't actually in his way, but rather, they shuffled themselves in a pathetic

attempt to get as close as possible and overhear what he was saying.

"I've been informed about the matter with the business district. Would it be acceptable for me to inspect the area myself?"

Offering little in the way of a greeting, the count got right down to business. The nobles around him probably thought he was angling to have his daughter marry the hero, too. After all, Diane was a famous beauty, and everyone knew about her annulled engagement.

He'd heard about the business district arrangement, which must have meant he had received a bird familiar with the message. The man likely saw an opportunity to expand his already impressive holdings in the coming battle for concessions that would inevitably accompany the development plan, and intended to use these familiars to his advantage. The birds wouldn't just help him move information quickly; they would also allow him to spread the word far and wide that he was the hero's father-in-law, instantly putting nearly everyone in my territory on his side.

“Of course. My territory has only taken the very first step in its development. Because of that, we would be very fortunate to have your ample experience on our side, Lord Meitia.”

“If you find yourself dealing with, ah, rowdy adventurers or mercenaries due to the development, my family would be glad to provide our services in soothing them. We’re willing to prepare whatever you may need.”

The Meitia family was known for administering the country’s brothels.

Such establishments were essential in rough business such as land reclamation, so the nobles around us must have thought we were talking normal business.

My territory was generally aligned with the Goddess of Law, so brothels and similar entertainment facilities were few and far between. And as busy as I was—even before the most recent issue with Sir Chris—I would have been coming to Count Meitia for aid either way. So I decided for the moment to discuss land allocation and taxation with the count in broad terms. I promised to discuss the finer details at the scene itself later, and the count departed.

In the end, I successfully avoided dropping any hints about the topic of Diane and spoke only about business. As I’d hoped, Sir Chris did indeed delegate the whole issue to Count Meitia. Admittedly, I had made the grant to him, but it was a vast parcel of land in a crucial commercial area, and having an amateur managing it would have presented issues.

Once Count Meitia left, the Imperial Guard arrived to inform me that my father was now prepared to meet with me. Disregarding the nobles, who seemed to think we should continue our conversation regarding their requests for me to marry off their daughters, I headed to the king’s office.



“Things seem to be moving along splendidly, Charles.”

“You don’t know how close I came to dropping dead when the basic presuppositions of the plan I labored over for years came crashing down.”

No matter how cunning my plan and how skillful the fighters, defeating the titan would inevitably have taken its toll on the people. Though our victory was assured, we’d had to be prepared for upwards of ten thousand casualties if things went poorly. The titans were simply that powerful, especially when surrounded by their herd of countless subordinate monsters.

Except when a hero annihilated them with his absurd power!

“Fifty years ago, we could only flee in terror from the Wolf King as it stole vast stretches of land. After constant failures in his attempts to defeat the monster, my grandfather finally succumbed to illness, left with only regret. Even now, I remember how he looked in his final moments.”

When I was a child, he would regale me with stories of my great-grandfather. My grandfather, the Margrave who had ruled the Rarogne Region at the time, had died in battle against the wolf, so even my usually gentle father would wear a pained expression on his face as he cursed the Wolf King. To say my father, as both a bereaved son and a lord who saw his land stolen away by a beast, felt anguished over the matter would not do it justice.

If someone had told *me* I had to give away all the countryside I’d worked so hard to reclaim, I was sure I’d punch the man who did it. Then, I’d kick him. Then, I’d give him a full-on ass-kicking, for good measure.

“First, I must thank you for settling the lingering regrets of my grandfather’s legacy. I can finally visit his grave with pride.”

It seemed the impact of his grandfather’s last moments had him flinching at the prospect of paying the grave a visit. But honestly, I

believed him a tyrant, to be willing to endanger his country through his repeated failed assaults on the titan. That said, one shouldn't speak ill of the dead, especially

when the dead is one's ancestor.

I decided that, before prattling on about the past, we should first settle business, so I removed the monster's core from my bag and placed it on the desk.

"Here is the titan's core. It's too valuable to use even as a bargaining tool, so I've brought it as a gift."

"Ooh! I've never seen such a core in my life. No wonder some say it's worth as much as a castle."

There was no more powerful component for creating magical tools than this. A magic sword forged from this core could sunder the earth and rend the skies. Or if instead a monster-repelling barrier were made using it, the capital could be kept safe from monsters for all eternity. Or if integrated into a ship, the ship might well be able to soar to the stars.

It would frankly be a waste to squander such potential on the frontier, so I chose instead to give it to my father and further my own standing.

"For now, I want the rank of duke, along with the right to give land to men of merit. That means the right to assign titles, as well; I wish to confer three titles of viscount, ten of baron, and an unlimited number of knights. Of course, I would ask you for permission before granting the rank of count or anything higher."

Now that we were free to develop the plains, we should have abundant land available. Even settlements that didn't amount to villages were part of the territory, so I wanted it to be a fast and painless process to grant titles to the leaders of such places. At the very least, I didn't want to have to travel to the capital for every single such appointment.

“Very well. You did rid the country of that vile titan, after all. Then in three months—nay, five months—we will perform the ceremony that grants you the title of duke. The official documents regarding your rights to confer land and titles will be sent in the days following.”

Hmm. So apparently, even for a king, things like this couldn’t be done immediately. And of course, he warned me to report after the fact on any land and title assignments I gave out.

“Now, how should I reward the hero who slew the titan? There is no precedent for such an act. I’m unsure of what would be appropriate.”

“Alcina is still unmarried. Perhaps we should wed her to the hero? I would prefer to build ties between our families as soon as possible, and

marriage is the fastest and easiest way to tie ourselves to prominent men.”

Alcina was my half-sister, and the plan had once been for her to be married to Duke Heltor’s successor. If we tried to silently dissolve that arrangement for our own convenience, it would make the nobility wary of our family. Moreover, with Diane in place there, I felt no concern about building a productive relationship with the hero’s family. She had, in a sense, been raised for that very purpose, and had grown to be just the woman for the job.

“Hmm. I suspect Sir Chris would not be interested in marrying a woman forcefully torn away from an existing engagement. You must be aware of Olivia’s abuse, yes? Because of that, the hero harbors an intense disgust for Duke Heltor.”

Or maybe he was just choosing to ignore him? I didn’t know, in truth, except that I had never heard them speak of each other. Regardless, as he was a compassionate man, Sir Chris would be furious if anyone hurt a relative of his. I’d heard that he was enraged when he learned about the fellow who needlessly insulted

Diane and annulled their engagement.

“Well, you see, the truth is that Heltor’s brat has eyes only for his own younger sister, Angelique. His cold treatment of Alcina had me reconsidering the marriage, so I hoped this might be a good opportunity to salvage the situation.”

My father suddenly sighed. Perhaps the rumors of Angelique’s wanton ways were true. I should mention that, as king, my father always carried a magical tool that nullified mental-interference curses, and I, of course, did the same.

“Depending on the circumstances, I may name your child my heir. Do not neglect his education, and continue to make allies.”

“Do you have that little confidence in my elder brother?”

During our last bout, I didn’t think my brother was that far gone. I wondered, then, how he fared now? Though he was engaged to that whore Angelique, one could hardly be confident that any child born of their union would actually be the fruit of his own loins. On that note, though Salima’s children were all born of different fathers, I felt no inclination to call her a whore like Angelique.

“Regarding the hero... Hmm, what if we awarded him with the title of marquis and a family name? We want his heroism to be known far and wide, so I think a grand ceremony is in order.”

That would put the hero and I at similar standing, then. Perhaps Salima should be given a countship as well. Women couldn’t receive titles, so it would be granted to her eldest son, Mahendra. Her other children and top subordinates could be knighted, as well. And I imagined that there would be many others achieving notable deeds in the coming five months. Soon, winter would come. The development plan’s execution would naturally slow when the weather turned against us, so although these people were all key to the plan’s progress, it would be no great issue to borrow them at

that time for long enough to attend the ceremony.

“Agreed. I’ll tell the hero about it myself.”

“And with regards to his family name, we shall have it formally written into the noble register, and he shall be provided a copy.”

All noble families received a yearly publication from the royal family that listed all the nobility in the land. That meant that if you *didn’t* receive one, you were not of a noble family.

“Usually, this would require more time, but I’ll find a way to make it work before your departure. You shall offer it to the hero personally.”

“Thank you. Really, the nerve of that man, going off and slaying a titan and giving me all these headaches to deal with.”

I sighed with relief now that the issue of rewarding the hero was finally untangled. Though, on second thought, if he became a marquis, he would become the second-highest-ranking man in my entire territory. Perhaps it really would be for the best to see him and Alcina married after all?

“I do look forward to meeting him. Perhaps he could rid us of a few more titans first, though, eh? Gahaha! I’m not even sure how I would reward him, at that point!”

“Haha, indeed, if that happened, maybe we really would have to give him Alcina. Fortunately, that should be impossible, since there aren’t any other titans confirmed by reliable witnesses within the country.”

“Merely a hypothetical. Well, if it came to that, we could grant him some royal treasure, confer more land upon him, or even create an honorary post in the military for him.”

After conferring with my father, I had a hectic time in the capital, visiting my mother, meeting with officials related to the development plan, and finally speaking with the merchants contracted to produce and transport materials.

As I went through all this, I told myself that when I returned to the frontier this time, I couldn't possibly be plagued by any further annoyances.

Well. Fine. I couldn't really call them *annoyances*, because they were for the good of my territory, but I could say with confidence that I found it annoying the way my civil servants and I were always inches away from death by fatigue.

Argh! How I regretted my inability to gather up all those idle noblemen in the castle, even the three men from before—or even some men of letters among the commoners. I could have abducted them and forced them to do a share of my endless paperwork!

★ Salima ★

Under pleasant skies, our five-hundred-carriage, two-thousand-man convoy proceeded with few troubles and fewer monster attacks for four days.

Things were going perfectly. The only thing I found strange was how the princess started to look at the hero— *oops, he told me to call him Sir Chris—*

differently.

She would stare at him red-faced from the window of her carriage as he chatted with my eldest, Mahendra, on horseback. Then she would hide, peek out again, and repeat. Sir Chris's wives watched the charming sight from inside the same carriage.

Then again, what could you expect of a naïve little princess who'd been coddled by a dashing man, and a *hero* no less? Seemed she had something of a crush.

“Hey, let's make a bet. Do you think the princess's crush will grow into something more? I'll bet you a bottle of my favorite wine that it will.”

“Do you think *anyone* here is dumb enough to take that bet? You do realize, the princess even had her bodyguards move her carriage so that she could have a better view of the hero.”

Well, since they’d sent her on this mission, it must have already been determined that she should be married to someone from this country. They didn’t seem to have settled on who specifically the lucky man would be, but Sir Chris would have been a natural candidate. If he wanted her badly enough, he could easily become the frontrunner for her hand in marriage. Sir Chris and his wives already spoiled her like a baby sister, so at this rate, she

looked liable to bag her first love, barring any sudden surprises.

As I was entertaining such carefree thoughts, I felt my horse lurch slightly. With such a large army at my command, and with the hero who defeated a titan on our side, I must have let my guard down, and in doing so I allowed a monster to come close enough to take us by surprise. I turned to face the procession of carriages and saw ants the size of children spewing from the forest.

“Armored ants?! Nobody told me these buggers were in the forest!

Booooys, to arms! Front-line soldiers, contain them! The rest of you, set the forest ablaze!”

As the name implied, the yard-long ant monsters were covered from head to toe in an absurdly strong carapace. They were both strong *and* tough. Their main weak point was their slow movement, as well as a weakness common to all insects: fire.

“Ugh, sucks to waste the goods.”

When the ants appeared, I pulled a jar of oil from a carriage filled with foodstuffs and lobbed it into the woods. Then, I wet a handkerchief with oil, lit it on fire, wrapped it around a rock, and threw that as well. My aim must have been true, the flaming handkerchief landing directly on the spot where the jar broke, because the area burst into flame, stopping the monsters in their

tracks. I singed my hand, but not badly enough to get in the way of gripping my sword.

“Any free hands, throw oil into the forest!”

After my shout, many of my men recovered from the initial panic. Some of them readied their weapons and went to hold off the monsters, while others threw more jars of oil into the flames. *Oh, what about Sir Chris?* I didn’t have to worry about him. Dark fog spread among the ants, and where it enveloped the ants, they convulsed and died on the spot.

In a stroke of luck, the princess and the hero’s wives were in the same carriage. He could be counted on to keep them all safe together. That meant I could focus on driving back the monsters.

From what I knew about armored ants, they lived in colonies numbering about a hundred each, dragging food back to the nest for the queen and her larvae to feast on. The queen was primarily carnivorous, while the larvae were herbivorous. Worker ants would harvest nearby trees and other plants to bring into the nest.

With all these workers around, the nest had to be nearby. And if there were still trees left in the forest, that meant the queen hadn’t given birth yet.

Thus, after we drove off these ants, we would have to locate the nest and set fire to it to finish them off. In a sense, this attack was a stroke of good fortune, in that we could find and exterminate them before they caused any real damage.

“If they’re only at the stage of gathering food for the queen before her eggs hatch, there shouldn’t be many ants. Go all out on ’em, men!”

My subordinates responded to my shout by charging straight into the enemy on horseback... But that was when it happened.

The earth shook. Trees swayed. Horses stopped in place, too afraid to move. Even my battle-hardened subordinates dropped their weapons in dumbfounded shock.

Crunch, crunch, crunch. Creeeeeeek.

The first part that came into view was a head. The head alone, however, was large enough to make trees of a dozen yards in length look like little needles in comparison. As the creature bobbed, the ground shuddered and shrieked.

The creature, which could easily be mistaken for a black mountain, was an ant, its vast abdomen ridiculously swollen.

“A... A titan ant? Is this the queen?”



As I've mentioned before, “dark magic” is essentially a set of magical techniques for interfering with the senses. People tended to frown at that description, perturbed by the thought that their own mind and emotions could be toyed with so easily. Often, people would expect that a wizard like me was the sort to sneak around at night doing unspeakable things to innocent victims, like in pornographic books for men.

And indeed, historically, countless men have used their magic for evil, doing outrageous things with it. As a result, I couldn't really dispute that image. Often, those evildoers were high-ranking mages, making them even more despicable.

Did they go through all that for the sake of sex? Or did they just fall

victim to the temptation of power? As someone who trained desperately for the sake of getting girls, I didn't really have a leg to stand on when I said this, but I really wished guys like that would give up on the whole "using magic for evil" thing. Did they ever stop to consider how poorly it was going to make all their peers look?!

As a wizard, I could do that sort of thing if I really put my mind to it.

However, the human mind is much more powerful than the common man might think. Its resilience and ability to recover are rooted in instinct, meaning the mind is quick to return to its original state.

To put it simply, even if I tried to control someone's mind, it would deplete nearly all of my magic to control them for a mere hour. The same goes for manipulating someone's emotions; even if I did everything I could to alter someone's feelings for a time, there would be no lasting effects on the target. To provide an example, even if I magically enticed a woman to my

room and did the deed, she would bear no love for me after. What fool would love her rapist, after all? It's simply unimaginable. And let's be real. I love sex as much as the next guy, but I also love cuddling afterward.

The complex curse placed on Olivia by the goddess of love was, if anything, the exception that proved the rule, and not the sort of thing I could ever dream of doing. If a mere mortal tried to replicate such absurdly powerful magic, his brain would probably explode.

Now, at this point, you might think that a wizard is useless when it comes to honest magic. But "the senses" don't encompass just thoughts and emotions—the mind is a vast machine, and mental manipulation is similarly vast.

For example, memories. Remembering forgotten events. Forgetting

painful memories. With enough care, I could even read another's memories or communicate my own memories to them.

Another example: the five senses. A wizard can hone his own senses, or he can dull or even seal the target's. He could even freely cause others to hallucinate.

Then, there's curses. One could power up a spell by using the power of the grudges of the dead to affect the senses over a long period of time. One representative example would be the curse put on slaves. Monster-repellant magic also falls under this category, so curses aren't all bad. People tended to put a nice spin on magic of this nature by calling such spells "charms"

instead.

I could keep going through examples of other uses, but honestly, almost all of them were the sort of thing to make people start babbling about the evils of dark magic. What this came down to was, with the bad impression people had of my particular magic specialty, I would probably have had to dress up my magic as something else... if I hadn't been made a hero. I would've gone through life painfully aware of the glances of everyone around me as I tried to hide the truth of my magic.

So, while I grumbled to myself about the stupid old man who taught me all this creepy magic, I wove my spells to defeat the encroaching foes by using pain to make them die of shock. I was always concerned about using dark magic in front of others, but as this magic was specialized to work precisely on the targets I wanted to, and multiple of them at once, it was my only option. Something more traditional, like flame or lightning magic—

seriously, how come they were more respectable than dark magic, anyway?

—would be liable to catch my allies in the destruction.

The massive ants clustered as they erupted from the forest, forming mobs which launched themselves at our lines one group at a time. I stood atop the carriage that housed my wives and the princess I was charged to protect, attempting to mow down the monsters as they approached, but I feared there might be too many.

However, thanks to Salima's snap decision to set the forest on fire, the ants attacking us soon began to decrease in number. At this rate, we'd have them routed soon. If things started to go south and it looked like we would sustain casualties, I could turn to using some large-radius magic to obliterate all of the monsters. But fortunately, their slow movements couldn't stand up to Salima's battle-weathered mercenaries. It seemed the only damage would be some minor loss of oil from the delivery.

In brief, I didn't want the people around me to see me using dark magic any more than I could avoid. Part of that was just that it left a bad impression, but a bigger concern was that I would hate to have some thoughtless third party raising the specter of doubt among the populace by saying I was using my dark magic for mind control. Most of all, I was concerned that the Princess Lefay, who had so innocently taken to me, might come to fear me for my magic.

Anyway, I continued guarding the carriage, taking down ants as they came and healing the mercenaries with holy magic when I had the chance.

Just when I thought the assault would soon come to an end, I heard Salima yelling in horror.

"A... A titan ant? Is this the queen?"

Accompanied by the sounds of the earth quaking, a massive queen ant appeared, huge enough to be mistaken for a mountain. How strange. Even if these ants were of the monster variety, queen ants in general should not have been leaving the nest. Perhaps the reason she was poised to attack us was because she was a titan monster? Or was there another reason?

But now wasn't the time to think about it. Now was the time to take

down the colossus as soon as possible. Even if Olivia, Diane, and Princess Lefay could escape thanks to the speedy golem carriage, Salima and her two thousand men wouldn't be safe to complete their mission.

For you see, the queen ant was, at that very moment, giving birth to

countless adult insects, as if they were hatching from her body. All the ants we had just defeated were replaced in even greater numbers, and the workers fell upon us *en masse*.

"What the absolute hell? This is impossible. This *can't* be happening."

That weak, quivering voice came from a huge fellow with bull horns near our carriage—one of the princess's bodyguards. He had dropped his sword, staring in astonishment at the monster. The mercenaries near him were in a similarly sorry state. Salima cried out over the din.

"Forget the wagons, just grab a horse and get the hell out! Save yourselves!"

It was a good snap decision, but now that the titan had appeared, it came too late. The horses were already in a frenzy, unlikely to heed any human orders.

Crunch, crunch, crunch.

The ants intensified their assault. I looked to the forest to see that they were climbing over the corpses of their scorched brethren in their rush to attack us. The mercenaries, disconcerted by the titan's arrival, came back to their senses at Salima's command and scrambled to escape. Though the armored ants walked slowly, the swarm was closing in on us.

My wives, still inside the carriage, were surprisingly quiet. They clasped their hands in prayer, entrusting me with their lives. I expected the princess to panic, but she was surprisingly brave, praying alongside Olivia and Diane despite her fearful trembling.

Now, it's a man's duty to meet his wives' expectations. This was my moment, my chance to show them that the safest place in the world was by my side.

The darkness emanating from my hands wafted toward the queen ant.

Insect monsters tended not to respond to pain, but that didn't necessarily mean they lacked the ability to feel it. Some people claim they just suppress pain to a certain extent, but at this point, we're just splitting hairs.

Anyway, that meant that these monsters had never experienced pain beyond a certain threshold. Though the small ones might die of shock from the usual pain-inducing magic, the titan would be a different story.

Fortunately, the pain magic wasn't the full extent of my plan—I would use the darkness emanating from me to link the senses of the colony of armored ants. As you no doubt know, ants act in colonies and possess a very

weak sense of self. Because of this, they readily accepted the linking of their senses.

The queen, as the nerve center for the colony, had a sort of ecological mental link with the workers she bore. My magic strengthened that connection even further.

“Sorry to do this to you. I'll make sure you get a proper funeral.”



The darkness floating through the air connected the monsters even to the half-eaten, dying horses as I struck them with lightning, putting them out of their misery. Dozens of horses faced enough pain to kill them, sending a dozens-multiplied wave of pain stimuli racing through the colony. Every armored ant affected by it convulsed and died.

Those dying ants then spread their own pain throughout the linked colony, multiplying the result by about ten thousand. The queen ant, subjected to every last bit of this excruciating pain, shuddered and stopped moving. With her reproductive power, there was no way she had *just* ten thousand worker ants; the rest were probably out doing ant things, like gathering food.

While the mercenaries were still not looking at me, I hurriedly collected all of the grudges floating around the area. Insects may not feel emotion, but grudges still gathered due to the horrible way they'd died. And, unsurprisingly, the titan's grudge was far too tremendous for even me to hold onto long. I quickly converted the curse into a charm, constructing a monster-repelling barrier around the entire caravan, which, though I could only make it last a short duration, made up for that in sheer size.

★ Salima ★

When the titan fell to the ground and shook the earth, my mind went blank. Can ya blame me? A few seconds earlier, I'd been about to throw my life away for the sake of letting my bozos escape.

"Is anyone injured? Anyone who's unhurt or only slightly wounded, go find the horses. Hey! Dumbasses! How long you just gonna stand there like a buncha dunderheads?!"

Whew, that was close. My subordinates were all morons, so it was up to me to keep 'em on task. Fortunately for us, the armored ants were ignoring humans and hunting our horses, instead. Thanks to that, even if some of my men were wounded, nobody died.

Damn, can't believe we met a titan. The only armored ant titan I could think of was the Steel Ant Sultana, Parapones, a monster that had controlled a small corner of the Ritenb Empire for the last three

hundred years. Why would it come this far? Often, monsters would move their territories because they ran out of food or they were chased out by stronger ones. Considering

they'd been there for three hundred years, and were headed by a titan, the first one was probably more likely.

Thinking back, the empire had gone through plenty of heroes in that time. They'd sent armies led by heroes to fight the titan, but Parapones had proved unconquerable. This guy I slept with, who came from the empire, told me about it once when we were pillow talking. At any rate, I wasn't exactly the smartest woman alive, so I decided my time was better spent focusing on the job at hand than on thinking about a dead monster.

"We'll pick up the ant materials on the way home. There's no risk of them being eaten, since they're so hard, and it's unlikely that anyone will be able to make off with so many corpses, anyway. For now, let's just move them to the side to open up the road."

A few people tried to start dismantling the ants, but my command had them rushing to carry the ants away. But then the man who'd just saved all our hides piped up to ask a curiously oblivious question.

"What do you use ants for anyway? Can you eat them?"

I sure as heck wouldn't want to eat these things.

"Combining the ant's carapace with steel will make it a lot stronger without making it heavier. It turns into a metal called magic steel—not just sturdy, but with a high resistance to magic. It's the perfect material for making armor and shields."

Mature ants had greater resistance to magic, so we essentially had a mountain of treasure on our hands. Heck, with the titan's materials at our disposal, a good steelsmith might make us some armor completely immune to magic. We should probably start with the titan's loot.

Man, with that gargantuan ant, I had enough to probably make armor for hundreds—no, *thousands* of men. If I gave a suit of armor to all my boys, they'd have a better shot at surviving in battle. *Oh, but I shouldn't be thinking of that now. Besides, Sir Chris was the one who did all the work, after all.*

"Once we've taken stock of the damage, we'll prepare to set up camp. Sir Chris, would you like to do the honors of retrieving the titan's core?"

"I'll throw it in my inventory and give it to someone else, or something. I can't stand touching bugs. The idea of touching a queen ant gives me the willies."

I didn't particularly want to touch her flabby belly, either. That said, I was hesitant to order around the hero who just slew a titan, so maybe I ought

to just let him rest with his wives? Oh, not to mention...

"All right. Go on and console those poor, scared women in your carriage."

I saw Princess Lefay peeking shyly from the window of the carriage.

She'd been moon-eyed for the man even *before* the ambush, and now she had the gaze of a maiden head over heels in love. *Oh, how I... never experienced that phase.* When I was a kid, I was a petty thief trying to make ends meet, so I didn't have memories of much besides fighting.

"We'll camp just up the road. Anyone whose hands are free, start preparing for camp. We're celebrating the once-in-a-lifetime chance of seeing a titan taken down, so let's make it a real party, eh?"

Seemingly recovered from the shock by their vigorous work, my men responded heartily. But then I saw some of them already pouring wine, so I gave them a nice punch in the head. *You're bodyguards, dumbasses. Don't drink on the job!*



After I felled the titan, Princess Lefay started to get awfully handsy with me, especially with my lower body.

Every chance she got along the rest of the journey, she would cling to my arm or my waist, blushing like a little girl. It was heartwarming for a while, like being doted on by your little sister. But whenever her blossoming bosom pressed against me, I was forcibly reminded that she was a woman. I *really* wished she would stop licking my face and fingers, which she claimed was “a perfectly ordinary sign of affection.” I’d be lying if I said it didn’t excite me, though I did at least have the decency to feel guilty for that.

Might as well take out the extra horniness on Olivia and Diane tonight.

Along with the usual monster-repelling barrier, I also layered on beast, insect, and even human repellant, so there was no worry that anyone would watch us. Well, unless they were royalty or something—those folks often carried equipment that nullified sensory interference. But it wasn’t like Princess Lefay was going to leave her carriage and come peep on us.

Schlllp, schlllp, schlllllp.

Instead of keeping to our carriage, as we had been, we were having sex out in the open. This splendid idea had come from Diane, who’d suggested it

after Olivia had told her about our first time.

“Nmmnngh...”

Slrp, slrrrrp... “Heehee. You’ve been cumming inside us so many times every night, but tonight, you’re harder than ever.”

In the dimly lit forest, my two wives were blowing me. Since we were outside this time, they were still in their dresses as they knelt before me and fellated me eagerly.

“That’s just because I’m so obsessed with you two. Seeing you doing such obscene things is enough to bring me to my boiling point.”

I ran my hands through the girls’ silky hair as they continued to suck.

The way they looked up at me with such joy in their eyes was too much to take.

Schllp, shlllrrrp, schlllp.

The forest, now cleared of every animal, even down to the insects, was silent aside from the rustling of leaves. Frankly, it was uncomfortably quiet—

the wet slurping of my wives’ fellatio pierced through the foliage.

“Mmch... Haah haah... Lord Chris, I’m ready for you to cum any time.”

“Mmphch... Hnngh...”

Olivia looked up at me, dick in her mouth and tears in her eyes. She seemed to want me to cum right in her mouth. Though Olivia tended to prioritize my needs during sex, I think she actually enjoyed having her mouth filled up.

“I’m gonna cum. Take it all in your mouth, darling.”

I grabbed Olivia’s head with both hands, prompting her to speed up her ministrations. Between her unmatched beauty clinging to my waist and her desperation to get me to cum in her mouth, I was more than ready to unleash my load.

Splrt, splrt, splrrrrt.

Whew... Olivia pulled her mouth away from my member and swallowed every last drop of semen. Diane lapped at my urethra, gathering up the remainder. Though I had just orgasmed, Diane’s tongue was all I needed to be ready for round two.

“All right, girls. Put your hands on that tree and stick your asses

out.”

My wives hoisted their skirts and presented their nethers. *Heh, they're both going commando. They know what I like.*

“Olivia was first yesterday, so today, I’ll start with Diane.”

In the empty forest, where the only source of light was dim at best, the girls’ plump, white buttocks and the nectar that flowed from them onto my fingers stimulated the senses all the more.

“Oh, thank you so much. Lord Chris, I want your big, hard cock inside me.”

Diane looked back at me as she thrust her ass toward me, putting herself in the perfect position for me to slide right in. My dick, engorged to maximum size, thrust home amid the softness and occasional tightness.

“Nhah! Aaaah... Oh, Lord Chris... Mmah... You’ve neglected us so much to talk to that princess. Hnngh!”

At first, I avoided railing her too hard. Instead, I moved slowly, savoring the sensation of Diane’s vagina as I gently moved in and out. Meanwhile, I rubbed Olivia’s pussy with my free hand to bring her to climax.

“Ahh, no, dearest... Nooo! I’m so lonely when you just use your fingers.

Please, dearest, I need you to make me cum with your penis!”

Olivia, displeased with playing second fiddle, thrust her butt out and begged. Heheh, having these two absolute beauties waving their asses at me was the best. Doing it while clothed was new, too, and not bad. It had a different sort of sexiness to it, compared to doing it naked.

“I’d love to, Olivia, especially since you’re begging so nicely. But you have to wait for the moment. As soon as Diane cums, you’ll get what you want.”

Schlap, schlap, schlap... Schllllp, schlllp...

Diane’s juices came flowing out, almost as if she was urinating. Jostled about by my thrusting member, the fluid splashed and squelched indecently, resounding through the night.

★ Lefay ★

“Aaaah! Oh, my lord, your penis... It’s grinding against my uterus!”

Oh, that was the voice of Lady Diane, the woman with such voluptuous beauty and mature grace. But now, she sounded vulgar. Lord Chris’s face was full of ecstasy, as well.

Schlap, schlap, schlap.

The sound of his crotch meeting her butt was audible from where I hid. If I was in Lady Diane’s place right now, and... and if Lord Chris was doing to

me what he was... doing to Lady Diane...

“Nnghaaah... It’s so good! It feels so good... Aaaaaaah! Dear, you said you were obsessed with us, but... Olivia and I... We’re beyond obsessed with you! I love you! I love you, my dear husband!”

“Haah, haah...”

Why, I wondered, had my breathing grown so ragged. Lady Diane’s love for Lord Chris made my heart ache. I put a hand to my own breast and rubbed it, which sent a shiver down my back. My body was warm all over, so warm that I began to feel dizzy. I had worn a long-sleeved cardigan to avoid being stung by bugs or cut by any foliage, but unable to hold myself back, I tugged it off.

My breasts had grown somewhat in recent months, but this never

happened when I touched them in the bath. When I touched myself once again in confirmation, I...

“Mmn! Hnnnngh!”

Wow... What was this sensation? I couldn't stop playing with them! *Oh, no! I peed myself again!* How unladylike I was. I wiped up my unusually viscous urine with a handkerchief. But when I went to wipe my crotch...



“Aaaah! Let’s cum together! My husband, I’m going to orgasm from your sperm gushing into my uteruus!”

Startled by Diane’s screaming, I felt shock like a lightning strike rush through me! My legs started to wobble, and I couldn’t stop peeing!

“Haah, haah, haah...”

I eventually caught my breath and turned back toward Lord Chris to see that Lady Olivia had assumed Lady Diane’s previous position, and now he was pushing his crotch against her butt. This time, Lord Chris was massaging her breasts as well.

“Haaahn! If you keep making me feel this good, I’ll cum so fast! You made me wait so long for your cock... Nnnnghaaah!”

Lady Olivia was so proper and retiring when I spoke with her, yet now she sounded like an entirely different person. W-Was what they were doing that incredible?

Against my will—or, more accurately, *unconsciously*—I moved my hand down toward my crotch. I had not forgotten the shock that had just run through me, but for some reason, it felt like something was missing down there.

When I connected the feelings, I couldn’t stop myself from massaging, rubbing, and playing with the place where my pee came from. I imagined myself receiving the treatment that Lady Olivia was, and I felt the need within me grow ever greater.

“Hnnk... Hnnk... I need you... haah, haah, Lord Chris... Lord Chriiis...

I... I... Hnnngh...”

My hand wouldn’t stop toying with my crotch. I felt the need in my breasts, as well, so I used my other hand to massage one, sending another shock through me.

“Aaah... Y-You’re going to cum for me?! Dearest, use your penis to...

Make me cuuum! Fill me up with your babies! Impregnate me with your cooock!”

Babies? Is this all to make babies?! For a moment, I imagined myself holding a little baby, while Lord Chris wrapped his arm around my shoulder and leaned in...

“Huff... Haah...”

Another shock, incomparable to the earlier ones, forced me to fall onto my butt. Oh, and now even my skirt was drenched with pee. What had I

done? C-Could I be sick? A sickly woman couldn’t be married... This was bad. I decided to ask our foreign minister, Foxy, to use magic to contact my father and get him to send a doctor.

I returned to my carriage, taking care to avoid detection by Lord Chris and his wives, who were still in the process of making babies. Absently, I wondered why my bodyguards weren’t present.



A week after we departed from the city, we finally reached the hidden harbor on the west coast. Many types of men—mammal-hybrids, fish-hybrids, bird-hybrids, and more—who I assumed to be sailors were loading the foodstuffs onto their ships.

I considered helping them, but I was summoned for a greater purpose.

Under Princess Lefay's guidance, Salima, Mahendra, Olivia, Diane, and I were to be received at a villa on the coast. The view was amazing, and the ocean wind was calming. The princess poured wine for us, which even a young man like me, relatively new to drinking and something of a lightweight to boot, could tell was delicious.

There was nothing formal or overbearing about it—they seemed to simply enjoy being a good host and entertaining their guests. I was impressed at how far the representatives were going, though. Their hospitality was something else.

“My stars and garters, is this it?! Is this a titan core?! How pure it is! And look at its sheen! I'm so moved that I'm at a loss for words!”

The way this fellow was holding forth was hardly “a loss for words,” it seemed to me, and everyone else present seemed to agree. I turned toward the others for help, but Salima and Mahendra were already in a conversation with a giant of a man covered in blue scales. Willy, as he was called, was the commander for the fleet hidden at the harbor and served as admiral of the United Kingdom's navy.

Olivia and Diane were chatting away happily with Princess Lefay, seemingly well aware that it wasn't common sense for a woman to butt into a conversation between men.

And so I was stuck with my enthusiastic conversation partner. He'd been so nice to invite me here, and I certainly couldn't ignore him, but I was seriously out of my depth with this man.

“Goodness gracious, thank you so much for coming! I, Oberon Lugan, king of the United Kingdom of the Crater Isles, absolutely made the right decision to fly all the way here to witness the very beginnings of trade between us!”

How was I supposed to respond here? It was hard enough to talk to

a king, but when he was this hyperactive? Even the scaly admiral looked awkward, and Salima was clearly avoiding the king.

King Oberon was another tall man, a bird-hybrid with huge wings on his back. To accommodate their ability to fly, bird-hybrids typically couldn't put on much fat or muscle. But this king was tall and beefy, with a glare that could fillet a fish. I was half-convinced I'd made a mistake somewhere and he wasn't actually the princess's father at all, until she jumped into her arms with her tail wagging, yelling, "Hi, Daddy! Did I do good?"

Though he praised her hard work with a smile and a pat on the head, he still looked so frightening as he did it that I couldn't see his smile as anything other than the grin of a hungry bird of prey.

The villa had a good view of the port, where we could keep an eye on the cargo being loaded. The king's lips twisted upward as he patted his daughter's head and watched. If you ask me, he looked like he was hatching an evil scheme, but according to the princess, that was actually his *contented* smile.

Their foreign minister must have been using magic to communicate with the king along the way, as the bird-hybrid thanked me with a smile for guarding his daughter. I could tell he liked me, but damn, the guy was still scary.

"Wonderful work defeating the titan. I, Oberon Lugan, king of the United Kingdom of the Crater Isles, do declare that you've done a great deed worthy of the title of hero!"

"I, uh, offer you my thanks?"

I was still practicing polite speech with Olivia, but I got seriously flustered when confronted with the king. I could hardly squeeze out five words.

"Hmph! You need not pay heed to trivial things such as choice of words.

Speak to me freely and comfortably, Sir Hero. Now, I would be most grateful if you would give me this titan core.”

The king’s request was in reality a command dressed up in fine language, but he looked so dignified, gazing down on me, that I couldn’t help but nod right away.

After the foreign minister got in touch with the king, he mentioned to me that they would be willing to pay any price for a titan core. As it turned out, when the titan’s body was disassembled along the way, there were actually *three* cores inside that humongous ant. When I showed the king one of them, he abruptly yelled and started examining it.

“I am deeply grateful to you, Sir Hero! Truly, we are in your debt. Now, as for how we’ll repay you... Ooh, I’ve got quite the idea! How would you like to marry my daughter, Lefay?!”

“F-Father!”

The king burst right out with a patently ridiculous proposal, but to my surprise, Princess Lefay looked happy with it. She was blushing and wagging her tail like mad, as if expressing her joy with her whole body. I mean, don’t get me wrong—I knew the princess had a crush on me, and I certainly thought she was cute, but...

“Your Majesty, I really must refuse.”

“L-Lord Chris! Y-You don’t like me?!”

As if surprised by my refusal, Princess Lefay clutched the hem of her skirt and sobbed, as though fighting to hold back tears. I realized what I’d said could be misinterpreted, and I rushed to pat her on the head, consoling her.

“That’s not it; it’s really not that I don’t like you, Princess.”

But she continued crying, so I gathered her into my arms, hugging her and stroking her back.

“I like you a lot, and you’re a real cutie, too. So stop those tears for me, okay?”

Eventually, her tears stopped flowing. *Man, nothing makes you feel worse than making a girl cry, huh? Oh. Wait a minute. That didn't come out sounding like I like her, did it? You know, as in... like her, like her.*

The princess's tail, which had been drooping sadly, was now thwapping me soundly as it wagged furiously back and forth.

"Oh, thank goodness. I... I love you too, Lord Chris."

Whoa, whoa. Princess? Poor choice of words there. Your father's gonna get the wrong idea. Olivia and Diane watched with pleasant looks on their faces, and even the king was smirking in my direction.

I cleared my throat uncomfortably as I prepared to correct my verbal blunder. *But first, Princess, would you stop hugging my waist and rubbing your cheek against it with a weird smile on your face? That's not suitable behavior for a lady.*

"Anyway, Your Majesty, I've got three of these cores, so I don't mind giving you one of them. However, I think you're doing this wonderful girl a disservice, trading her hand in marriage for some piece of a monster. I mean, yeah, it was a titan and all, but you should value your daughter above some chunk of a dead ant, don't you think?"

"Ooooooh! You are truly an admirable man, Sir Hero! Indeed, you have the right of it. Let us not talk of bargains and rewards, and instead do what we should have done all along. Let us not stand in ceremony, but rather unite these two in their shared love! I give Lefay to you, Sir Hero! Take good care of my daughter."

Whoa, Your Majesty, you're skipping a few too many steps here! But wait, what gives? My two wives are grinning and welcoming Princess Lefay to the fold? Uh, did everyone decide this without me? Shouldn't we at least have a ceremony or something?

Later on, I was told that, during his regular communication with the foreign minister, the king had learned of how his daughter was

falling for me.

He was already more than willing to marry her to me at that point.

“Now, regarding the core. If you’d be willing to give it to us, we’ll gladly pay the Magne Kingdom its value in our future relations. And as for you, Sir Hero—Nay, let me call you son!—I offer you our very own treasure!”

My new dear old Dad, huh? I couldn’t turn the king down, seeing how enthusiastic he was. And anyway, the princess was cute, and we had already bonded. I stole a glance at Olivia and Diane, and they each gave me a little nod.

“Soon, I will fly to the home of your lord, the Margrave! When I do, I will bring your treasure. Look forward to it! Haaahahahah!”

Once he’d said his piece, the king flew off over the water. The distance between here and the United Kingdom was equivalent to a full day of sailing, but he’d make it in about thirty minutes by flight. It suddenly struck me to

wonder—shouldn’t he have brought attendants with him?



With our dealings complete, Salima and her mercenaries stopped to collect the armored ant materials on the way home, while we went at full speed in our golem carriage. If we pushed as hard as possible, we would be home by nighttime; but we had Lefay with us, so we felt we ought not to push too hard. She was talking with Olivia and Diane inside the carriage, and they declined to let me join the conversation, so I stayed up front and controlled the golems.

Occasionally, I heard Lefay yelling in excitement. At one point, she asserted that Olivia and Diane were her big sisters, which reminded me that when multiple wives were married to one husband, they were treated as siblings to each other.

The sun started to set while we rode, so we stopped for the night

and I cast the usual magic to protect us. Meanwhile, my wives set about preparing dinner. Olivia had never done housework before this trip, but she seemed to have gotten used to it over the past week, as she promptly set up the folding table and chairs, started a fire to light the area, and burned bug-repelling incense. Olivia had always been sharp, so with Salima to teach her the ins and outs of camping, she had quickly become a master. Despite being nobility, Diane was a whiz at housework, and it wasn't long before she plated our portable rations, creating a lovely, enticing presentation.

Lefay had a clumsy grasp of these duties at best, but she at least had some idea of what she was doing, so she was helping Diane. She was in a perpetual rush and rather careless, but Diane backed her up, so things went well enough. Watching them was heartwarming—physical appearance aside, they looked like a happy pair of sisters.

As for me, once I had finished making my magic barriers, I started prepping the bath. In a location somewhat removed from the carriage, I laid out a flexible-yet-sturdy waterproof carpet. Then I took out a bath that could comfortably fit three or four people from my inventory. Once I'd filled the bath using water magic, I placed my hand inside and used fire magic for the final touches.

With the bath hot and ready, it was almost time for the main course. We

could enjoy ourselves all we wanted here, away from prying eyes.

★ Lefay ★

We had a fun meal together, cleaned up all our dishes, and then the three of us wives climbed into the bath that Lord Chris drew for us. During the trip so far, my bodyguards had usually protected me while I bathed alone, but today, I was bathing together with my new big sisters.

As the patriarch, Lord Chris bathed first this time, of course. Then, after he got out, he waited for us in the carriage while we washed

ourselves.

Normally, all four of us would bathe together, but I needed time to prepare myself tonight, so this particular instance was different. It was a bit of a letdown, to be honest. I was so excited to wash Lord Chris's back!

"Listen, now. You'll be lying with our husband, so you must be clean.

That means not just your skin, but the inside of your mouth as well."

"Haaay, hoff iff. ('Kay, got it.)"

Eww. They rinsed my mouth with some minty medicine and used a small brush to scrub my teeth. But Olivia was gentle, so it actually felt nice instead of hurting.

I'd been taught to obey anything my future husband wished for, but I'd never learned these kinds of manners. My sisters-to-be were so knowledgeable!

"Come now, Leff. Stop wagging your tail so I can wash it."

Oops! Sorry, Diane. The tooth-brushing was just so nice that I couldn't help it.

On the soft carpet, Diane lathered me with bubbles that smelled like flowers. *Wow... My sisters' breasts are so big! When I grow up, will mine be that big too?*

"Your mouth should be good now. I'll take care of your nails too."

After my sisters and I warmed ourselves in the bath, we headed to the carriage where Lord Chris waited. There, we would do what they were doing with him every night. I was thrilled!



I waited in the carriage until Lefay climbed in shyly. Tonight would be

her first time, so Olivia and Diane had decided that we ought to be alone together. Meanwhile, they would be sleeping together in a very expensive tent. Apparently, it was the same kind used by military generals when they camped.

There was no doubt that I liked Lefay, and she sure did look cute, standing there in her bathrobe and fidgeting, but I was worried whether she'd even be able to get into the mood. Hell, would I even fit inside her? If it seemed like things wouldn't work, I'd have no choice but to wait until she grew a bit more. Or so I thought, but...

"Lord Chris, despite my shortcomings, I am sincerely ready to serve you as a wife."

Her usual childishness was gone. Perhaps the bath had changed her in some way, or maybe there was some other reason, but Lefay gazed into my eyes, a crimson blush staining her cheeks, and exuding the mature sex appeal of a woman.

Thud!

The carriage's sofa was large enough to be comfortably used as a bed. I shoved Lefay down upon it—upon the place where I had taken my wives countless times on the journey here—leapt upon her, and stole a kiss.

"Mm... Mmph... Mmch..."

She seemed surprised by my suddenness, but she didn't resist the kiss itself. Indeed, she wrapped her arms around my neck and surrendered herself to my wishes. When we parted, she cheerfully ran her tongue along my cheeks and neck. I knew this was a simple expression of affection for wolf-hybrids like her, but it was pleasurable regardless.

"You're so cute, Lefay. Our wedding might have been sudden, but now that you're mine, I promise to give you a happy life."

"O-Okay! But Lord Chris, I'm already happy. S-So, um... Are we going to do what you were doing with Olivia and Diane before?"

Heh, the redder she gets, the cuter she looks. I'd better get her nice and wet before I stick it in— Uh, wait, what was that? That last part bothered me.

“I’m sorry, what did you just say? What I was doing with Olivia and Diane before? What are you talking about?”

If the girls had lectured her on sex while they were in the bath, that was fine, but something about the way she asked...

“Oh, I mean like last night in the forest. Or when you were in the dark in

your carriage that one time. You were slapping your crotches together, and my sisters looked like they were having a lot of fun!”

“...You saw that?”

Lefay nodded, her eyes sparkling. According to her, she had caught sight of us while out on a casual night-time walk, and she’d been watching every night since then.

“I’ve got good vision in the dark. And my hearing is great, too, so it was like I was right in there with you! I even heard you say you were making babies togeth— Mmph!”

I rushed to plug her mouth with mine. So she’d been peeping on us, and every night, at that! This girl needed to be punished. But I didn’t want to do anything rough on her first night...

“Who knew you were such a bad girl that you’d spy on a husband and his wives’ secret relations? Man, if Olivia and Diane find out about this, they’ll be so mad.”

“Oh no! They’re going to be mad at me!”

Honestly, I couldn’t imagine Olivia ever getting mad about anything, but she would probably give her a lecture. And Diane would probably give her a spanking, right? When I told Lefay that, she got so scared that I almost felt bad for her. A sweet, innocent

girl like her probably wasn't used to having people mad at her.

"That's right. It would be such a shame to see them getting angry with a cute girl like you. I say we keep it our little secret."

Her fear transformed into a broad grin in an instant. It was funny how fast her expression could change.

"In return... Oh, I know. Did any part of your body feel strange when you were watching us?"

"Huh?! W-Well, actually... I started peeing, for some reason. And when I tried to wipe it away, I felt a shock run through me. And when I touched my breasts, it happened again."

Oh wow, does she actually know nothing about sex? How is that even possible?

"I see. Well, in return for my silence, I want you to take off your clothes and demonstrate for me what you were doing when you felt that shock."

"O-Okay."

Lefay undid the ties on her robe, blushing all the while. Then she stood in

front of me, baring her undeveloped body. Her hairless slit was already slick with her love juices, which dripped and rolled down her snow-white thighs.

I decided it would be mean to tease her further, so I urged her to continue. Lefay hesitantly moved a finger to her genitals and began to play with herself, while her other hand drifted toward her still-blossoming breasts.

"Haah! Hngh... Ngh... Oh nooo, now I feel the itch in my crotch again.

Is there something wrong with me? I asked about it, and they told

me it's normal, but wh-whenver I think of you, Lord Chris... hnnngh... I need you so badly."

Lefay continued to play with her pussy and breasts, her fingers awkward and inexperienced. Her face was hardly recognizable, now; she looked like a dog in heat.

"Mmmn! I need it! Aaah, I can't stop my fingers! It's getting worse and worse!"

In the dimly-lit carriage, as I watched the girl masturbating before my eyes, I felt my excitement mounting more than ever before. Blood surged into my member, making it grow in my pants until it ached.

"Mmmn... Hnngh... There's something wrong with me, isn't there? I'm so... Aaaaahhnn!"

Her very loud scream was accompanied by sudden stiffness. Judging by that and her rough breathing, she must have come. Lefay's eyes had been fixed on mine while she masturbated, but now, she seemed a little out of it.

While she collected herself, I took my clothes off and mounted her on the sofa.

"Haah, haah... Lord Chris..."

"There's nothing wrong with you, Lefay. That's just how it feels when you think about having sex with someone you love."

I gave Lefay a gentle peck on the lips and explained it to her, hoping to console her.

"Th-That's right, whenever I think of you, Lord Chris... I always feel my need growing."

She looked at me with tears in her eyes, with the face of not a girl, but a *woman*. I couldn't hold back now. Her love juices rubbed off on my fully-erect penis as it stimulated her clitoris, and she shuddered.

“Lefay, I’m about to impregnate you. I’ll use magic to dull the pain, but it might still hurt a little. Should we wait until you get a little older, when it

will hurt less?”

I would 100% want to die if she blueballed me at this point, but if she was afraid, I could go to bed without sex. Considering how tiny she was, my dick probably looked like a murder weapon to her.

Lefay went a little pale looking at my erect penis, but then she looked straight into my eyes, resolute.

“I’ll do whatever you wish, accept whatever pain you think I will, Lord Chris. Just, please, come and fill me with your babies.”

Za-ping... Schlllp!

“Hnnngggghhh!”

After I used the pain-dulling magic, I opened Lefay’s legs and thrust right into her. She was so tight, so tight. Even for a virgin, her entrance was so narrow, clamping down like a vise on my cock.

“Okay, I’m in. It’ll all be over soon. If it starts to hurt, just scratch me or something.”

It would hurt a fair bit, even with the pain-dulling. She was obviously suppressing the pain—there were tears building in her eyes—but she just continued to joyfully cling to me.

“I’m so happy right now. If this is what two people who love each other are supposed to do, then I want to do it all the way.”

Her flowing juices mixed with the surprising amount of blood from her hymen breaking. Through the pain, Lefay smiled bravely, looking even more mature than ever.

“When you get used to it, it’ll stop hurting and start feeling better. We can try to accustom you to it a bit more every night.”

“Okay. Mmch... Mmhaah...”

We kissed over and over, still connected, as I massaged her breasts.

Honestly, even though I wasn't moving, she was gripping me so tightly that I was perfectly pleased.

“Nnph... Mmch... Hngh. I love you. I've loved you ever since I met you.”

“Mm... Ngh... Yes, I love you, too, Lefay.”

Watching Lefay so bravely withstand the pain made her all the dearer to me. My pleasure mounted as I kissed her more and more, until I felt my orgasm approaching.

“Lefay, I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna pour my semen inside your womb

and plant a child inside you!”

“Sh-Should we not be slapping our crotches together?”

It seemed she was still rather fuzzy on the details, but I elected to leave the sex education to Diane.

Splrt, splrt, splrrrrt...

“Hnnnngh! So warm... Something warm and wonderful is welling up inside me! Aaah, it's like you're marking me as your own, Lord Chris.”

Marking, as in when dogs piss on things to mark their territory? Well, maybe she wasn't entirely off-base, considering I'd claimed her for my own.

When I pulled my length out of her hairless hole, semen plopped out of it. I wouldn't feel sated after cumming only once, but going another round would be too much for her. So I pulled Lefay into a hug, and we cuddled together on the sofa.

“Good job. You’re a wonderful wife, Lefay.”

I stroked her hair and kissed her, and she responded by grinning and hugging me back. She licked my cheeks, too, which tickled. But it was an expression of her love, so I gladly let her do it.

As we basked in each other’s warmth, we drifted off to sleep together.



★ Olivia ★

Salima had given us a top-of-the-line tent, intended for army generals. It was the size of a smallish bedchamber, so though Diane and I were sharing it, we didn't feel cooped up at all. The two of us had been chatting away on our separate beds, but she seemed tired, so we dropped a shade over the lamp and settled in to get some sleep.

Being alone in the dark gets one thinking. For example, was Lefay enjoying the gentle love of my dearest in this moment? I had never slept apart from him since the day we met, so despite my rock-solid confidence in his abiding love for me, I couldn't help being restless about his absence.

Lefay may have been recognized as an adult in her homeland, but she was still maturing, both mentally and physically, so my dearest would know not to be rough with her. I could easily imagine him loving Lefay gently, tenderly... And I ended up imagining myself in that scene.

Countless fleeting kisses would slowly transform into deep, spit-swapping engagements. While I lost myself in the feel of his lips on mine, my dearest would tear off all my clothes until I was stark naked. His hands would glide to my breasts, my buttocks, and my privates. Before I knew it, my resistances would melt until I was ready to accept his huge, hard thing.

Or, instead of focusing on his own desires, my dearest would use his fingers and tongue to guide me to my climax, savoring my reactions all the while.

As these obscene thoughts swirled through my mind, my fingers began to move of their own accord down toward my privates. But I couldn't touch myself while my best friend slept next to me! I did my best to shut my eyes and sleep, but the sensation of my beloved husband's fingers and lips, the imagined warmth of his embrace, wouldn't leave my mind.

I lay restless and aroused for some time, until Diane, who I thought to be asleep, spoke to me. Had I woken her with my fidgeting under the blanket?

“Olivia, what’s the matter? Are you uncomfortable?”

“Not at all. It’s just that we don’t often sleep in a tent. If you’re having trouble sleeping, too, would you like to talk a bit more?”

She pulled the cloth off of the lamp, lighting the tent once more. Diane, in her see-through negligee, was so beautiful that even a woman like me found her alluring. I couldn’t begin to imagine the thought process of the man

who broke off their engagement.

There were times when girls were married off early for political reasons, but normally, women of nobility were married around the age of eighteen to avoid any issues with fertility. If not for the aforementioned annulled engagement, this young woman would not be here, nor would she be married to my dearest.

As if she had guessed exactly why I couldn’t sleep, Diane climbed into my bed and held my hand. The warmth of my best friend’s hand was enough to clear some of the haze in my mind.

“Don’t worry. It’s plain to see that Lord Chris loves you most of all, Olivia. Sometimes, I find myself envious of you two.”

“Well, he truly loves you, too, Diane. And we all know you’re the one who’s the most helpful to him. Far more than me, at least.”

For example, my dearest’s marriage with Lefay would be seen by the public as payment from the king for the gift of the titan’s core. Even if the circumstances were somewhat different this time, their marriage would be dramatized by the public enough until it was little more than a heroic story for the people to enjoy.

A hero setting out to defeat a titan for a princess’s love seemed like a story the public would enjoy, no? If their engagement would

benefit the country at large, it would be even more widely publicized. My dearest's renown would grow, not just within our own country, but throughout the United Kingdom.

With the knowledge that royalty and nobility saw their daughters as bargaining tools, it stood to reason that a pretty face and good learning would increase one's worth even further. Beyond that, since women married to the same man were treated as sisters, this served as a conduit to connect families in even more complex ways. That is why I was educated well during my upbringing.

Much like the Magne Kingdom, men were the most important members of society in the United Kingdom, so they likely followed the same line of thinking.

The United Kingdom of the Crater Isles surely had done their research into our land's customs. Though the marriage decision may have seemed rash at first glance, it actually had much thought put into it. They had, of course, taken into account Lefay's love for my dearest, but the most important reason

was to gain a direct connection to a pillar of the Magne Kingdom. Though I was a dead end, cut off by my own family, Diane was the daughter of Count Meitia. Becoming able to speak on even footing with him was an important step to make national relations much smoother.

Second, it was an action to check the empire, with whom their relationship was worsening. Marrying the princess to the hero, a man who could fell titans and level hordes of monsters single-handedly, was an ample show of force.

These were the two most important reasons I could imagine, but the marriage *also* provided the United Kingdom with access to the Rarogne Region and the Grand Temple of the Goddess of Law, along with ensuring wolf-hybrids would be born among the all-important hero's children.

Any minor negatives to this plan paled in comparison to the

mountain of benefits. Truly, it would have been stranger if they *hadn't* set their sights on him. Though of course, they would not have done so without assuring his character; Lefay's attendants had ample opportunity to observe my dear husband for some time before they put their plan into motion.

"Come to think of it... I forgot to ask before, but are you the one who taught Lefay to be so aggressively affectionate with our husband?"

"Ahh, did Leff make it too obvious? It was clear she'd fallen in love at first sight, so I simply gave her a little push. Lord Chris seems vulnerable to being fawned over, as well—or perhaps he just wants to dote on girls who take to him. I only acted to serve both Lord Chris and my family."

Aha, of course. I was cut off from my own family, which meant that now the only families in the Magne Kingdom with close ties to the United Kingdom, excluding my dearest, were: Lord Charles, who had directly negotiated with them; and Diane's family, the Meitias, as the family of the new bride's elder sister. While my dearest worked to distinguish himself, the one who reaped the most benefit from all of this was probably Count Meitia.

"See, Diane? You're the one who is most helpful to our husband. You're the perfect person to help with the family that he'll soon raise, and I... I'm just..."

My fear of men meant I had trouble being in front of others, and my disownment meant I provided no useful connections. I was no match for Diane in bed, either, nor was I as cute as Lefay. While these negative thoughts swirled through my brain, Diane pulled me into her chest for a hug.

Mmm... Her breasts, larger than mine, sandwiched my face between them, making it hard to breathe.

“Please, Olivia, you’re the first wife, and there’s not a woman on this planet more suited to it than you. Be more confident in yourself.”

“True, but Diane, you’re older than me, right?”

As she held me close and stroked my hair, it was clearer than ever that Diane was the reliable one here.

“You ought to know that when a man takes multiple wives, the main wife comes first, always. That means you’re my elder sister, Olivia.”

I felt uncomfortable with Diane, a year older than me, calling me her elder sister. The only thing that mattered to me was that I got to be with my husband; I didn’t mind if Diane was the main wife.

“Lord Chris is unconcerned with these matters, but it will become an issue if it’s not settled properly. There are sure to be many more wives to come, so we should make things clear now.”

Diane and I continued to speak for a while. How would we face Lord Chris’s next wives in the coming years? What arrangements would be made among the residents of the mansion? Eventually, my eyelids grew heavy.

“Are you tired yet? I’m glad that my relaxing incense seems to be working.”

I thought that what I was smelling was her perfume, but it seemed she was burning incense. *Thank you, Diane.* Just before falling asleep, I hugged my dear friend once more.

“O-Oh my. Come now, Olivia. If we fall asleep like this, we’ll be hanging off of this tiny bed.”

Thank you for being my friend despite my cowardice. I love you, Diane.

“H-Hey, let me go now. If one of us stirs in our sleep, we might fall off...”

Oh. You're already asleep."

It was a different feeling from being in my husband's strong, safe arms.

Diane's skin was softer, her smell sweeter.



I wrapped things up quickly on the night of Lefay's first time, in order to minimize the hurt she would feel afterward. Normally, I'd be fucking Olivia and Diane late into the night, but since I went to sleep earlier than usual, I

woke up early as well.

As I lay there, I noticed the sensation of something soft on my cheek.

When I turned my eyes to face it, I saw Lefay kissing me. She must have woken up before me. Her cute, embarrassed face shone in the morning sunlight. All this time, I had seen her as a child. Her sudden shift to maturity caused my heart to beat harder.

"Good morning, Lefay. Mmm."

"Hnnh... Mmch... Mmph."

Our lips locked after my morning greeting, and our tongues intertwined, letting us taste each others' saliva. When we finally parted, my young wife, looking like she'd just had her dream come true, clung to my chest and fawned over me. Unwilling to let her have all the fun, I moved one hand to enjoy the softness of her tail, and the other hand to stroke her hair and back.

"Woof! Lord Chris... Woof... The way you touch my tail is so dirty..."

Her tail must have been sensitive, because her face was red and her mouth hung open in satisfaction. I carefully brushed her tail with a

comb from base to tip, then gently gripped her small yet soft butt. Surrendering herself to me, Lefay shamefully buried her nose in my chest, hiding her face.

However, she was still easy enough to read—her cute tail was wagging every which way.

“Lefay, I’m proud of you for holding up through the pain last night.

You’re such a good girl. And you’re so cute I fall in love with you a little more every day.”

“Heehee... If you’re happy, Lord Chris, then I’m happy.”

She looked up from my chest to gaze into my eyes. Her innocent smile hit me like a brick with the desire to take her right now, but I restrained myself somehow. We were both still naked, so if we continued to play around like this, I was sure to start round two any time now.

“Let’s go take a bath. We got pretty sweaty last night, so we should get clean.”

Nobody would have entered my barriers anyway, so I threw on a bath robe and picked up Lefay, bridal-style.

“Rawr! L-Let me put on some clothes first, please! I don’t want to go outside naked... Mmph!”

I stopped her complaints with a kiss and stepped out of the carriage. Last night, lit by the white moonlight amidst the darkness, Lefay was like an

adorable fairy. But looking at her now in the bright sunlight, her small figure did indeed give a childish impression, though she also had a womanly attractiveness to her.

We washed off our sweat in the hot bath and soaked together, then Lefay sat on my knee, facing me. The feeling of her ass on me was simply exquisite, and her excited smiles had me grinning right back

at her.

While the two of us enjoyed soaking in the hot bath, Lefay would lick my face, and I would grab her ass in retaliation. As we were messing around, Olivia and Diane entered the scene. It seemed they had also woken up early today.

“Good morning, dearest. Lefay, how was last night?”

“Woof! Uh, umm... It hurt, but... I’m happy.”

“My, my, my. I can’t wait to hear all about it on the way home. Good morning, Lord Chris.”

“Morning, girls.”

The two of them quickly washed off the sweat of sleep and stepped into the bath, each taking one of my arms. Olivia nestled my right arm in her cleavage, while Diane stuck my left between her thighs. With Lefay setting up camp on my knee, I realized that I had truly found heaven.

I savored the warmth of my of my three wives for a while, until Olivia leaned on my shoulder and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

“Dearest? You seem rather full of energy this morning, so perhaps you could share some of it with me?”

As she spoke, she gave my fully-erect cock a gentle tug. I was surrounded by my three beautiful wives in a hot bath—how else would I react? So it was only a matter of time before one of them blew my cover.

I stood up in the bath, then sat on the edge of it. Olivia wasted no time in taking my penis into her mouth. Next to her, Diane and Lefay knelt down as well, running their tongues along my balls and the base of my shaft that didn’t fit into Olivia’s mouth.

Ngh! The incredible skill of Olivia’s sucking was one thing, but what really had me turned on more than usual was having these three uniquely charming ladies—Olivia, Diane, and Lefay—all lined up and performing oral sex on me.

Olivia's tiny mouth held the tip of my rod, perfectly stimulating my most sensitive spots with the tip of her tongue. And the sight of Diane licking my

lower parts with her eyes turned up at me was unbearably sexy. Lefay wasn't sure what to do, so she just imitated Diane. But even her awkward attempts were endearing.

I wanted to enjoy the view a little longer, but I was at my limit now. I held Olivia's head with both hands, a gesture we both knew well by now, which indicated I was about to cum in her mouth. Understanding this sign, Olivia grabbed my waist and brought my dick even deeper into her mouth, slithering her tongue fiercer than before.

My penis, at climax and held fast inside Olivia's mouth, unleashed all of the lust that had built up from the three-woman fellatio. I ejaculated a *lot* of semen, but Olivia did her best not to let a single drop go.

"Mm! Ngh... Mmn."

Once she'd sucked me dry, Olivia looked up at me as she cleaned the tip with her tongue, smiling at my satisfied expression. *Don't look at me like that...* With my ideal woman—with her perfect face, sunny personality, fantastic body, ideal disposition, and more—looking at me like that, there was no way I could stop myself from fucking her to exhaustion.

It seemed my lust was unsated after spending a night without Olivia. Not that I was dissatisfied with Lefay, of course. Afterward, I came inside Olivia five times, each in a different position, frantically fucking until sheer exhaustion had her ready to pass out.

Meanwhile, Lefay was probably still hurting from last night, so I just made her cum a few times from cunnilingus. Once I had reached my third orgasm inside Diane, I finally settled down and made myself take a break. I felt like I could keep going, but it wouldn't do to make my wives groggy first thing in the morning—

not that it would be good at night, either. And I suppose, to tell the truth, I didn't so much stop myself as Diane suggested perhaps that was enough for the time being.

After sex, Diane was still full of energy, so she made us breakfast. But Olivia was so exhausted that she couldn't even eat. I apologized to her over and over, but she just smiled and said it was all right, nothing to be concerned about. *Ugh... Sorry, dear, I just can't control myself when it comes to sex.*

I wanted to get home quickly so my wives could rest, but rushing too much would just tire them out more, defeating the purpose. So I hurried the golems just enough that the carriage wouldn't shake, and we continued on our way, taking occasional breaks.



During the reclamation of the frontier, it was necessary to keep in constant communication with the capital, so even while my work piled up during my visit, I had visitors coming to my temporary residence. While normally I would shut the door in the face of anyone who didn't make an appointment, my unwelcome guests were people of high status, making that impossible.

"As both of us are exceedingly busy and this is not a public place, please state your business first."

I had ten meetings planned for the day. I'd planned my schedule to have as much leeway as possible, but that didn't mean I could waste time exchanging pointless pleasantries.

"Are you here to pay respects to me for your dukeship? Or is this about funding for the reclamation work? Or...?"

The middle-aged man before me, once a familiar sight, was now almost unrecognizable, a shadow of his former self. He looked as though he were wasting away. He didn't bother to touch the tea I offered him, instead simply hanging his head penitently. If he was

here for business, why wouldn't he just speak? I decided to try to tease the purpose of his visit out of him.

"Duke Heltor, is this perhaps about your daughter, Olivia?"

His shoulders twitched, and he looked up at me, apparently steeling his resolve. Despite his haggard look, the strength and tenacity of his willpower were clear.

"I've heard that Olivia Heltor has been staying in your territory, Sir Caroling."

"There are no Heltors in my territory, sir. Perhaps whoever told you this was mistaken? The Goddess's Bride, Olivia, is no Heltor."

You disowned her, remember? A little late for you to meddle in my territory just so you can play at being a proper father, y'know? I assayed my best murderous glare, but even despite his weakness, the duke wasn't playing around. My unforgiving eyes washed off him like water off a duck, as he continued.

"I've seen the portraits, and I know my daughter when I see her! I would like to arrange a meeting with the hero who wedded my daughter!"

"Like I said before, this isn't a public place, so let me be frank with you.

The girl that *you* abused and disowned has married the hero, and as he's very devoted to her. He *hates* you. If you try to play at being dear old Dad and get too close to them, there's a very real possibility that you will die. The royal family has yet to announce this, but the man killed a titan on his own. Or do you honestly think your authority as a duke will be enough to threaten him into submission?"

Sir Chris was a kind man at heart, so he probably wouldn't kill the duke.

But I suspected he wouldn't hesitate to erase the man's memories and send him packing. A devoted husband like him probably couldn't bear to see the man who abused his wife.

And if the goddess's representative hated this man, then the temple would probably follow his example. Olivia herself was very popular with the public, too; though her abuse wasn't yet circulated by the rumor mill, if they learned of it, even the most casual observer could see that it would bring ruin to the Heltor family.

"N-No, you mistake me. I just want to see her, safe and sound."

"I don't want to anger the hero, so I will not have any part of it. If you want to visit the Rarogne Region incognito, then be my guest, but make sure you don't tell anyone about your business there. If your cold, dead body turns up in some back alley, rest assured, the incident will be dismissed as an accident without investigation. I'm not going to waste my time on you."

I was, I must admit, somewhat surprised at his sudden contrition. I wondered if perhaps it was a result of Olivia's curse being lifted. As I recalled, the curse changed love into hatred. With it lifted, he must have finally come to his senses regarding his poor, abused daughter. Of course, the cause of the whole mess was that whore Angelique, which meant he was still party to the root of the evil.

"I'm told that her mother and grandmother were her only solace from the abuse. The hero probably won't deny his mother-in-law, so I'd be more than happy to arrange a meeting with *her*. As you should know, we'll be holding a large ceremony to kick off the development plan proper. I suggest you have her attend. I'm sure you have no issues with your wife filling that role, Duke Heltor?"

In this country, ceremonies before major events were extremely important, both for unifying us all under one cause and for reconciling

concessions. For these ceremonies, the head of a household or his heir would usually attend, but depending on the circumstances, it

was normal for another boy of the family or a retainer to attend as a representative. One unspoken rule, however, was that families could send a woman to indicate that they had planned to abstain from this particular matter.

Of course, it had to be a woman of the family. As long as it was the family head's wife, daughter, or mother, there would be no issue. Even a more distant relative was acceptable, as long as she could speak for the family. There simply weren't many who would go out of their way to announce their nonparticipation. However, sending a complete stranger as your representative would be taken as open contempt for the matter, even worse than nonparticipation. This tradition was common practice all over the place, but it was honestly a pain.

"Oh... So you mean I can't apologize to my daughter?"

Sorry, buddy, but having a duke—someone who outranks me—mucking around in my plans would unbalance too much. Worse, I'd have to kowtow to you constantly. I had already run this by the two other families, but the Heltor family was in such disarray that we couldn't even reach the duke.

"I'd suggest you send your apologies via a letter. It won't bother me if you send a man to the ceremony, but if he approaches Olivia, you can expect the hero to do away with him. I'll remind you that he is a *very* devoted husband."

At the moment, the kingdom had only three—four, soon, once I was promoted—dukes. If I could earn their support, I would easily have enough money and laborers at my disposal. But issues would arise if some faction ignored my instructions, and it would be an annoyance if they wanted to demand concessions after the fact.

I planned to make allies as my father suggested, but what he really meant was to gather subordinates. The most important thing for me to do was to make it such that my allies—my minions, in other words—were the only ones who would benefit from the concessions that would arise as a result of the development.

As if guessing my intentions, Duke Heltor told me that he would

send his wife or mother and left, dejected.

Should I tell Sir Chris and Olivia about this, I wondered. If they knew that her mother or grandmother would be coming, it would give them the

opportunity to complete Sir Chris's training on a noble's demeanor. It would be a great boon for me if they didn't bring shame down upon my head, as their sponsor. *Anyway, whatever you do, make sure you don't do anything outlandish in the meantime. If I have to come up with another way to reward you, I'm going to have the worst headache of my life.*

Come to think of it, my father wanted to marry Alcina to the hero. Her current betrothed, Heltor's heir, was twenty years old and still unmarried.

Alcina, my half-sister, was somewhat younger, and my understanding was that they planned to wait until she came of age to seal the deal. But the fact that Heltor's heir had incestuous interest in his sister made things problematic.

Once the development was in full swing, there was no doubt that Sir Chris would show off his prowess in battle, so perhaps it would be best to marry Alcina to him, if in name only. Until then, I decided I had little need to be stressed over the matter.

Alcina's mother was lowborn, but an unmatched beauty whom my father seized as a concubine. Alcina took after her mother. Though she had a somewhat threatening look about her, even I, her older brother, recognized her as a marvel to behold, if rather slender, lacking in curves.

I had spoken with my sister the day before, and she seemed worried about Olivia after she was banished from her home. When she learned that Olivia was married to the hero, she was as happy as if she'd been married herself. If she was told to annul her engagement and marry the hero instead, she would probably accept it readily. Perhaps our father was already hinting at the matter.

But, well, the hero already had Olivia and Diane; my flat-as-a-pancake sister would probably be out of place. Maybe there was no need to rush her into ending her engagement now... or so I thought. When I returned to my territory, I would immediately regret my decision.

Bonus Short Story:
The Reborn Prince's Malcontent



My name is Charles Magne. I'm the second prince of the Magne Kingdom, and at a tender young age, I was exiled to the Rarogne Region on the border. That's right, exiled, and for no better reason than that it made for a convenient alliance.

The Margrave controlling the Rarogne Region, Ruggiero Caroling, was blessed with no children except for a single daughter, leaving him without an heir. As the man was bedridden from illness, I was to be made his son-in-law to test my mettle as future royalty. My father said that I had dukeship in my future, that he believed I would enrich our country, and so on and so forth.

Idiot, I was a child!

I hated the idea of moving from the pleasant capital to the empty, worthless—or so I had heard—country. And I made no attempt to hide my displeasure. As I sat in my carriage, about to leave, I gazed down upon my father and brother, seeing me off without a care in the world and felt an incomprehensible discomfort in the pit of my stomach.

But, insensitive to my own displeasure, the carriage set off. It moved slowly, perhaps out of concern for my safety, until we finally ended our journey in the Rarogne Region. It was frigid. Loathsome. Unlike the capital, which was warm even in the winter, the first thing I felt in this frontier was the cold, dry wind blowing across the plains.

When we reached Margrave Caroling's residence, he was unable to meet us, due to his sickness; instead, his wife Bradamante and his daughter Desiderata came in his place. I was to be his son-in-law, so I supposed that made Desiderata my betrothed.

I had been told that she was my age and that she was a pretty, frail little

girl. But at the time, I had no interest in a short, scrawny girl like her. Nobles in the capital would dress up even their children in finery, so Desiderata looked to me like nothing but a poor country maiden.

A banquet was held under the pretext of celebrating my arrival. I half-heartedly carried on a private conversation with my fiancée. I couldn't tell you what we talked about. I did at least manage to keep my displeasure from showing on my face, so it wasn't immediately obvious just how much these negative feelings had accumulated. However, the viscous darkness that had tainted my heart from the day I was exiled continued to accumulate unseen in the depths of my heart.



“Wait, Charles was that shitty fodder boss I one-hit-killed!”

I screamed from a room of the Grand Temple of Tria. My bodyguard, a knight dispatched from the capital, fell off his chair in shock. I felt a little bad for him, but he *was* a bodyguard and a knight, so I figured he'd be fine.

“L-Lord Charles, you're awake?! Thank the goddess, truly! Yes, umm...

Thank the goddess!”

Likely a result of me screaming incomprehensible things immediately after I woke up, my bodyguard shot straight up, happy that I was awake but unsure on how to respond. Buddy, you're a noble; maybe you could stand to expand your vocabulary a bit?

“Ooh, thank the goddess! If the worst had befallen you, Lord Charles, I...

I...”

This was Lango, the fifth son of a Baron of the Robe named Bardi. He'd been relegated to protecting me in part because he'd gotten far too attached to the *very* young daughter of a duke. He wasn't exactly making a great show of himself in life, so if anything happened to me, his family would be in hot water, so good on him for at least being concerned. This unmarried brat probably wouldn't take well to being exiled from his home.

"Did I scare you? Sorry, Lango."

It was no surprise that he was unsettled, though; after all, I had suddenly collapsed from a fever during my baptism at Tria's temple. Baptism may bring to mind a grandiose ceremony, but it's just a small affair held after one's change of residence. The god most worshipped in that land declares

that "you are welcome as a citizen of this land," and that's it. This custom made it feasible for the temples to maintain census registers.

For commoners, one simply spoke with the staff at the counter, prayed for a moment, and boom, done. But as I was royalty, a man from the city came for my baptism. Since it was a bit of a big deal, my collapse caused something of an uproar.

"Do you feel listless at all? Is your vision hazy? I'll call a priest, so just rest here."

"I'm fine. Just go tell Bradamante and Desiderata that it was nothing serious. I'm sure Sir Caroling is worried sick."

Lango left the room with a vigorous "yes, sir." *Hey, aren't you supposed to be guarding me?* The temple was a safe place, sure, but there was a call bell right next to my bed. That said, I appreciated that he was willing to do whatever he could for me.

According to the priest who came running in, I had been in a deep sleep for a full day. Bradamante and Desiderata had already returned to the mansion, but they had plans to visit me soon.

Lango also told me that my mother-in-law was so worried about me

that she had knelt down to the ground, praying that the priests heal me. Desiderata had stayed by my side, bawling, until an adult pried her away.

I felt awful for worrying them. Though I knew it was partly selfishness, I knew that they had taken my collapse seriously despite just meeting me the day before. They must have been sentimental people.

Which made the memories I had—nay, the memories I *was given*—of my previous life all the more painful. That's right: my previous life. During my baptism, I heard a mysterious voice...

"Oh, yer up? Sweet. I'm the Goddess of Death, Persephone. Nice to meetcha."

No, really, that's what she said. She had this sort of... past-her-prime, lost-her-charm, never-got-married-because-she-never-went-out vibe to her.

Hey, who the hell are you?!

"I'm a god, you little ingrate, so I know what you're thinking. Go read a mythology book—I'm married, all right?"

A suspicious voice came to me, but seemingly from everywhere at once.

Though I looked around in a panic to find her, nobody was there. *Wait a second. This is the Goddess of Law's temple. What're you doing here,*

anyway?

"Tria said she was cool with it, okay? Now listen up, squirt. I gave you a blessing of wisdom, so now it's your job to make this work without any permadeaths."

Permadeath? What is this, a video game? But no, no, no, this is reality.

The fact that I'm right here, living through this, is proof of that. This can't be a video game world. This is reality.

“Of course this isn't a game. Look, here's a really long story short: fantasy authors are people who get rare glimpses into the histories of other worlds. That's probably what's got you confused. Make sense now?”

Huh. I was recalling a strategy RPG from my past life, *Goddess Emblem*, set in a world that bore a striking resemblance to this one. If the goddess was telling the truth, the writer must have unconsciously seen this world's history and made the game based off of it. For the moment, I tried desperately to remember the details of the story from my past life.

The player avatar of the game was a knight of the Magne Kingdom, and the story began with him being selected as an aide to serve my older brother, the Crown Prince Orlando Magne. The basic plot of the game was that the Rarogne Region and the neighboring Ritenb Empire, along with the surrounding countries, became embroiled in a major war. The story followed that guy, Orlando's loyal vassal.

“And I'm the guy who's manipulated into mutiny by the Empire at the start of the game. Then I *die*, just like that—all to make the new guy look good! Aaaaargh! I don't wanna die!”

Shit. The worst part of all this was that, although the game was divided into routes based on the protagonist's origins and starting actions, no matter which route you ended up on, Charles died in disgrace as the second prince who betrayed his homeland. With no lord, this territory, sitting smack dab in the middle of two warring kingdoms, would constantly be invaded and change sides throughout the game, repeatedly being destroyed. Needless to say, many died as a result.

According to conversations in-game, I, a puppet of the Empire, betrayed my father, who still trusted me even in his dying moments. I then went on to cut down my wife and mother-in-law. Even after my death, characters in the game still spat vitriol about me.

So how can one specific history give birth to a game with multiple

routes? The writer simply saw the most likely history, then considered all the possible divergences that could have happened when the protagonist appeared.

Though, some particularly game-like circumstances had been thrown in.

For example, a crown prince would obviously never fall in love with the daughter of a thief. But without that element, he wouldn't be able to fall in love with the female protagonist. There are a lot of players out there who want to pair specific characters with each other, after all.

"Sweet, now yer gettin' it. Now, thing is, nobody in this world worships me, so I can't make you a hero. But I *can*, and just did, bless you with knowledge of your past life. So here's the deal: avoid as many deaths as possible."

Indeed, people normally did not pray to Persephone except during funerals. Even the people who officiated funerals didn't particularly worship her, making her—sorry to say—a lesser goddess.

"Oh, by the way, everyone who lives in hell is like one of my adherents.

So even if I just ignore the living, my adherents aren't going away any time soon, so I'm in a pretty comfy position. But in exchange for that, I have to do stuff like reincarnating dead people's souls."

Persephone went on to explain that those who had lived out their natural lifespans obediently did as she told them, but those who died in accidents or

—most notably at this point—in wars would often refuse to accept their deaths, fleeing from hell to become ghosts and the like. She said they were "a right pain in the ass to deal with."

Thus, she gave me a blessing to deal with the coming war and

minimize the deaths that would follow. A self-serving motive, perhaps, but I appreciated the help anyway. Fortunately, I was young; I still had eight years before the game's timeline began. I had no intention of lying down to die! *I will bring peace and happiness to my territory, I swear it!*

“That’s the spirit. Remember, the name of the game is: make my life easier. I did *not* sign up to deal with tens of thousands of pathetic souls getting caught up in wars and dying. Natural deaths are enough for me, thanks.”

The suspicious voice faded. So now I knew the story from my past life, and with it, the likely course of the future. I was disgusted by the thought of being a puppet of the Empire. At this point, I believed there was no future in

which I would mutiny, but I resolved to keep in contact with as many places as I could. I finally came to understand the emotion that he couldn’t grasp before.

“I don’t want to die. But first and foremost, now that I have this blessing of wisdom, I realize that I’m thoroughly sick of my father and brother! I’m not gonna mutiny, but I am gonna give them a piece of my mind!”

Who the hell sends off their young child with a stupid nonchalant smile?

Is Mom the only one who cares about me?

I was relieved that the world I lived in in my past life had a much more advanced culture. I grinned and began to plan how I would make this frontier region so advanced that it made their beloved capital look like an outdated rural shithole!



Six years later, a letter arrived.

“Lord Charles, it’s from the empire again. This time, the imperial

family themselves sent it.”

Again? These fools never learn. As ever, when taken at face value, the letters were harmless. But when you read between the lines, the contents dripped with words of rebellion. I forwarded every last one of them to my father, and we often met, so he didn’t suspect me of any wrongdoing.

“By the goddess! What do these Empire fools take you for?”

Desiderata, who just happened to be bringing me tea at the time, looked on with a fed-up expression. And she was right to be fed up; all of the letters were written on the assumption that I was deeply dissatisfied with my job and my family, with entreaties such as “Aren’t you tired of the frontier?” and

“Don’t you want to marry a princess?”

I was busy developing my territory; and besides, I wasn’t dissatisfied with Desiderata in the least. When first we met, she was a tiny little bean sprout, but now, she was a beautiful, mature girl. In only a few short days, we were to be formally married, though some complained that we were both too young.

It had been six short years ago since I had received the blessing of wisdom from Persephone, coaxed my ill father-in-law to place his confidence in me, and learned how to manage the territory and lead its army.

In the game, Desiderata had been too frail and sickly to birth children, but we had improved her nutritional situation and, now that she’d ripened, she had one hell of a rockin’ bod... *Ahem!* I mean, she grew into a healthy, beautiful young woman.

Before I could get to business, the food situation in my territory was, in a word, *poor*. There were plentiful plains fit for agriculture, except that said plains were also full of monsters, so we lacked land. Though we bought food from the capital, the cost of importing was

high. And though there was some trading with the Empire conducted by merchants—not by the state—their import costs were even higher. Clearly, they wanted to take advantage of our poor circumstances.

Though the Empire had a cold climate, their land was fertile and water was plentiful. They cultivated wheat and many other crops, exporting them at very low prices to neighboring countries that kowtowed to them. Well, you know how it is; the way to a nation's heart is through its stomach.

I did my best to overcome the situation. I first had to become stronger to save my own life, so using my past-life knowledge, I used faux-martial arts to fight weak monsters. Either I had an aptitude for it or the blessing aided me, since by now I could beat large monsters to death with my bare hands.

In the game, Charles was a swordsman, so I intentionally deviated to try other styles of fighting. Before I knew it, I had somehow become an accomplished martial artist. The more I trained, the more powerful I became.

After a point, I even began to enjoy it. I mean, haven't *you* always wanted to be as strong as a hero from a comic book?

It was a shame that I had not a shred of magical aptitude, but that just meant I had to train myself all the more. The last time I went to the capital, I trained with the knights a bit in secret, and then I beat the snot out of my brother. Now *that* was fun. Funny, since the way I remembered it, my brother was the strongest unit in the game. Why was he so weak now?

Meanwhile, though Lango just cried while he swung his sword at first, I threw him into hordes of monsters over the years. Before I knew it, he had the dignity of a knight with thousands of battles under his belt, and now he'd earned a spot as my military chief of staff. The game got that thing right too, I guess: getting stronger really is all about experience.

Anyway, all these monsters out in our territory just meant more fodder for training. Once we'd eliminated enough monsters to start

farming in

earnest, I investigated the growing foliage in the area and found that potatoes were indigenous. Under the pretense that I had received divine revelation or some similar bullcrap, I started a potato plantation.

The fact that they were indigenous likely meant that they were well-suited to the land, so that meant we wouldn't need to import them. As it turned out, our harvest was so large that we could *export* them. And potatoes weren't the only specialty of my territory. Soybeans and other Japanese staples were also indigenous, growing in great quantities on the virgin soil.

So, under the pretense that I had yet another epiphany or some *other* similar bullcrap, I had a farm and a processing center built.

The citizens of this particular region prayed to the Goddess of Law, thanking her for her divine aid. I could only imagine her confusion, receiving prayers for something she didn't do. Laughing at the senselessness of it, I continued my work expanding the frontier, exterminating monsters with my fists and planning out our agriculture.

Soybean oil especially made the citizens cry with joy and gratitude.

Every drop we made, we sold to the people—we hadn't yet caught up with demand. I wanted to make miso, soy sauce, and the like, but didn't know how to actually do so. Soybeans were more valuable as oil than as seasoning anyway. Clean water was a premium here compared to Japan, after all. I left finding a use for the dried-up beans to the citizens. Maybe someday we'd be able to make natto or miso.

In short, I had vastly improved our food situation in a few short years.

With food in ample supply, Desiderata's health began to improve. She stuck to me like glue, begging for kisses and the like every

night. Oh, my bride was truly adorable. When I went to the capital, I couldn't help but buy expensive soap and shampoo for her. With such high-quality cosmetics at her disposal, my already-gorgeous bride grew into an even greater beauty, matching my preferences to a T.

My father-in-law ordered us to sleep together as soon as she began menstruating. Thanks to the memory of a full past life, I was a young man with a very, *very* deep interest in sex.



As Desiderata became more and more attractive by the day, and as we

slept in the same room night after night, I was forced to reconsider my claim that pregnancy would be dangerous for her at this stage of her life. We were in different beds, but before we slept, she would hold me and beg for kisses.

Was she oblivious? Was it intentional? Did her parents tell her to do it? I decided all these questions were irrelevant—the perfect girl was cuddled up against me, pressing her prominent breasts against me. Aggressive, perhaps, but I didn't mind!

That night, Desiderata and I kissed as usual before bed. I was planning to sleep alone, as always, but the vague scent of her hair wafted over, making my heart skip a beat.

"I-I tried out the shampoo you gave me, Lord Charles. Um... What do you think?"

"It smells nice. I bought it for you because I thought the fresh, sweet smell would suit you. Seems like I was right."

I stroked Desiderata's hair as she looked up at me. Then, she blushed a deep red as she slipped into her bed. She was always one to fawn over me aggressively. Desiderata was like this every night, a result of her desire and her bashful nature clashing. I wasn't one to tease or hurt my poor bride, but a bit of mischief welled up

within me that night. So I climbed into her bed and lay down beside her.

“Ah! Lord Charles, please don’t toy with me.”

“I just love the smell of your hair. You don’t mind me joining you in bed, do you?”

“Aaah, um... I don’t mind at all.”

A somewhat cowardly way of doing things, but I took her lack of a “no”

as permission. I leaned in toward Desiderata’s hair and savored the scent as she lay curled up in her bed. My betrothed was quivering from head to toe in embarrassment.

“Aw, please don’t look away. And put your hands down. I want to see your face.”

“N-Nooo... Aaah... Mmph!”

I pulled her toward me, maybe a little forcefully, and kissed her—but not our usual kiss, a simple brush of the lips. This time, I shoved my tongue into her mouth.

So, yeah, you know? Desiderata was so ridiculously cute when she got this shy, and I was just wondering what kind of face she’d make if I hugged

and kissed her first, so I just... Yeah. I thought back to the turtle-like monster I’d defeated at the watering hole and then devoured earlier today, because, well, my thing was like the head of a giant turtle, if you get what I mean.

“Eeyah! L-Lord Charles! Mmmmph!”

“Mch... Mm. Heheh, you’re so cute, Desiderata. Come on and face me.”

I leaned into Desiderata, who had huddled in on herself, and pinned her down. Her hands covered her blushing face, but I grabbed them and peeled them away, gently enough not to hurt her.

“Ah... Lord Charles...”

Her big eyes were tearing up with shame. But my cute fiancée’s cheeks, flush with anticipation, broke the dam of restraint within me, leading to a flood of uncontrollable lust. Before I realized it, my right hand had started massaging her bountiful bosom, while my left moved to undo the string of her nightgown.

“Ah... I-I’m so embarrassed... Don’t look at meee.”

Desiderata wasn’t even wearing underwear. I reached through her now-open nightgown to feel her well-kept lower mound. It was my first time ever touching a woman’s privates. It was much hotter than I expected, and just a bit moist.

“You’re a little wet. Does it feel good?”

“Aaah... W-Well... Ever since we started sleeping in the same room, I’ve been... prepared for you to pursue me.”

My fiancée looked me in the eyes, despite her shame, and when I saw the raw desire there, the last of my self-control vanished. I immediately spread her legs and pressed my face into her privates, then set to licking Desiderata’s clitoris, a hitherto unexplored land.

“Hyah! Mmph... No, Lord Charles, not my... Aaaah!”

“I heard it’ll hurt if you’re not wet enough. We don’t want your first time to just hurt, right?”

Honestly, even I was so nervous that I wasn’t sure if she enjoyed what I was doing. Yet I persevered, absorbed in licking her virgin slit. When I looked to her opening again, the thought of pleasuring her with my tongue was already long gone.

“Desiderata, you’re wet! You’re getting wet from my licking your vagina!”

“Nooo, don’t say that. And stop making those filthy sounds!”

Desiderata was definitely way wetter than before I started licking her. I hadn’t noticed, but my wild tongue-flapping had been making noises that even she could hear, prompting her to feel even more shame. Suffering from immense embarrassment, Desiderata pushed my head away slightly. But a sheltered girl like her pushing against a man who fought monsters every day felt like nothing. I didn’t even register it as resistance.

She tried to close her legs, but my head was buried firmly between them, and the sensation of her thighs pressing in on me just spurred me on even more.

“Nnhah... Mmn! Ngh... Hnnnngh!”

“Haah... Haah... Feel good? You can moan all you want, Desiderata.”

“It’s just... so embarrassing! Eeyah! Ngh... Mmmph!”

Was it my saliva, or more of her fluids, or even both? A sticky liquid started to drip from her vagina, leaking onto the sheets.

“If you’re this wet... Does that mean you’re ready, Desiderata?”

Understanding what I was after, she looked at me with teary eyes and, after a moment’s hesitation, nodded decisively. So I tore off our clothes and clambered over my beloved. She seemed surprised at my overswollen dick, but she quickly wrapped her arms around me, ready to take what was to come.

“H-Here goes. If it hurts or anything, just claw my back or hit it or something to take your mind off of it.”

“Lord Charles, I’m willing to accept anything you wish to do. Because...”

I love you.”

“I love you, too, Desiderata! So I’m... I’m going to make you mine!”

My dick, swollen to the point that it hurt, attempted to enter her nearly-shut entrance... But my aim was so poor that I just couldn’t get it inside her.

That was when Desiderata’s slender fingers grasped my rod and guided me inside her. Having found her resolve, she looked at me gently and leaned in closer, entrusting me with her body.

“I love you, my dear prince. Ever since the day we first met, you’ve been the apple of my eye.”

“I feel the same. Thank you for being with me every day, even through my anxiety.”

I had a lot of trouble getting it in, probably because I was so flustered, but eventually, my rod slowly started to descend into her hole.

“Mmmmn! Lord Charles! Lord Chaaarles!”

“Hngh, so tight... Sorry if this hurts, Desiderata. I’m gonna push it all the way in now!”

I grabbed her hips and tried to thrust. After a little bit of resistance, my dick buried itself in deep, stopping only when it was fully inside.

“Haah! Ngaaaah!”

Lost in unbelievable pleasure, I took Desiderata’s virginity. With that fact, my mind went blank as I rubbed my cock against her tight vaginal walls.



“Lord Charles... Aah... Mmch.”

Desiderata gritted her teeth in an attempt to withstand the pain of losing her virginity, but tears leaked from her eyes despite her efforts. Even still, she smiled and kissed me. A wave of love for my betrothed washed over me as she did so, inciting my lust for her to new heights. I couldn't stop; one taste of a woman was enough to get me hooked. I held my lover even tighter.

“Aaaah! Mmah! Stop, if you keep moving like that... Aaahn!”

“Sorry, I can't stop now. It's too good.”

If I kept going as is, I wouldn't be able to hold back. Yet it felt so great that my hips wouldn't stop thrusting. The sensation of her walls was too incredible, bringing me to my limit quickly.

“It feels too good inside you, Desiderata. I'm going to cum!”

As I plunged my rod in as deeply as I could, vast amounts of semen erupted from it. Aah... This was way better than masturbation. I could hardly believe it was real.

“Nngh... I can feel it twitching... along with the warmth flowing into me.”

We remained in our embrace, as if trying to mash our bodies into each other. Still connected with Desiderata, I drifted off to sleep so quickly it was as though I fainted dead away.



It took no time at all for my in-laws to deduce that our relationship had advanced, and the next morning, we were taken to the Grand Temple to be formally married via the head priest's blessing. When blessed, a woman becomes more fertile and bears less of a burden when giving birth. In this world, stillbirths and mothers dying after delivery were extremely rare.

Incidentally, in the game, my father-in-law would be long-dead by

now.

But like his daughter, his health had taken a turn for the better with our nutritional reforms. Now, he was at the point where he was out there milking the cows every day like it was nothing. Huh. Maybe it was that daily helping of fresh milk that made Desiderata grow up so healthy?

He had quite the fondness for his cows, my new father-in-law. It became his life's calling—most people who saw him out there probably thought he was just some happy dairy farmer, not their margrave.

Which was, in fact, now true. When I married his daughter, he retired, making me the official new Margrave Caroling. This, in turn, likely explained the content of the newest letter I received from the imperial family.

“They sent it so brazenly—probably trying to paint me as a traitor.”

I read through the letter. Like the others, it seemed inoffensive enough, down to its sappy seasonal greeting and bland well-wishes... until you read between the lines.

“Same roundabout whisperings as ever. ‘Tired of the kingdom? Side with us.’”

But words that were harmless on the surface would not count as airtight evidence. As usual, I forwarded the letter to my father, but this time, I decided to also send him the contents of my reply.

“Lango, bring stationery that bears the Caroling seal. I plan to send an official response as the lord of this territory.”

I normally ignored these letters, prompting Lango to look surprised when I announced my intentions. Despite that, he brought the stationery as he was told. My reply was deliberately ambiguous and very verbose, a winding, roundabout letter which eventually

worked its way to the following conclusion: “I hope our territories enjoy cordial relations into the future.

Your Imperial Majesty, I recall you are blessed with a daughter around my age. I look forward to our future correspondence.”

Sufficiently educated people who could read between the lines to an extent would see the following:

If you want to talk to me, I won't even entertain the thought until you've offered me your wives and daughters, and your retainers'

wives and daughters, as whores and knelt down and begged, “Please, sir, I implore you to listen,” you utter trash.

Magnanimous as I am, I deign to cast pearls before swine and offer you the mercy of patiently waiting for you to bring me tribute. Yet you still fail to see it! I suppose it was my fault for having so little foresight, to expect a worm like you to have the brainpower to discern even that much.

I'm well aware that this is too complex a concept for you to understand, but scum like you lack the sense required to earn the supreme honor of even acting as a footstool for me. You're simply beyond saving. I suggest you hang yourself, if literal walking

excrement is even capable of doing so.

That was the gist of it, at least. The actual letter was an even greater string of abusive words. A muscle in Lango's face twitched in horror at the contents, but there was little to worry about. I had him copy the letter precisely and sent one each to my father and the Ritenb Empire.

Two years remained until the start of the game. The goddess had tasked me with avoiding as many deaths as possible, so I spent a great sum of money on espionage within the empire. But with my knowledge of the game, how much of an effect could it possibly have?

Avoiding war entirely might turn out to be very difficult, so now was the time to make my position clear. With this letter, I was rebuking the empire once and for all, telling them that I would not betray my country.

Days later, our usual wheat import from the empire—we tended to stockpile it because it was cheap—was halted. I had foreseen as much, so this was no issue. We had more than enough food to last us, and these imports were only a backup measure, not to mention a convenient way to pay off our spies.

When my father and his head of state read the letter, they were apparently holding their sides in laughter. During my next meeting with my father, the first words out of his mouth were praise, so it must have been quite the enjoyable read.

Well, that would put a stop to their whisperings of mutiny, I thought to myself. No one would be ignorant enough to continue after reading that letter, as I was clearly picking a fight with the emperor. I had completed all the preparations available to me, given my knowledge of my past life. I would use the development plan as pretext to gather knights and other young warriors who sought to move up in the world. And then... I'd finally live a long, happy life.



I could say with confidence that rebuking the empire turned out to be a good move, but things were sadly not going so swimmingly back home. I was appointed margrave, and it took the next six months to finally transfer all of the duties to me. After a long-delayed meeting with my father, my mother sat me down to explain what was going on. My father said nothing about the

matter during our meeting, so he must have been hiding it. How I regretted my belief that everything was going well simply because my territory's produce and textiles had been bought at a steady rate back in the capital.

I imagined axe-kicking my father in retaliation for his secrecy. Perhaps I might follow up with a drop-kick to my brother's face, to help soothe my nerves. Once I calmed down, I decided to ask for more information.

"Please explain, Mother. What do you mean when you say this young girl is emasculating nobility?"

"I meant precisely what I said. You know Duke Heltor, yes?"

Once my meeting with my father ended, my mother, the queen, invited me to her chamber regarding some business, where she blindsided me with the topic of Duke Heltor's second daughter. Apparently, Angelique had made her formal entrance into high society, and on that very same day, men of all statuses began to fall head-over-heels for her. Was she drugging them or something?

"I looked into it, of course, and it's clear that the Goddess of Love has given her an extremely powerful blessing. But I wasn't able to speak a word of it."

Worst of all, even my own brother had gone mad for her, so much so that he was demanding to marry the whore. Next time we met, I decided I ought to knee the idiot in the face. *You don't mind, do you, sweet Mother? As long as it's not in public? Why, you're so kind, thank you.*

I left my mother's chamber and decided to join the king's knights at their training. If my brother was there, I'd use the opportunity to beat the snot out of him. Apparently he skipped out on training whenever I visited, though, so maybe I wouldn't get the chance?

This whole turn of affairs had left me with a terrific headache. What would happen if the empire decided to declare war on us now? My territory would take the brunt of their attack, for certain. *Wait a second... How come my brother is engaged?*

I mean, it wasn't strange for the crown prince to be engaged, but the game's story was supposed to represent the most likely course of events. My brother wasn't engaged in any of the game's routes, so if he had a fiancée now, then it seemed we had diverged a fair bit.

What's more, I could not recall any character named Angelique. Had she been the female protagonist?

I tried to remember the game, though I hadn't thought about it much recently.

Goddess Emblem had woven its tapestry of a story from the threads of its cast: it was a story built of friendships, conversations, and occasional conflicts between unique, colorful characters. The story forked based on the protagonist's actions at the start of the game, but all routes were full of laughter and tears and varied in pace, each with its own merits. Except for the fact that I died in every single route!

No! With the blessing of wisdom I've been given, I will not die! I'm gonna live and find happiness, I swear.

My beloved Desiderata was now pregnant, too, so this was a vital time for me.

Now, let me think. The game's protagonist, yes... The main story of the game started about a year and a half from then, but the protagonist should be distinguishing himself as one of the crown prince's knights right about now, based on my estimate from in-game conversations.

Why don't I know his name or appearance, you might ask? Because it was configurable, of course. In the prologue of the game, the player chose the protagonist's starting class, upbringing, gender, face, body type, and more.

No help to be had from recollections of my own protagonist. No, the important point to consider was the crown prince's fiancée.

When fighting in the same maps or waiting in the same bases, characters came to like each other more, which unlocked conversations between them.

When characters of the opposite sex reached certain support ranks with each other, they could finally enter a romantic relationship.

One essential element of the game was its Faith Gauges, with the Goddesses of Love, Law, and Fertility each having their own. Maxing any one of the three gave various benefits. When the Goddess of Love's faith was maxed, marriages—normally limited to monogamy—could be polygamous.

Hmm? Me? Well, yes, I made a male protagonist and bagged all the girls.

Got something to say about that?

Probably a result of some mischief among the producers, relationships between men could also be maxed out, giving them the title of "Best Buds (for now)." Looking back on my past life, I judged those game designers a bit.

The man the story followed, my brother Orlando, was a bachelor throughout. The only exception to this rule was if the protagonist was female and born from high-ranking nobility, in which case she could choose the

position of Crown Prince's Betrothed. Of course, she would still just be a female knight throughout the game, but there would be some lovey-dovey conversations scattered throughout.

Thinking from the perspective of the game, history would diverge based on Angelique's choices and actions. But this was *reality*. If one were to believe in the goddess's claim that artists were gifted with rare glimpses of the histories of other worlds, then this was just one of the possible futures that the scenario writer of *Goddess Emblem* in my past life saw while he wrote it.

But if she was the Crown Prince's betrothed, she would have major influence. What's more, she had the blessing of the Goddess of Love.

"Is it true that Angelique was chosen to be my brother's fiancée?"

“Yes, it’s the talk of the town right now. They say Prince Orlando went down on his knees and begged His Majesty to allow it until he gave his consent.”

Lango seemed to have mixed feelings about it. No surprise there—

Angelique was the reason he’d been sent to the frontier. He wasn’t really at fault for it, though; it was the fault of the Goddess of Love that my mother spoke of, who had taken such a liking to a slip of a girl and blessed her.

I had a blessing from the Goddess of Death myself, making other goddesses’ abilities less effective. Furthermore, I wore a piece of equipment that nullified sensory interference, so I was fine... which was good, since that sounded like a hell of a blessing. She generated an aura that caused men to fall in love from even a distant glance, and oozed sex in her every glance.

“Lango, I don’t have any extra nullification gear, but you should wear magic-resistant armor. If you don’t, don’t be surprised when you’re bewitched beyond your control. Of course, it’s best if you just don’t run into her, but we have to be prepared.”

Lango nodded gravely. Of course, he was one of the men whose lives had been ruined by the girl and her blessing, so it was no surprise that he took this seriously. I preferred not to have my allies bewitched, so I decided I would bring a female bodyguard the next time I came to the capital.

I was now no puppet of the empire. In fact, I was doing my best to pick a fight with them, so the “most likely future” had likely collapsed by now.

Even if war with the empire was unavoidable, I was ready to bolster our firepower and protect my territory.

That said, as long as there was life in me, I was determined to have my

fun. Specifically, the last time I had come to the capital, I’d enlisted

a tailor to prepare a special outfit to spice things up with Desiderata a little.

Yes, you guessed it: I used materials common in the frontier to make a gym uniform! *Heheheh, this is great.* I always had a thing for this outfit in my past life, so I drew up a sketch and asked the impossible of the tailor, but like the professional he was, he made it happen. I had to hand it to the man.

Unfortunately, Desiderata and I couldn't have sex while she was pregnant, so I gave the uniform to my little sister to try out. She loved it so much that we had the tailor make many more, giving them to my sister's maids so they could all wear it in her palace's inner garden and exercise together.

Oh, well. At least I had my gym uniform. After Desiderata gave birth and recovered, I'd ask her to wear it and we could have our own little sports events at night. Heheheh. And yes, needless to say, I'd had "Desiderata"

written across the chest in Japanese; that was one of the most important parts!

On the way back home to Rarogne from the capital, I had stopped in a hut by the side of the road to rest. Just as I had taken the uniform out of my bag, staring it and drooling, I was so surprised by a knock at the door that I hid it inside a drawer in the hut.

Apparently, there was an emergency afoot, so I had to be home right away. I forgot the clothes, still hidden in the hut as I rushed home. And what was the emergency that forced me to rush so?



"A hero is going to be appointed?!"

Waiting for me back in my territory was news more shocking than a thunderbolt. The head priest, Trabant, had received a divine revelation that the man who would be christened a hero would soon arrive in our city.

According to the revelation, he would visit the temple to have a

curse lifted from his wife-to-be. Trabant had been ordered to take him directly to the Chamber of Epiphany at Tria's temple.

Since then, Trabant had been standing stock-still at the front gate of the temple, waiting for him. I wondered if having someone like him standing out front was good for business, but decided not to say anything.

"Give the hero a mansion and tell him I'll visit. If we don't treat him as a

man ranking even higher than my father, we may inadvertently make an enemy of the temple."

I told the retainer who communicated this information to have a group of servants rush to clean the nicest residence at our disposal.

"Oh, right. What's the hero's name? Any distinguishing features?"

Heroes appeared in the game, as well. When one of the Faith Gauges reached its maximum, and once the story progressed to a certain point where the player obtained the Goddess Emblem, an arbitrary character could be designated as a hero.

After becoming a hero, the character became strong enough to solo entire maps full of foes. But relying on the hero too much would lead to other characters falling behind, making the latter half of the game more difficult.

Also, the final boss of the game couldn't be defeated except by a hero with the Goddess Emblem. As a result, most players designated the protagonist or Orlando. But some people just chose the character they were most attached to.

If a hero came to us now, I had no reason to fear the empire. Perhaps this was a generous gift from the Goddess of Death? I had to do whatever it took to make this man my ally. I wondered if he was a named character from the game.

"Sir, the man who will be the hero is named Christophe, and his

betrothed is named Olivia. Here I have an image of them as they appeared in the dream where they were revealed to the head priest.”

From the name Christophe and his defining characteristics in the rather poor likeness as drawn by the head priest, I was finally certain that the “most likely future” had collapsed.

If this wizard, Chris, would ally himself with me, he would be a very reliable main character. With his high resistance to magic, he’d make the perfect tank for soaking up enemy magic. He could also remove the enemy-only status ailment, Enslaved; without him, there were many characters that I’d be unable to recruit.

But if he sided against me, he’d be stronger and meaner than the final boss. Of course, if I played normally, he would have no reason to fight me; the hero only became antagonistic in the routes made for the most masochistic of players. I tried it once, but I got so stuck that I had to give up on that save.

One could make Chris their enemy in the starting map. There was an event where the court magician’s daughter, Marfisa, is captured; from all of the available options, you had to choose to abandon her to make him mad. In normal play, there was no reason for a player to abandon a powerful mage at the very start of the game. But those who chose to do so regardless made an enemy of Chris.

Chris’s master and Marfisa’s grandfather were siblings, so the two characters had some affection toward each other. During their conversations, the usually-silent Marfisa was an outright chatterbox. They were a popular couple to ship. So it made total sense that, if you abandoned her, he would desert. With his desertion from the Magne Kingdom, the next time he appeared, he would be allied with the empire, as a subordinate of the Princess Knight Levia, daughter of the Emperor himself.

When he showed up on the other side, you had to just resign

yourself to losing two or three of your named units. Chris liked to use wide-area status ailment magic, force battle-hardened units to attack their own allies, and reduce enemy stats so drastically that a stiff breeze could knock them down.

There were only one or two ailment-nullification items, so any of your units that didn't have them equipped were putty in his hands. Princess Knight Levia was one of the strongest bosses, too, so players had to think carefully, or else her army, with Chris on its side, would make short work of them.

I read a lot about how they met and what happened after they defected in fanfiction and the like. I guess people wrote about it a lot because it's dramatic stuff?

Olivia... actually wasn't a character in the game, so she and Chris probably met due to Angelique's influence? There wasn't much point in investigating that part too deeply, I figured.

Based on his personality in-game, he should join me as long as I didn't do anything to hurt his wife. Once he was mine, he would be the most reliable ally I could possibly find. This good news made my headache disappear. *What a refreshing feeling! I have nothing left to fear!*

Absorbed in the coming boost to my military strength, I had yet to realize the truth. Heroes were so ridiculously powerful that every little thing he did would leave me with another massive pile of paperwork to do and ever more meetings to attend.

Afterword

Nice to meet you! You can call me SANMAGUROSIIHOTATE.

First off, I'd like to offer a huge thank-you to everyone who purchased this book.

At first, this story began with me toying around with the “broken engagement” genre that was so popular on *Shousetsuka ni Narou*. I originally planned on it being a one-off short story, but the positive reception from my readers led to the opportunity of serializing it on the 18+ Nocturne side of the site.

As the writer, I know I owe it all to you, my readers who supported an amateurish, lackluster author like me, for this work finally being published and shown to the world. I want to take this opportunity to once again thank you.

Now that I've expressed my gratitude to the readers, allow me to give a short introduction.

When I was getting started out, I just made Yaru ASCII threads as a hobby, flexing my writing muscle. After I had finished a few and left some others incomplete, I decided to publicize my works.

One day, I learned that some of the most popular works on *Shousetsuka ni Narou* ended up in bookstores. And I began to wonder, could I do that? So I cranked up the sex appeal a bit, and the result is the novel you just read.

I was originally worried—yes, I liked the work, but would everyone else?

But then I realized: So what? I'm used to not getting any likes on my threads!

Hahahaha! And thus I made my debut on *Narou*, ready for whatever may come.

Just a year later, my novel is being published and put into bookstores. It's honestly deeply moving.

So from now on, I'd like to keep on pumping out novels. And the motivation to do so will come from you all, my readers.

I hope my work can reach even more readers, so that I can hear your praises, your tough love, and your suggestions. Because I want more people

to say they're interested in the story, I'll keep on racking my brain to continue the tale.

Making an entire work by oneself tends to make one complacent, I've found. So I'd like to make my next work together with you all, taking your voices into consideration.

To everyone who's still reading this afterword, I've published this work on *Shousetsuka ni Narou: Nocturne Novels*, where you can leave your thoughts without even logging in.

If you're willing to join me, I'd love to make my next novel with you.